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• Travel: Cruising down the Mississippi •
The Region: A growing crisis in legal aid

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JUNE 1983, Vol. 5 No. 6

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COVER STORY

Newfoundland's "saucy as a crackie" premier is in political trouble. Once, voters saw Brian Peckford as the hero who would lead them to an oil-fired Nirvana. Now, they're starting to view him as an insecure politician who needs personal vindication more than he wants provincial prosperity.
By Stephen Kimber

PAGE 18

COVER PHOTO: EVENING TELEGRAM/BUCHHEIT

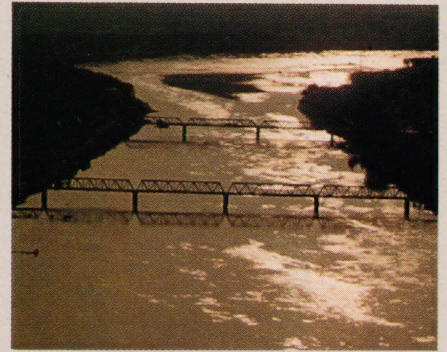
COMPUTERS

The microcomputer has arrived in the Atlantic region. In this special section, Pat Lotz introduces you to some of the people who use them, sell them, teach others how to use them. You'll also find a mini-guide to what a microcomputer is and some hints on buying one

PAGE 26

FEATURES:

Cults 24
Education 41
Food 42
Folks 44
Health 46
Entertainment 48
Sports 50
Media 55
Business 56
Profile 57
Profile 58
Special Report 60
Religion 63



TRAVEL

The romance of the Old South lives on. You can relive it in a trip down the mighty Mississippi in a majestic, wedding-cake-style sternwheeler, stopping off en route at pre-Civil War mansions that have been turned into guest houses. You might even spot a ghost from the river's illustrious past.

By Angelina Holmes

PAGE 36



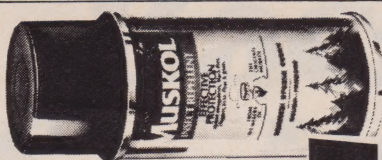
THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

This summer, Nova Scotia swings into a skirling, marching, dancing, kilt-swirling, elbow-bending binge, as Scots from as far away as New Zealand gather to celebrate a common heritage. In this special, commemorative booklet and calendar of events, you'll find out what's happening where — and why.

By *Atlantic Insight* staff

DEPARTMENTS

Editor's Letter 2
Feedback 4
The Region 8
Nova Scotia 12
New Brunswick 14
Prince Edward Island 15
Newfoundland and Labrador 16
Movies 22
Ralph Surette's column 25
Calendar of events 62
Harry Bruce's column 64
Ray Guy's column 88

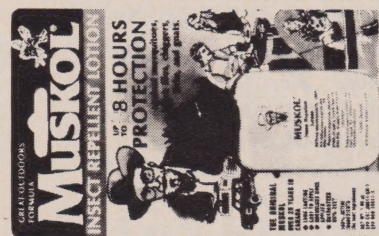


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Editor's Letter

Three years in the life of a Newfoundland premier

When *Atlantic Insight* published its first cover story on Brian Peckford, in March, 1980, the writer, Bruce Little, began this way: "The interview is nearing an end when Brian Peckford loses just a touch of his composure, and lets fly with what's really bothering him: 'Look. I'm often portrayed as this cocky little Newfoundlander who by accident of birth, time and place somehow got to be premier of Newfoundland... I tend to be impatient and cocky at times, but I don't need this avenue as an outlet. I can get that playing basketball or jigging fish or snaring rabbits because I'll score more baskets and get more fish or rabbits than anyone else and be happy.'"

"Brian Peckford," Little concluded, "performer that he is, has obviously been reading his reviews."

It's not clear how the fish are biting now or how many balls are dropping into the net but there's not much doubt that the Newfoundland premier finds little cause for satisfaction in his home province reviews these days. The way Stephen Kimber has chosen to open his cover story on Peckford in this issue says it all: "Brian Peckford isn't granting interviews. Not anymore."

Frank Petten, the premier's press secretary, rejected Kimber's request for an interview with the simple explanation that "We've stopped doing profiles. They weren't doing us enough good."

It was different in 1980. To the central Canadian press, still chained to the days when the wily, earthy and articulate Joey Smallwood could be counted on to provide a welcome ray of light in the murkiness of federal-provincial conferences, Peckford was something else. A "new Newfoundlander," as the premier himself described it. No more comic relief. Above all, no more forelock tugging.

The folks back home applauded, if they did not always understand. One St. John's newspaper columnist called Peckford "a puzzle, almost impossible to define at short range."

It was heady stuff for Peckford and perhaps as much so for Newfoundlanders. The pictures that accompanied our 1980 story show the premier looking intense at his desk, laughing it up as he shares a beaker with Smallwood and dis-



guised as a "blue-eyed Arab," complete with false beard.

By March, 1981, exactly one year after we published that story, Michael Harris, in a Special Report called "The Promised Land Fights for Its Life," left no doubt that some Newfoundlanders, at least, had begun to realize that siren calls do not always come from afar.

"Whichever way the provincial government turns," he wrote, "it runs headlong into established economic powers that could end up with the lion's share of benefits from developing Newfoundland's natural resources... But the province's most pressing economic problem is simply coping with the legacy of its own past."

That's one you don't get around easily by fed-bashing and by 1981 there were signs that Brian Peckford, far from reading his reviews with the appealing politician's delight in the limelight, had begun to be made aware that deals are seldom made by star turns.

Yet he had accomplished so much. As Premier Frank Moores's minister of Mines and Energy he had waved his Newfoundland-first flag in the faces of the multinational oil companies, watched them recoil in horror, then forced them to come back on his terms. It was an impressive victory. His sabre-rattling in Ottawa was impressive too, back home. It was also costly. "Like all populist politicians," Harris wrote in 1981, "his power runs back to the people, and since so many of the dilemmas that confront Newfoundland are also national dilemmas, he will eventually have to win the hearts and minds of all Canadians."

Far from winning more friends, Peckford, according to Kimber's story in this issue, may be losing his grip on the hearts and minds at home.

There was a gutsiness in Peckford's nose-thumbing exercises that many Atlantic Canadians admired. We wished we'd done it. But the final test will lie in whether those actions have served his people well. The last word, surely, belongs to Peckford's former Energy minister, Leo Barry: "How much can be compromised without abandoning principles? That is the true test of the politician."

Marilyn MacDonald



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FEEDBACK

Our mistake

While I appreciate the fact that my response (Feedback, April) to Stephen Kimber's piece *The CBC's Way-Down-East Sound is Dead*... was long and that you had every right to exercise editorial judgment in pruning it, I find the editing both biased and in one specific instance, sufficiently misleading and inaccurate enough for me to insist that you print a correction. You suggest in your version that my last sentence read: "When that is offered, I suspect the programmers, who may work in Newfoundland, Saskatchewan, rural Ontario, Quebec and the United States, just to name a few, will be as quick to cheer as your writer is to condemn." What I actually wrote, however, is: "When that is offered, I suspect the programmers, who may work in *Toronto but whose roots range from* Newfoundland, Saskatchewan, rural Ontario, Quebec and the United States, just to name a few, will be as quick to cheer as your writer is to condemn."

Stanley L. Colbert,
Head, TV Light Entertainment
Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation
Toronto, Ont.

Moncton not a city of losers

As the headquarters location for the Atlantic Provinces Chamber of Commerce, we were glad to see Moncton featured in your April edition (*Moncton Proves That You Can't Keep a Good City Down*, New Brunswick) and subscribe heartily to the upbeat slant of the article. We must protest, however, the erroneous parenthetical reference to APCC. In February, 1982, a consultant preparing a confidential report on administrative matters for APCC mentioned incidentally that there appeared to be a perception existing in Moncton that it was a "city of losers." The particular report was leaked to the media and the unfortunate reference to Moncton was ascribed to APCC despite strong protest from the APCC board. Chris Wood should know that APCC not only made a further commitment to Moncton when it implemented certain administrative changes immediately following the consultant's report, but that it subsequently expanded and relocated its headquarters, still choosing Moncton as its location. This, of course, would not have been done if APCC believed Moncton was a city of losers.

J. Kenneth Langdon,
President, APCC
Moncton, N.B.

Guy leaves them hanging

Both my wife and I think we are stable, intelligent. I'm an ex-advertising executive and she, formerly, was secretary to a company president; for the life of us, we have yet to understand the rea-

son for being of Ray Guy's column. Frankly, it's just gibberish. We read his page from beginning to end and haven't an inkling of what we're reading about. You close the cover of the magazine with a feeling of being "hanging in the air," really a "fish tail" ending. I could never tell my friends, "Don't forget to read Ray Guy's column."

G.E. Cote
Bass River, N.B.

Cablevision isn't where it claims to be

Your article *Mining for Pay TV Gold* (The Region, April) brings to mind an even more frustrating kettle of fish for many householders throughout Nova Scotia. There are many people who are not even serviced by basic cablevision coverage, which is often all around them. In our area, the cable company has held the monopoly for years, and has expanded at a snail's pace at best. Communities the company advertises as being serviced when applying for one licence renewal after another have got the bum's rush as far as even the most basic service. The CRTC ruled last fall that the company must expand without further delay; as of yet there is still no movement. While pay TV is becoming the new and accepted thing for many, we in smaller communities would just be satisfied with the servicing we read about in licence renewal notices in the paper.

Charles Fraser
Waterville, N.S.

No move planned

We are amazed to learn from the article *Grand Falls, N.B.* (Small Towns, April) that our membership is down to a minuscule figure and that we "will oblige by moving to an upper floor." This is to inform you that we are alive and well. Our lodge room is on the second floor of our building and has been occupied by us as such since construction in 1927 and no change was or is even contemplated.

Garfield H. Dee,
Worshipful Master
Colebrooke Lodge
Grand Falls, N.B.

Tolmie not welcome on the farm

I must say that I am glad that Ken Tolmie no longer lives in Annapolis County. His picture "The Hunter" which you printed is, to say the least, in very poor taste (*A City Artist's Country Journal*, Art, April). I see this as an attempt to get a rise out of your readers. You succeeded when you printed the refrigerator picture by Colville. I am sure that the reaction you got then was exactly what you had hoped to get. Now you managed to make someone like myself both very angry and very upset. We have lived on a farm for about 25 years and you can not possibly think of us as city

slickers. We have had our fill of abandoned dogs and we have seen the effects of botched efforts to shoot unwanted animals. But for Tolmie to paint such a scene and for you to print it, is really quite offensive. I realize that there is such a thing as freedom of the press, but the obverse to that is my right to scream loud and clear about an excess of such a freedom.

B. Osborg, OSL
Hampton, N.S.

Setting the record straight

I was very pleased to see an article in *Atlantic Insight* about Roseann Runte who will succeed Charles Gaudet as president of Université Sainte Anne in July of this year (*She's the Welcome Intruder at Church Point*, Education). I feel it only fair, however, to point out that Roseann Runte will not in fact dislodge John Godfrey, 40, president of the University of King's College, from "his distinctive place as the youngest university president in Canada." Charles Gaudet already did that five years ago when he became president of Université Sainte Anne at the age of 31. This also means, of course, contrary to Harry Bruce's assertion, that Roseann Runte, now 35, is not the youngest person to have won the presidency of Université Sainte Anne. I wish to set the record straight, not to detract in any way from the well-established and considerable achievements of either John Godfrey or Roseann Runte, but in the hope that the achievements of Charles Gaudet will be more justly recognized by the readers of *Atlantic Insight* than they were by Harry Bruce.

John R. Keyston, D. Phil.,
Executive Director
Association of Atlantic Universities
Halifax, N.S.

That cat was not stuffed

I enjoyed the Photography article in the April issue (*Reality and Fakery from the Region's Photographic Past*), but I would suggest you check the dictionary before using the word "dour" again. My own defines it as, "hard, unbending, stern, severe, obstinate, sullen, gloomy, forbidding", none of which seem to describe the men in "H.M. Wylde and Friends," since two are actually smiling, and the third looks quite relaxed. I also suspect that the animals are not stuffed. The cat's pose seems very unusual for a photographer's prop because it pretty well limits the pose of the holder to the one shown; that the men do not look dour is probably a result of their efforts to get the cat to hold still long enough to have its picture taken.

John Pickard
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

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Crisis in legal aid

More Atlantic Canadians need legal aid to get a fair hearing in court. But provincial funding cutbacks threaten the whole system



Rhona and Blair Cody: Their dream house is full of flaws

By Chris Wood, with Nancy Sears

It should have been a banner year for Rhona and Blair Cody. They were finally going to replace their dilapidated house with a new, \$45,500 bungalow. Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation approved a mortgage in January, 1982, and a contractor began work in June. The house, located on 2 1/2 picturesque acres near Musquodoboit, N.S., would be ready to move into by fall.

By late summer, the dream had begun to go sour. First, spinal arthritis destroyed Blair's hopes of returning to his job with the Highways Department. In October, the family was forced to go on welfare.

Then the Codys began to discover flaws in their new home: There was no water; hydro had not been hooked up; inside finishing was incomplete. On Nov. 1, they moved in anyway, only to discover yet more problems. Both gable ends of the house and much of the ex-

terior siding were badly buckled. A crawl space specified in the blueprints had not been built. The floors — set directly on concrete — were so crooked the furniture rocked. Ventilation was inadequate and humidity built up to uncomfortable levels. Their water was contaminated with human waste from the contractor's temporary septic tank, installed only five feet from their drilled well.

When CMHC pressed the Codys to sign a final mortgage acceptance, they refused; the Crown corporation threatened them several times with eviction.

Early this year, the couple sought legal advice to see if they could win a lawsuit against the contractor. They were told their case was strong. But the Codys, still on social assistance, cannot afford a private lawyer. And although they're eligible for legal aid, Nova Scotia's legal aid system won't accept their case. It doesn't have the money.

"I told them they had a legitimate case," says Anne Malick, the Truro legal

aid lawyer who interviewed them. "They should be compensated. They qualified financially. But I couldn't do it."

The Codys are victims of a crisis in the region's legal aid system. While the recession is forcing growing numbers of Atlantic Canadians to seek legal aid to secure a fair hearing before the courts, provincial governments have systematically cut funding for legal aid. In Nova Scotia, 4,000 people, a third of eligible applicants for legal aid this year, will, like the Codys, be turned away.

Legal aid, first for criminal cases and later for civil matters, such as divorces, child custody, lawsuits and appeal of unemployment insurance and workers' compensation rulings, was established throughout Canada during the Seventies. In principle, it provides equal access to justice for all, regardless of income. In practice, budget cuts have made a hollow mockery of the promise of equal justice.

In Newfoundland, a 10% cut in the allotment for legal aid has forced the Newfoundland Legal Aid Commission to stop providing "duty counsel" at the province's courtrooms. Since January, people charged with criminal offences but unable to afford a private lawyer have gone to their first court appearance without legal advice, denied a right supposedly guaranteed by Canada's new constitution.

In Prince Edward Island, the Justice Department, which administers legal aid with a staff of three full-time lawyers, admits that it cannot keep up with the number of eligible applicants.

The picture is somewhat brighter in New Brunswick, where no one eligible for legal aid has yet been refused. But the province has effectively discouraged private lawyers, especially those with more experience, from taking legal aid cases by reducing the fees it pays for legal aid work by as much as 35%.

Nowhere in the region, however, is legal aid as close to collapse as it is in Nova Scotia. Both civil and criminal legal aid in the province is supposed to be provided by the Nova Scotia Legal Aid Commission's stable of full-time staff lawyers. But when the government slashed \$150,000 from the commission's budget (already frozen at 1981 levels) late last year, more than a quarter of its staff lawyers were fired. Some offices lost half their legal staff.

"The Sydney area is a good example," says Murray Hannem, a director of the commission. Half the city's six legal aid lawyers were laid off. "We now have three staff lawyers to service three counties, a dozen different courts, as well as four appeal boards. It's impossible."

The reason for the cuts is no secret. Provincial governments are wrestling with record deficits. Federal subsidies for legal aid cover, on average, less than half the \$6.2-million cost of legal aid in At-

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THE REGION

lantic Canada, and the cost-sharing formulas have not changed since federal-provincial agreements on the subject expired more than 18 months ago.

Tragically, the cuts coincide with a recession-bred increase in demand for legal aid. "More people come into conflict with the law during hard economic times," observes David Lutz, chairman of the N.B. Barristers Society Legal Aid Committee. "In my experience, love and marriage survive everything except lack of money."

In Nova Scotia and P.E.I., where legal aid eligibility is directly tied to eligibility for welfare, the number of people entitled to legal aid jumped in 1982 (by 30% in Nova Scotia and 10% in P.E.I.), as welfare rolls accepted thousands of formerly employed people whose UIC benefits ran out.

In New Brunswick and Newfoundland, where private lawyers handle legal aid cases under schemes dubbed "judicare" for their similarity to medicare, bar societies have tried to buffer the effect of spending restraint by accepting reduced fees for legal aid cases. An uncontested divorce earns New Brunswick lawyers in private practice more than \$600. Legal aid pays them \$300 ("It barely pays the office overhead," Lutz says), and many lawyers turn a quarter of that back to the legal aid fund to pay for future cases.

Lutz says lower fees don't reflect poorer service for legal aid clients. But Saint John barrister Beth McLeod admits they discourage lawyers from spending as much time on legal aid clients. "The big difference between a legal aid separation case and a private separation case," she says, "is that in a legal aid case you fight for the kids, and in a private case you also fight for things."

But there is a limit to lawyers' willingness to subsidize legal aid in New Brunswick. "If they cut fees any more," McLeod warns, "it won't be worth doing the work." Already, says Fredericton lawyer Robert Kenny, chairman of the province's Legal Aid Committee, "the last thing a lawyer wants to do is legal aid. You can't afford it."

In Nova Scotia, impossible work loads, firings and salary restraint have had "severe" consequences for the morale of the remaining legal aid lawyers, says Legal Aid Commission director Hannem. "We're looking at early worker burnout. They cannot physically or mentally give the cases the service they require." So overworked are some legal aid lawyers, Hannem says, the province's legal ethics board could find them guilty of failing to provide proper representation to clients.

Some Nova Scotia lawyers are deciding legal aid is simply more trouble than it's worth. "Four of our more experi-

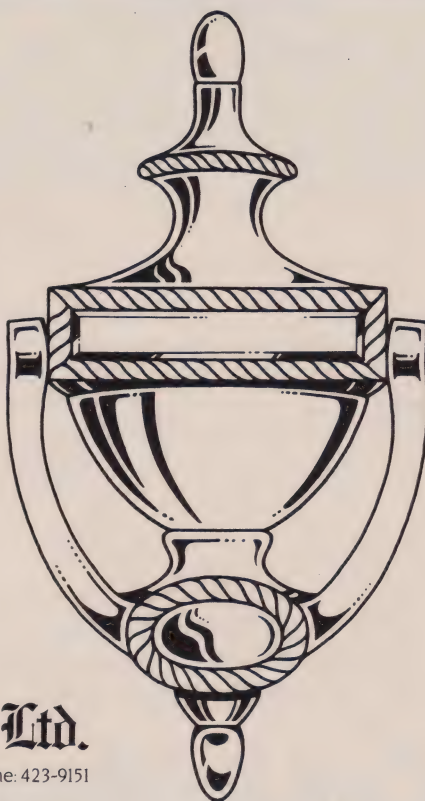
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enced lawyers have left us in the last two months," says Anne Malick, the only full-time lawyer left at Truro's legal aid office.

Lawyers who abandon legal aid can turn to private practice. Needy clients have no second option. "Where we can't get legal aid," Rhona Cody says, "we have to hire a private lawyer, and we just can't afford it. We have three little ones and no money for a lawyer. I'm terrified."

Legal aid cuts hurt people like the Codys most. Because legal counsel is a statutory right of people charged with crimes, they get first crack at available services. Family law cases involving the prospect of violence to a wife or children are also high priority.

But most civil cases, including many that might compensate innocent victims — lawsuits, child maintenance claims, appeals of UIC or workers' compensation rulings — go to the bottom of the pile. The higher priority given criminal cases is especially unfair to women. While the majority of criminal legal aid applicants are men, more than 80% of those who need civil legal aid are women.

The pressure on legal aid shows no sign of easing. In fact, Hannem warns, proclamation of a new federal Young Offenders Act in October, making several changes to the way teenagers are treated in court, is expected to double or triple the number of teenagers eligible for criminal legal aid — with "horrendous" implications for the already strained system.

The chance of any province scrapping legal aid is slim. But if there are further funding cuts, some services (divorces, for example) may be removed

from legal aid coverage, and people with "low priority" cases will have to wait even longer, or simply give up.

Only in New Brunswick is the outlook less than bleak: There are no staff lawyers to lay off, and "judicare" throws much of the responsibility on the shoulders of private lawyers. The New Brunswick Barristers Society, which operates the judicare scheme, "has never received any indication from the government that they plan to cut back on any services," says society legal aid committee chairman Lutz.

New Brunswickers pay a price for their open-door legal aid system: With a per capita cost of \$3.61 last year, it was twice as expensive as the less generous system of Newfoundland.

In one New Brunswick case last year, Catherine Murphy sought legal aid after her husband of nine years walked out, taking their three-year-old son with him. Lawyer Beth McLeod took the time to prepare her client thoroughly for the draining experience of a court custody battle. "I was petrified," Murphy remembers. "I was in court for six hours. If she hadn't prepared me for it, I don't know what I'd have done." Murphy was lucky. McLeod's conscientious preparation won back her son. In another year, some New Brunswick lawyers may no longer want to help people like Murphy — or to spend the time to prepare their clients properly.

In Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island, Murphy's case might never have reached court at all.

Hard times are giving new, disturbing weight to that pessimistic, old aphorism: "There's one law for the rich and another for the poor."

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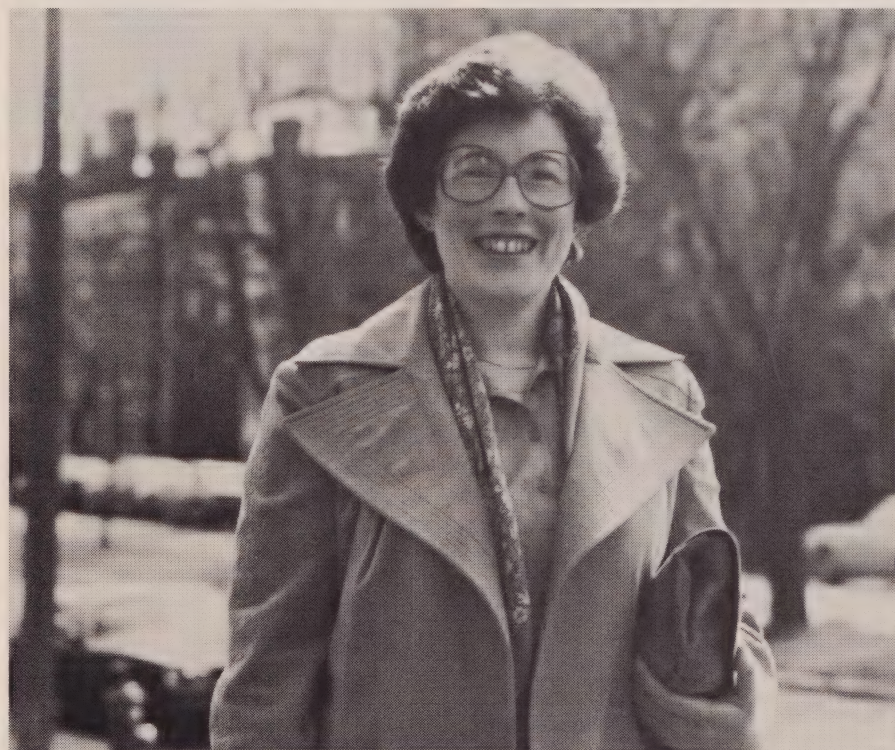
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McLeod took time to prepare client for custody fight. They won

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NOVA SCOTIA

Sour notes in the "Judge McCleave Waltz"

As the inquiry into uranium mining moves into stage two — maybe — some people wonder who'll be on trial

When Judge Robert McCleave was appointed a one-man commission of inquiry into uranium mining in Nova Scotia in January 1982, he promised "the most open inquiry in Canada, in the whole world." The hearings drew plenty of attention from the press and public and included offbeat submissions such as a play called *Mrs. Midnight's Animal Theatre*, staged in the Annapolis Valley, and the "Judge McCleave Waltz," written by a Cape Breton anti-uranium activist.

More than a year later, the waltz has deteriorated into a series of missteps with McCleave reprimanding participants and threatening legal action. Reporters have been frisked before they entered hearings. Some environmental groups are boycotting the inquiry. Both the Liberals and New Democrats have demanded the judge's resignation for "muzzling the press" and "infringing upon freedom of speech."

McCleave, a former Tory MP, provincial court judge and chairman of the Nova Scotia Labor Relations Board, took on the inquiry after the provincial Conservative government placed a moratorium on all aspects of uranium exploration during the election campaign of September, 1981. The search for uranium had gone on for years but exploration heated up in the mid-Seventies when multinational energy companies such as Shell and Gulf started looking for the mineral in the Annapolis and Wentworth valleys.

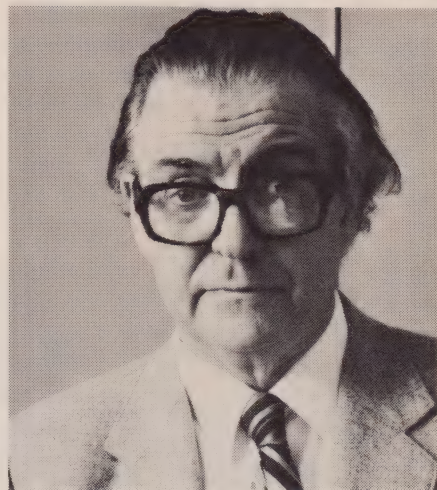
Public concern focused on activity at Millett Brook in Hants County, first explored by Aquitaine, then by Kidd Creek, a subsidiary of the Canada Development Corporation. Kidd Creek, owned 49% by the feds, spent \$2.5 million on explorations before the moratorium. Opponents of uranium mining attacked it ethically (uranium's sole commercial value is for nuclear reactors and weapons) and environmentally because of the waste products which emit radioactivity long after a mine closes down.

In Hants County, a local Women's Institutes group successfully pressured county council to pass a resolution calling for a moratorium in 1980. Soon, the women's concern spread across the province and spawned such groups as CAPE (Citizens' Action to Protect the Environment), CCCC (Concerned Citizens of Cumberland County) and CARE (Citi-

zens Against a Radioactive Environment).

One hundred eighty-nine submissions went to McCleave in 1982. Only 10 favored uranium mining. But now there is confusion over when, if ever, stage two of the inquiry will begin and even whether the hearings should continue.

McCleave had clashed with some participants during the early months of the inquiry. By March of this year, as the confrontations grew nastier and more numerous, he seemed to slip out of his public commissioner's role and into a more judicial stance. He subpoenaed a slide and tape show from independent film producer Charles Lapp, claiming it was a "diatribe" against the inquiry and "bordered on criminal contempt." When



DAVID NICHOLS

McCleave: Taking a judicial stance

freelance writer Alan Story appeared at a special hearing, held in a courtroom, McCleave demanded he sit on the prisoner's bench and denied him the right to consult a lawyer, saying that he didn't like the tone of a telephone interview Story had conducted the day before. A second hearing, held in a judicial setting two weeks later, was conducted under heavy security and reporters were scanned by metal detectors while a demonstration against the judge went on outside. McCleave has also demanded that two reporters from the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald* hand over their notes, written angry letters to those who have offended him and accused some participants of "holding up the inquiry to ridicule" and being "motivated by perverse ideology."

As the fur flies over McCleave's handling of the inquiry, the bottom has fallen out of the uranium market. Dr. Jack Garnett, assistant deputy minister of mines and minerals, says Shell and Gulf have abandoned mineral exploration as "not as lucrative as expected." Few reactors are being built and the price of uranium has dropped from \$50 to \$20 per pound.

Nova Scotia has still not produced a commercial find of uranium. Garnett says Kidd Creek's interest in Millett Brook is still at the exploration stage "and even at the most optimistic, it could not be in production for at least five years." Don Pollock, president of the N.S. Chamber of Mineral Resources, says mineral exploration in Nova Scotia dropped from a \$14-million business in 1981 to less than \$4 million last year. Kidd Creek withdrew from the uranium inquiry citing financial problems but continues to keep its Windsor, N.S., office open. With Kid Creek out, the Chamber is now chief spokesman for the Uranium industry. Gordon Dickie, chairman of its uranium committee, says they want to see the inquiry through to the end to try and get the moratorium lifted. Even if uranium isn't found, lifting the ban would free the land for mining sliver, tin and tungsten.

But if the industry wants the inquiry to resume, some environmentalists don't. Don Rushton, a farmer from Amherst Head, says several groups based in Cumberland and Colchester counties will boycott the inquiry if McCleave stays. Halifax activist David Orton says, "Every time McCleave opens his mouth, more people are mobilized against him." Orton quit the inquiry last year in frustration over the way McCleave was conducting it. "It was so arbitrary. It seemed to depend on how the judge felt on a certain day."

McCleave says he's under doctor's orders not to give interviews. But at the last hearing he said he wouldn't quit. Comparing himself to a sheriff in a western movie, he said, "When the shoot-out's over, that's when he handed in his badge." Attorney-General Harry How says a Nova Scotia government commissioner has the same power as a magistrate of the Supreme Court and is beyond government intervention.

No one knows when stage two of the hearings will begin. McCleave sent some groups a letter last February telling them to "hold fire" until he makes a decision on the next step. Even industry spokesmen like Dickie aren't sure what happens next. "We haven't heard from Judge McCleave since before Christmas. I don't know if we'll be taking part in stage two until someone asks," he says.

Stan Forgeron, staff member at the inquiry office, admits he's not sure about the game plan, only that "it will be in a judicial setting." That left one activist wondering "Who's going to be on trial — uranium or the environmentalists?"

—Susan Murray

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The wily coyote digs in

Lean, hungry and clever, he's become quite at home in New Brunswick's farming communities. Unfortunately, he's also developed a taste for fresh lamb

Remember him from the old Saturday afternoon movie cartoons? Wile E. Coyote — lean, hungry and forever frustrated in his schemes to catch the (Beep Beep) road-runner among the buttes and mesas of a celluloid Far West.

Real coyotes may be lean and occasionally hungry, but they are far from frustrated. And they are no longer content to roam the deserts of the American southwest. Coyotes have made themselves very much at home in New Brunswick, where dinner is often a nice, plump lamb.

If you saw a coyote cruising the tree line along the edge of field at dusk, you might mistake him for a small German shepherd — pointed face, grey-tawny fur, long brush of a tail. Two feet tall at the shoulder, the eastern coyote is larger and heavier than his prairie cousin, the result, biologists believe, of interbreeding with wolves and domestic dogs. The same mixing of genes has given the eastern coyote a distinctive ridge of dark fur down the front of each foreleg.

But the coyote has lost none of his native wiles and adaptability. Since appearing in New Brunswick a decade ago, coyotes have found their way into the deepest of back-country bush, have settled comfortably amid spreading farmland, and have even prospered inside the city limits of Moncton.

Early arrivals in the coyote migration from the west were found to have trav-

elled hundreds of kilometres; one animal had roamed from southern New Hampshire into New Brunswick in less than a year. But the coyotes now being sighted were probably born here. Parent coyotes choose burrows in south-facing hillsides, usually stolen from some other animal, for their litters of pups born in April and May. Both parents help tend the youngsters, a fact naturalists believe contributes heavily to the coyote's remarkable success in life.

Another contributing factor is his wide choice of diet. A coyote is not a picky eater, dining equally happily off road-killed carrion, wild berries and grasses, or small game and occasional deer.

If coyotes stopped there, their reputation might be better. Unfortunately, many have also developed a taste for fresh lamb. Coyotes have killed more than 500 sheep, worth more than \$35,000, in the past four years in New Brunswick, far outstripping damage done by dogs or other predators.

Durward Cameron, a farmer near Fredericton, has lost almost 30 sheep to coyotes over the years. The most recent victim died just before Easter. "I let them out for exercise and water and they went behind the barn," he says. "I went out about five o'clock and found [a lamb], just caught by the throat. It had just grabbed it by the throat and killed it. It was no dog, because a dog will tear

a lot of the hide off, whereas a coyote will go right for the throat."

Cameron, who once lost seven sheep to coyotes in one day, receives compensation for lost animals from the government. But the compensation, he says, "doesn't pay what I'd get [at market]." Coyotes, he says, are becoming "quite a problem. They're getting pretty thick around here. We'd hear them pretty well every night. They sound like a whole bunch of dogs fighting."

In Nova Scotia, where coyotes have just begun to appear, sheep farmers have persuaded the province to offer a \$50 bounty on the animals. New Brunswick farmers have not even asked for a bounty; they don't think it would have much effect.

"They're an incredibly adaptable animal," says biologist Gary Moore. "No other animal has had the amount of money spent on it to annihilate it, yet the coyote population continues to grow." Bounties, poisons and wholesale trapping have all been tried over the years in the United States. All have failed to eliminate the crafty coyote.

Coyotes, in fact, may be reducing, if not eliminating, some other wild animal species in the province. "When coyotes come into an area, they out-compete foxes and bobcats [for available food]," says Dave Cartwright, a wildlife specialist with the N.B. Department of Natural Resources, "so populations of those two animals decrease."

That may mean some loss of income for the province's 2,800 active trappers. Fox and bobcat furs sell for up to twice as much as coyote pelts.

But Dale Halfpenny, secretary of the N.B. Trappers Association, isn't terribly worried. "Only a handful" of licensed trappers earn most of their livelihood from the occupation, he says. And for the hobby trapper, coyotes offer a particular professional challenge.

"Coyote trapping is not an amateur endeavor," agrees trapper Larry McDonnell, an air traffic control employee at Moncton. "It requires more than the basic knowledge of trapping, because they are a very cunning animal. They learn fast, and they remember." If a scent lure succeeds only in pinching a coyote's toes, he'll avoid it next time.

More than a little admiration runs through the conversation when men like Cartwright and McDonnell talk about the coyote. They may deplore the damage he causes when he occasionally makes off with a sheep. But they have to respect an animal capable of outsmarting man in the game of adaptability. While man proceeds to eliminate other animals from the planet, the coyote is one creature undaunted by the cutting of forests, undeterred by man's oppressive presence.

—Chris Wood



Durward Cameron once lost seven sheep in a day to coyotes

JOE STONE

Standing on guard for a vital resource

Fisheries patrol officers were used to peaceful law enforcement in Island waters. Till last year, when the bullets started to fly

Just before sunrise one day late last August, the sound of shotgun fire broke the early morning stillness at Tignish harbor in western Prince Edward Island. Heavy gauge pellets punctured the hull of a Fisheries and Oceans patrol vessel docked at the wharf. Then, someone boarded the vessel, and more shots were fired, one of them wrecking the radar equipment on top of the wheelhouse. When patrol officers arrived that morning, they found their vessel sinking in the harbor. "I never saw it come to this," says Norman MacLeod, a field supervisor who's worked for the department for 29 years. "I never saw them resort to weapons."

It was the kind of incident that might have occurred on a bad day in northeastern New Brunswick, one of Atlantic Canada's worst trouble spots for federal fishery patrols. But this kind of violence — another fisheries boat was fired at by an again-unknown gunman about a month later — was something new for P.E.I. And it was just one more indication of how tough the job of patrolling coastal waters has become — even for officers on the peaceful Island.

"They have a rough job and a dangerous job in many cases," says Doug Rix, chief of protection and regulations for the department on P.E.I. "Sometimes I don't know how they do all the work they do."

It's not surprising, then, that Ottawa has started to beef up its training program for fisheries officers, and to include in it a stint at the RCMP training academy in Regina, Sask. In P.E.I., as in the rest of the Maritimes, most officers have had six months' recruits' training in Halifax. Now recruits will get two years of training, some of it in Regina, and experienced officers will go to Regina periodically for five-week "refresher" courses.

Gerard Arsenault, who's been stationed at Souris for seven years, is one of two Island graduates of the five-week course, which includes training in handling day-to-day problems, as well as legal studies, self-defence, use of firearms, human relations, driver education and physical fitness. "There was no judo or karate or any of that martial arts stuff," Arsenault says. "They showed you how to protect yourself if someone took a swing at you. And they showed you six

police holds that weren't designed to put out anybody. It was more how to hold on to a person, if you had to."

In firearms instruction, he says, the emphasis "wasn't on how to be a crack shot, but on the responsibility that comes with wearing a pistol on your hip." In practical training sessions, officers took part in make-believe investigations and prosecutions. "They taught us how to be firm," Arsenault says, "but also how to treat people as human beings with rights. I guess the key word is professionalism."

Fisheries officers — even the three dozen who patrol the Island's relatively quiet waters — need all the help they can get. In the past few years, they've had more meetings to attend, more paperwork to do, more licences and regulations to worry about. And, as always, there've been the poachers — more clever than ever and, at times, more violent.

A fisheries officer spends much of his time issuing licences and trap tags and keeping track of licence transfers and fish landings. The rest of the time he spends on stakeouts and patrols. Last year, P.E.I. officers laid 48 charges in cases of illegal fishing, which led to 42 convictions and fines totalling more than \$15,000. They confiscated two boats, recommended eight licence suspensions, destroyed 3,723 illegally set lobster traps and released 12,292 illegally caught lobsters.

Rix, who works at the Fisheries and Oceans office in Charlottetown, regards the officers as guardians of a valuable resource. "We have an oil well, really, in the fishery on this Island," he says. "And we're trying to protect it." The Island's fisheries officers, who are sworn in as

provincial police constables, have wide-ranging powers, including the power of arrest. In addition to unmarked cars and speedboats, they have access to three radar-and-radio-equipped patrol vessels. But officers stationed on the Island have never carried guns or nightsticks or even handcuffs. "We don't bother with that here," Rix says.

The Island has a long history of lobster poaching, especially in the western end, and, on occasion, people have thrown rocks and swung oars at fisheries officers. Somebody even grabbed Arsenault by the throat once. But



Arsenault: Refresher course showed him how to protect himself

Arsenault downplays that aspect of his job. "It's natural for people to become defensive when they're found doing something wrong," he says. "We generally have a pretty good area here, and we're trying to keep it that way. We're trying to protect the industry for the fishermen. We emphasize to the fishermen that we're working *with* them."

Rix recalls the time Arsenault surprised some men who were illegally fishing gaspereaux in a river. They'd put up a tent, and they stood nearby, drinking and talking loudly. The scene had all the makings of confrontation. "Gerard was able to remove the net, and no one said a thing to him," Rix says. "We train our people to talk their way out of confrontations." He's hoping that the Island's fisheries officers will always handle problems that way — and that last summer's guerrilla warfare skirmishes will remain the exception on the Island, not the rule.

Stormy skies for the no-frills airline

Harry Steele's Eastern Provincial Airways is facing plunging profits. The captain expects turbulence

For years, the orange and white Boeing planes of Eastern Provincial Airways have symbolized success for Harry Steele in the transportation business. Now, they've lost some of their shine. The aircraft aren't making as much money as they used to, and for Steele, whose other businesses are trying to avoid sinking into the red ink, that's a problem.

The 52-year-old Gander businessman became an overnight success when he purchased EPA in 1978 and turned the regional carrier into a money-making venture in its first year. The airline moves about a million passengers a year around the Atlantic provinces with flights to Toronto and Montreal. It was on the verge of bankruptcy when Steele rescued it.

The enterprising Newfoundlander later expanded into shipping, trucking, oil exploration and offshore servicing businesses. But the airline remained his flagship company, churning out dividends even when other regional carriers in the country were going broke.

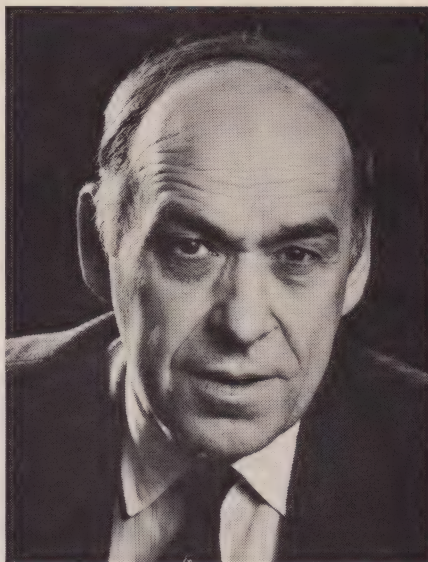
But few companies are immune to recession, even EPA. Last year profits from the airline plunged to an all-time low of \$877,000, less than 1% of its \$100-million annual revenues and \$3.5 million less than the year before.

Two EPA labor disputes this winter are expected to create even more problems for Steele. Strikes by maintenance workers and pilots crippled the airline's operations, reducing the number of flights by 60% for most of the winter. Company executives predict recovery will be slow. "It's too early to tell what the airline's profits will be at the end of the year," says David Saunders, vice-president of finance for EPA's parent company, Newfoundland Capital Corporation (NCC). "But it's not encouraging." Saunders believes extra revenues expected from the airline's new joint-scheduling service with CP Air may offset some of the losses during the strike.

NCC was set up in 1980 as a holding company for Steele's diverse web of transportation companies, which include Clark Transportation Ltd. and its Quebec and Maritimes trucking operations; a one-third interest in Halterm, the Halifax container terminal; Newfoundland Steamships Ltd., which operates between St. John's and Montreal and Air Maritimes Ltd., a regional turboprop air

service. Steele also owns hotels, a pipe-servicing company for the offshore and until recently, Maritime Petroleum Ltd., an oil exploration business.

The joint-scheduling service, heralded by the company as a revenue booster, started in April of this year and is intended to increase the number of passengers using EPA by opening up convenient Canadian and international connecting flights via CP Air.



Harry Steele: In over his head?

Saunders says EPA was adamant that the scheduling service start on time, which is why the company took such a hard line with its striking pilots. The pilots were still off the job in April and the company was replacing them by hiring more outside help. That's after insisting that they agree to let 18 non-unionized pilots remain on the job after a contract was signed.

"We had no other choice," Saunders says. "EPA is barely surviving now. And drastic measures were required to get the airline back in operation."

Saunders says the Canadian airline industry is sick and EPA has fallen victim to the disease. "Airlines should have lowered costs and improved productivity levels years ago," he says. "We're not generating enough cash." (EPA's \$3.5-million slide in profits last year was caused by a 12.4% increase in operating costs and an 8.6% drop in passenger boardings.)

Capt. Keith Lacey, chief negotiator

for the pilots, says EPA's employees have already made as many concessions as they can. He says any other airline would have gladly agreed to his union's demands, adding that the pilots gave in to the company on most issues anyway, accepting longer flying hours each month, more landings and fewer benefits.

Lacey, like other employees, feels the pressure tactics employed by management in the strike were unfair. "It's not EPA that's doing badly. It's Steele's other businesses that are suffering," complains Lacey. "And we're being asked to carry them."

NCC was in the red last year after a glowing performance the year before. Profits for the parent company in 1981 were \$7.1 million, with EPA accounting for 61% of that, compared to a loss of \$1.7 million last year.

The \$9 million-slide was attributed to a \$4.2-million loss at Newfoundland Steamships, when the company was forced to close out its money-losing Corner Brook to Montreal shipping route, and EPA's reduced earnings. Some of the businesses in Clark Transportation also lost money. And it could have been worse, except that Steele generated some extra income by selling Maritime Petroleum.

The outlook for NCC in 1983 is even bleaker. Halterm's two main customers, Hapag-Lloyd and Atlantic Container Lines have defected to the new Halifax terminal at Fairview Cove, representing a significant drop in cargo. Newfoundland Steamships is predicting traffic volumes will decline 22% this year on its Montreal to St. John's shipping route. That's after losing 68,000 tonnes of cargo last year. As for EPA, its future is uncertain.

NCC's unaudited financial statements were quietly released in March at a directors' meeting in Montreal. A shareholders' meeting still hasn't been held, apparently because of the labor difficulties at EPA.

Saunders says the union's suggestion that EPA is shouldering the parent company's losses is "complete nonsense." He says all of the subsidiaries operate independently of the parent company, adding that NCC's directors supported EPA management 100% in the way they handled the strike.

Saunders is convinced NCC's problems are only temporary. But Steele's critics believe otherwise. Lacey says the self-made millionaire is in over his head and that his derogatory comments about the pilots during the strike (he compared them to glorified bus drivers) are the actions of a desperate man.

As for Steele, whose no-frills airline made him the envy of the industry, he's still wearing banker's blue.

—Bonnie Woodworth

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Brian Peckford: The honeymoon is over

Once Newfoundlanders saw him as a fire-breathing hero who would lead them to wealth and pride and power. Now he's in trouble. And now's his time of testing, as a politician

By Stephen Kimber



ALBERT LEE

Brian Peckford isn't granting interviews. Not anymore.

Frank Petten, the premier's press secretary, is blandly affable but politely discouraging. "We've stopped doing profiles," he explains simply. "They weren't doing us enough good." Still, he agrees to ask the premier about an interview. "I'll get back to you," he says. He doesn't.

In the six months since federal-provincial offshore negotiations broke down and the provincial supreme court said no to Newfoundland's claim to own its coastal resources, the Newfoundland premier's office has become a kind of sandbagged bunker, a pinched and paranoid place from which Peckford fires salvos at anyone who opposes him or is believed to oppose him or may oppose him or has simply expressed a view he does not share. "There is," a St. John's busi-

nessman, understates, "an enormous sense of insecurity in the premier's office these days." He does not want the quote attributed to him. "I'm not interested in getting into a pissing match with his majesty."



PHOTOS BY CANAPRESS

Neither is Harry Steele. Steele, the opinionated, voluble president of Newfoundland Capital Corp., the province's second-largest private employer, has opinions on most subjects he is usually delighted to share. Brian Peckford? "Every time I talk about him," he says, declining an interview, "I get myself into trouble." Once, when Steele dared to criticize Peckford's handling of the economy, he got a snarky letter from the premier himself. It was signed "Young Alfie."

Peckford, in fact, seems to devote so much time these days to personally answering every criticism of his administration, whether it comes from a federal cabinet minister or a caller to an open-line show, that one St. John's wag jokes, "You could have him in a straight jacket just by making one coherent criticism of him every week."

If he is not chiding the editor of the St. John's *Daily News* for an editorial blaming Ottawa and St. John's for failing to agree on upgrading the Trans-Canada Highway ("Mr. Editor, have a little shame!") or berating former premier Joey Smallwood for not supporting his claim to ownership of the offshore (he was "shocked and saddened"), Peckford is whacking the St. John's Board of Trade for claiming he doesn't take kindly to opinions other than his own.

"Sometimes it is hard to believe we still enjoy freedom of speech in this province," the Board wrote in a stunning editorial in the March issue of its monthly newsletter. "The provincial government seems to want only one source of information and opinion about important issues, and any individual or organization which dares to divert from the narrowly defined and rigorously prescribed doctrine quite literally risks being declared a disloyal Newfoundlander."

Peckford is in political trouble. "We're only seeing the sniffles so far," one critic says, "but the patient has pneumonia." It would be facile, however, to pronounce Peckford's political career dead yet. There's no credible alternative to him on the provincial political horizon at the moment, and Peckford's defiant brand of nationalism is still ex-



tremely popular. And if he can ultimately win the battle for the offshore with Ottawa and the courts, he will probably have found an instant cure for his case of political pneumonia. If not...

That's why Brian Peckford isn't giving any interviews.

In the beginning, which was in the spring of 1979, when Peckford was still a blank page in the national consciousness, the province's choices were not all Hobson's: Newfoundlanders were being told they could have either Joey Smallwood's old-style giveaways of their vast supermarket of natural resources or Brian Peckford's insistence that those resources become the foundation for a New Newfoundland of wealth and pride and power. In the beginning, Peckford was eager to talk to reporters. "They'll use me and I'll use them," he said once, "and we'll see who wins."

At first, without question, Peckford won. When he replaced resigning Tory premier Frank Moores after a leadership convention in 1979, for example, journalists admiringly described it as more like "a full-blown change of government than simply a shift in party leadership." Then, when Peckford called a snap election a few months later and decimated the provincial Liberals under Don Jamieson, the nationally known former federal cabinet minister, they lauded the premier as a man who has "fired Newfoundlanders' imaginations as no one since early Joey."

What finally transformed Peckford from a mildly intriguing regional curiosity into an earnestly dissected national phenomenon, however, was the announcement in September, 1979, that Standard Oil of California had discovered oil under 300 feet of water 186 miles southeast of St. John's in an area known as Hibernia 0-15. Suddenly, Newfoundland's angry young man mattered.

Within months, Peckford showed up on the cover of *Maclean's* and *Atlantic Insight*, and was the subject of a long feature article in *Financial Post Magazine*. With more admiration than anger, headline writers called him "Confederation's Bad Boy" and "Tough Man on the Rock." He stared out earnestly from *Atlantic Insight's* March, 1980, cover holding a beaker of oil in his hand. "He won't give it away," the outline

claimed.

Newfoundlanders loved it. After years of being the butt of unkind mainland jokes, their "saucy as a crackie" new premier restored some measure of parochial pride and — more important — promised to lead them to oil-fired Nirvana.

Today however, the world no longer seems quite so simple: Not only might the fabulous future not appear tomorrow as scheduled, it may never show up at all. While Peckford still makes bold speeches claiming he will never sell his province's "birthright for short-term gain," Newfoundland's recession-ravaged economy shows all the life of a dead cod. Some Newfoundlanders blame that on Peckford.

"Peckford is on the run," Liberal opposition leader Steve Neary gloats. "The Board of Trade, the teachers, the nurses, half the public service, fish plant workers, fishermen, miners, pulp and paper workers — I don't think I could name one group in Newfoundland that isn't hostile to him right now." Even though Peckford was returned to office in an election last April with more than 60% of the popular vote and 44 of 52 seats, there is something more than political hyperbole in Neary's claim.

It is not simply that Peckford is in transitory trouble with some of his constituents over piddling local issues — a collective agreement here, a patronage plum there — it is that the conventional wisdom about the man himself is shifting. What once was seen as admirable determination not to let Newfoundland ever again be snookered by any smooth-talking mainlander has begun to be seen as the insecurity of a paranoid politician — one who needs personal vindication far more than he wants provincial prosperity.

Peckford's pugnacious political style feeds that belief. So does the tumultuous turn of events over the offshore.

After nearly a decade of little war over whether Newfoundland or Ottawa owns — and therefore can control the development of — resources off the province's coast, the two sides finally appeared on the edge of agreement early this year. Gloating to reporters that Ottawa had given ground on its previous insistence on having the final say on

managing the resource, Peckford quickly claimed victory. Too quickly.

For reasons that are still not entirely clear, the negotiations broke off in failure at the end of January. (Newfoundland's Energy minister, Bill Marshall, accused his federal counterpart, Jean Chrétien, of "flip-flopping" on the management issue; Chrétien charged Peckford with being more interested in scoring political points than in achieving an offshore agreement.)

A month later, the Newfoundland Supreme Court, in the first major court test of the province's prime argument that it brought jurisdiction over its offshore resources with it when it joined Canada in 1949, ruled that offshore resources belonged to Ottawa. The province's appeal of that decision, as well as a federal reference on the narrower issue of who owns Hibernia, are before the Supreme Court of Canada. If Newfoundland loses there, its influence over future offshore development will be non-existent. And Peckford's own future will be in jeopardy.

The name of Brian Peckford and the issue of offshore resources have seemed inextricably linked forever. But the reality is that, in the late Sixties, when Peckford was still just another young rural Newfoundland teacher with Liberal ambitions, the beginning of his beliefs about offshore ownership was taking shape in the fertile imagination of Cabot Martin. Though it probably is not fair to suggest — as one writer did — that Martin is "the lever that trips the Peckford tongue," it is true that Martin, a boyish-looking 39-year-old who favors oversized glasses and preppy clothes, has been Peckford's most important and influential policy adviser.

A bright young lawyer from Port aux Basques, Martin first became interested in the offshore in the late Sixties while doing legal work for one of the oil companies exploring off the province's coast. Later, while teaching law of the sea in Memorial University's ocean engineering program, he travelled to Britain and Norway to find out how those countries managed their offshore. By 1971, remembers a colleague, "Cabot was already telling anyone who would listen that the key issue was ownership. We had



COVER STORY

to own the resource to control it.”

After an inconclusive 1971 provincial election left Smallwood's Liberals clinging to power, Martin scouted the ranks of newly elected Tory MLAs for potential Energy ministers. Soon, he began meeting informally with backbencher Leo Barry, a young, Yale-educated, St. John's lawyer, to discuss his ideas about the offshore. Shortly after Frank Moores's Conservatives came to power a year later, Barry became Energy minister. Not surprisingly, he hired Martin as his adviser.

After two years of enthusiastic ef-

more a willing captive of the oil industry than a zealous guardian of the public interest. Even after the 1973 Middle East oil crisis finally shook them out of their smug lethargy, their first reaction was defensive.

“They thought of us as these wild-eyed, bushy-tailed radicals,” Barry remembers, “because we wanted to talk about such shockingly innovative ideas as having Newfoundland and Canadian preference in hiring and having a Crown corporation involved in exploration.”

“There's no question Newfoundland was far ahead in its thinking on the off-

minister of Municipal Affairs. (“Every time he stood up in the house,” remembered one reporter, “I had to rack my brains. Brian who? Minister of what?”)

Peckford was an ideal choice for the job. Like Martin and Barry, he was part of Newfoundland's first nationalistic, post-Confederation generation of politicians. He was a scrappy kid from the outports, whose somewhat angry views of mainlanders had been shaped during an unhappy year in Toronto as a teenager (“I found a total lack of knowledge of the world as it existed outside of Toronto”) and honed in Memorial's classrooms in the early Sixties (he noted that many of his fellow students were ashamed of their fishermen fathers and outport accents). He decided there was “a lot of wrong that had to be righted.”

He tried doing that, first as a high school English teacher in Springdale, then as an angry writer of letters-to-the-editor of the St. John's *Telegram* and finally as a tireless worker in the unsuccessful 1969 campaign John Crosbie waged to win the Liberal leadership before he crossed over to the Tories. Peckford became president of his local constituency association in 1971, member of the legislature in 1972, special assistant to Frank Moores in 1973, minister of Municipal Affairs in 1974 and finally — after Barry had been defeated and his first successor, John Crosbie, had abandoned St. John's for Ottawa — minister of Energy in 1976.

Peckford knew almost nothing about energy, but he was a quick, earnest student. Cabot Martin was his teacher. Though Peckford inherited both the province's case for resource ownership and its proposed offshore regulations almost intact from Barry, he soon made them his own.

His most important contribution to the battle for control of the offshore was his 1977 damn-the-consequences determination to enforce the oil and gas regulations Barry and Martin had drafted. Those regulations said oil companies had to give Newfoundlanders preference in jobs, supplies and services on the drilling rigs and provided for provincial control of the pace of offshore development.

Initially, the oil companies huffily moved their rigs to more hospitable waters in the Davis Strait off Baffin Island. But, in spite of intense pressures from the companies and his own cabinet colleagues, Peckford refused to budge. In early 1978, — then Premier Frank Moores was almost ready to overrule Peckford and beg the companies to come back on whatever terms they wanted. Then, they unexpectedly backed down and agreed to return. Peckford had won.

He did not win the larger war with Ottawa or his other crucial energy battle — to convince Quebec to renegotiate an unfair, long-term contract negotiated during the Smallwood era to supply



Peckford outside 24 Sussex: Ottawa wouldn't take him seriously

fort, Barry and Martin put the finishing touches on what they believed was an impressive case for Newfoundland ownership of its offshore resources. They also had the beginnings of an ambitious management plan to develop the resources in the best interests of the province and the country. They took those reasoned arguments to Ottawa and...

“And the feds laughed them out of town,” remembers a former provincial official. “Ottawa wouldn't take them seriously at all. They belittled everything they'd done.”

But the problem was with Ottawa, not Newfoundland. In the early Seventies, Ottawa's Energy Department was

shore in those days,” concedes an energy consultant. “That's why the wounds were so deep when Ottawa treated them so badly. Barry and Martin came back to Newfoundland with the attitude we'll show those bastards.” Barry instructed Martin to prepare the province's legal case, and told him to begin operating as if Newfoundland already owned the offshore.

By the time his tough new offshore regulations were ready for public presentation two years later, however, Barry was no longer Energy minister. He'd been defeated in the 1975 general election and eventually replaced by Brian Peckford, a formerly undistinguished

Churchill Falls power at ridiculously low rates. But that battle gave Peckford the rallying cry that helped win him the Tory leadership and two subsequent provincial elections: "Never again!"

Smallwood's deal with Hydro Quebec, a desperate measure designed to get the massive Churchill Falls power project built at a time when rational economics opposed it, was negotiated when energy prices were stable. When energy prices soared in the Seventies and Quebec reaped huge windfalls peddling cheap Churchill Falls power to the United States, the deal came to symbolize all that had been wrong with industrial development in Newfoundland. "We had one kick at the can in terms of

position even a little, he'll lose face. The truth is he was relieved that the Newfoundland Court of Appeal said no. He needs someone to blame. He's won two elections already by blaming Ottawa for his failures. He wants to get one more election out of the offshore."

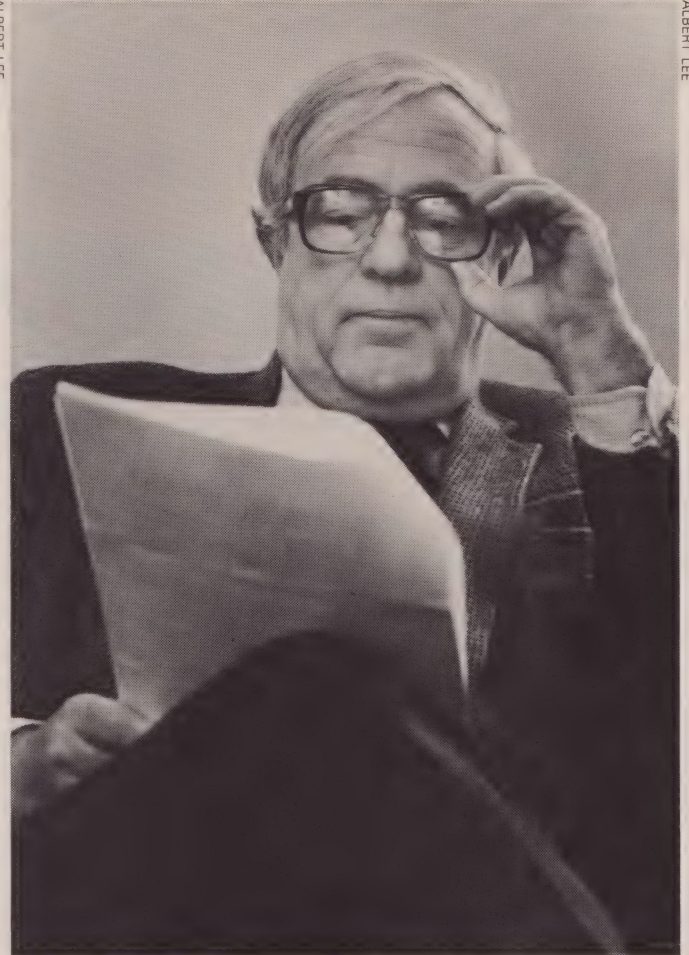
Leo Barry won't go that far. Not quite. Barry, who was re-elected after Peckford won the leadership and given his old Energy minister's job back, resigned in the fall of 1981 when the premier refused to give him authority to cut an offshore deal with Ottawa. Peckford wanted a cabinet committee to make negotiating decisions instead. Barry was re-elected in 1982 and many Newfoundlanders regard him as "the province's

takes in its approach to the offshore."

He remembers the months immediately after the Hibernia announcement. "My sense was that people all across the country were delighted with Newfoundland's good fortune. Then, after about six months, it began to turn around. Taxi drivers would ask, 'What do you guys really want? Do you want all the oil? All the fish? What do you want?' There was an image created that Newfoundland was going crazy with greed." He pauses. "If we'd been able to convince Canadians that we just wanted what was rightfully ours, it would have been a lot harder for Trudeau and Lalonde to dismiss us so easily." Barry adds, "I'm very depressed, very pessimistic about the



ALBERT LEE



ALBERT LEE

Barry: Nfld. has made "some serious mistakes"

development and we botched it," Peckford said of the Churchill Falls deal. "Now we have a second chance [with offshore oil] and we're going to do it right."

That, more than anything, explains the province's current uncompromising stand on offshore oil ownership and control. It also, suggests one local critic, is the reason why Peckford still can't come to a deal with Ottawa. "They're so afraid they'll blow it again, they've become paralysed."

"Peckford won a large mandate, he has a large majority in the house, but he's boxed in by his own ego," Steve Neary argues. "He thinks if he moves his

Neary: Peckford's "boxed in by his own ego"

most squandered resource," but Peckford has not invited him back into the cabinet.

Unlike Neary, Barry does not directly suggest his former boss doesn't want an offshore agreement for political reasons, but he pointedly notes that Ottawa "has come full circle" in its approach to the offshore. It created a Crown corporation, Petrocan, as the province suggested back in the early Seventies and has passed an Oil and Gas Lands Act similar to Newfoundland's oil and gas regulations. "The irony," Barry says carefully, "is that it should be much easier now to arrive at a settlement than ever before. The province has made some serious mis-

possibility of a deal now." He worries that the Newfoundland Court of Appeal decision "will make it easier for the Supreme Court of Canada to decide against us," and he frets that Ottawa is already acting as if the battle is over.

Still, he refuses to be drawn into a direct attack on Peckford. He merely suggests that the art of knowing how and when to compromise is what differentiates "the good politician from the bad politician." How much can be compromised without abandoning principles? "That," he says earnestly, "is the true test of the politician."

This is Brian Peckford's time of testing. ☒

A brave athlete becomes an all-Canadian saint

The Terry Fox Story has the kind of earnestness and rectitude that makes you want to watch some lively American trash

Review by Martin Knelman

When Terry Fox got the bad news from a doctor — that the pain in his knee was caused by a malignant tumor, that his leg would be amputated, that his chances of surviving were only slightly better than 50-50, and that a classmate with a similar problem had recently died — he said, “Oh fuck, I’m not ready to leave this world.” According to the book about Fox by Toronto *Star* reporter Leslie Scrivener, at that mo-

Were the moviemakers so determined to make Terry Fox into the most saintly all-Canadian boy who ever lived that they couldn’t risk offending anyone in the audience?

The notion of a one-legged kid running across the country might have been dismissed as a sick joke, but the image of Terry on a deserted highway, wearing his grey running shorts and a white T-shirt emblazoned with a red maple leaf and map of Canada became an icon for

ultimate human-interest story, combining all the elements that gladden the hearts of mass-circulation newspaper editors — youthful ideals, spectacular misfortune, a freakish athletic contest, a doomed hero. It’s the kind of sensational story that can generate an orgy of hypocrisy of the type satirized in Ben Hecht’s 1937 movie, *Nothing Sacred*, in which self-congratulating slobs weep crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning while the girl (Carole Lombard) and her mentor (Fredric March) chortle at their phoniness.

Terry Fox couldn’t have better served the purposes of newspaper editors if they had invented him. His story, with its daily guarantee of fresh incidents and locales, was the ideal circulation-booster; editors could feel they were not only getting great copy but improving the world. The decision of *The Toronto Star*, the country’s largest-circulation newspaper, to assign a reporter to follow Fox was a



Robert Duvall (left), Chris Makepeace (centre), Eric Fryer in *The Terry Fox Story*, the ultimate in human interest

ment Rolly Fox, Terry’s father, went into shock. It wasn’t the terrible news about his son that so startled him; it was his son’s language. Terry Fox had never talked that way in his father’s presence before. In that moment there might be the beginning of an interesting family drama, but in the new movie *The Terry Fox Story*, playing at 130 theatres across Canada this summer, the script and the director, Ralph Thomas, back away from it. In the movie, Terry says angrily to the doctor, “What the hell am I supposed to do without my leg?” and Terry’s father natters, “Don’t swear, Terry.” And some of us in the audience wonder:

the whole country. He turned into a member of that most endangered species, Canadian heroes, and his death completed the legend. Ticking off 3,321 miles of his 5,000-mile route from one coast of Canada to the other before illness knocked him off the road, Fox not only raised \$24 million for cancer research with his Marathon of Hope; he also touched off a bizarre media circus that not even his death could stop.

There are a number of interesting questions about Terry Fox that an intelligent movie might explore, but of course the temptation is to take the shameless, facile approach. Here was the

turning point that the movie alludes to without examining its implications. At the beginning of his run, Fox made little impact. By the time he reached Ottawa, he was important enough to rate an audience with Trudeau, but the prime minister didn’t seem to know who he was or even which direction he was running in. Thanks to the *Star*, though, his reception in Toronto was a spectacle that would have made Cecil B. DeMille blush.

Fox may not have realized it at first, but the *Star*’s interest in him cancelled his right to a private life. In her book, *Star* reporter Leslie Scrivener recalls how Terry tried out on her the idea of having

a girl join his party to alleviate his loneliness. Perhaps he understood that she had him in the position that the Hearst press had Hollywood stars in the days when an actor's career could be destroyed if her personal life didn't meet Louella Parsons' moral standards. The *Star* couldn't have its front-page saint tainted by even the hint of sex. Scrivener, by her own account, advised Terry that it wouldn't be a good idea. Even if she knew and he knew that nothing improper was going on, it would be best if the public weren't given reason for doubt. In *The Terry Fox Story* as in *Chariots of Fire*, jock heroism is dressed up in the most puritanical attitudes. The hero is required to be cleancut so that the audience won't be allowed even to entertain the notion that a 21-year-old boy might have sexual desires. When he gets involved with a girl, she has to be not only a therapist but a born-again Christian, and he tells her the marathon comes first — he can't be distracted by any involvement with her.

The Terry Fox Story isn't the kind of

titude that makes one reach for the button on the converter, looking for a channel with some lively American trash. Still, it could well be a popular success, especially among school kids who prefer to keep their myths naive and uncomplicated. People who come to this movie determined to be moved by it probably will be moved by it, even though the style of the enterprise is thin.

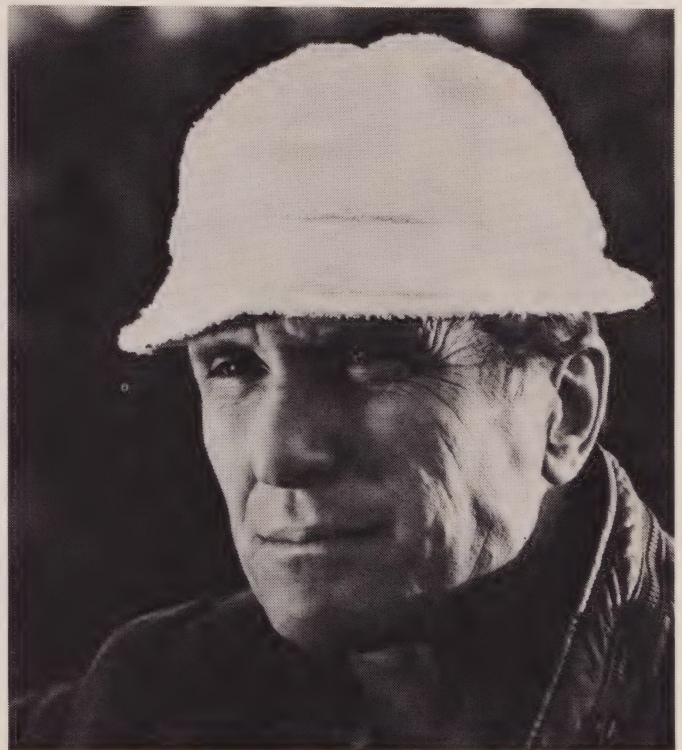
The movie is naively faithful to the superficial facts of the case. It not only doesn't answer the more interesting questions, it fails to notice them. What was it about this boy and his family that made him take on this challenge? We're given no clues. It's as if the moviemakers think *any* boy who lost a leg to cancer would run across the country. It didn't occur to them to delve into his character and background in a way that might prepare us for this startling decision. The screenplay is credited to Edward Hume, but there's no script, really; it's more like a collection of newspaper clippings laid end to end. First this happens and then that happens, but no one shows us why.

is Brent Carver, who once played a one-legged athlete in a CBC drama, but the moviemakers didn't want Carver. Eric Fryer isn't an actor, and he doesn't have an actor's presence. He's likable and willing, but it's obvious that his main qualification is that he's a one-legged young athlete, so there was no need for a double or trick photography. He just doesn't have the personality to carry a whole movie — especially a movie with a weak script. The hero's main function is to receive standing ovations, like Luciano Pavarotti in *Yes, Giorgio!*, but by stressing the "ordinary," "typical" side of Terry, the movie makes him seem bland, as if he were afflicted with insipidness as well as cancer.

At a recent press conference to announce distribution plans for the movie, some of those involved in the business side of the picture could barely contain their sense of self-congratulation, as if their involvement in this project were a kind of penance for other, baser-minded movies. This time they were on the side of the angels; not only were they bring-



Fryer as Fox is afflicted with insipidness



Duvall's role as Cancer Society official is innocuous

movie that looks too closely at its hero's relationship with the media. It's inspirational and idealistic in a simple-minded way, and by not going deeply into anything, it avoids rocking boats. Ralph Thomas came to movies via CBC television's drama department, where he created the *For the Record* series. His first theatrical movie, *Ticket to Heaven*, stuck with the docudrama format, but the subject had an explosiveness, and it seemed to release something in Thomas. But *The Terry Fox Story* is a docudrama in the worst way; it's a bigger, more expensive *For the Record*, with that deadening air of earnestness and rec-

The closest thing to dramatic tension is the arguing between Terry and his friend Doug, who goes along to drive the van and do the dirty work. The arguing is unpleasant but never in an illuminating way, and then it's cancelled by a reconciliation scene that rings false. Robert Duvall, the American actor, brings a little tension to the proceedings in the role of a Cancer Society official, but he can't do much; the role is too innocuous.

Given the unshaped script, only one thing could have redeemed this movie, and that was a mesmerizing performance in the title role. The only Canadian I can think of who might have brought this off

ing the public an uplifting film about a folk hero, they were also getting points for sticking to a truly Canadian subject. The producers and investors give themselves credit for going ahead at a time when there was no guarantee anyone would buy the picture, and in the end their faith was justified when Home Box Office, the huge U.S. pay-TV operator, became involved. But *The Terry Fox Story* is so safe and tame that it hardly seems like a daring venture. It stays within the conventions accepted by the TV audience. It won't offend anyone except those offended by calculated inoffensiveness. ☒

This travel service sells trips through time

And now, the ultimate in searching for your roots — courtesy of a Truro, N.S., salesman-hypnotist who says he's in his 28th life

On the convention room floor of a Dartmouth, N.S., hotel, about 20 people lie quietly on their backs, eyes closed, shoes off, pillows tucked beneath their heads. Californian Upper Astral music — spacy tapes of wind chimes, sea gulls and crashing waves — drifts through the darkened room. Somewhere, a self-conscious novice giggles softly. Then, after a bit of last-minute shifting by the bodies on the floor, George McAdoo slips into the gentle, monotonous litany of the hypnotist.

"You are completely relaxed... completely relaxed... think of your head... feel the beautiful warm feeling flowing into your neck... now your shoulders... concentrate on your arms... feel the beautiful feeling flow into your fingers..."

His group sufficiently mesmerized, McAdoo recites a new chant in this ritual, the ultimate in searching for one's roots. "You are going back now, back into the lifetime before this... back, back... now you are 10 years old in your previous life... look around. What do you see? Where are you?"

This is hypnotic regression, a process participants say uncovers past lifetimes. Though most sessions are conducted on a one-to-one basis, the Dartmouth sleep-in is promotion for McAdoo's hypnosis service, The Time Travellers. McAdoo, a 44-year-old Truro steel products salesman who says he's living his 28th life, charges clients \$20 a shot. They say it's worth it. Wanda Frizzell, 30, a clerical worker, says she's always believed in reincarnation and that McAdoo's sessions have confirmed it. "But whether you believe in reincarnation or not, I would advise anyone to try hypnosis because you get an awareness of yourself, of why and how you think. It helps you live better in this life even if you don't believe you've lived another life." Frizzell claims that through Time Travellers she discovered that in her last life she was a Massachusetts farmer named John Thompson who fought in

the American Civil War.

"When I was a little boy," she says, "I read a lot and had many heroes like George Washington. So, when the Civil War came along, I ran away from home to fight." But John Thompson returned to marry one Elizabeth James, a woman Wanda Frizzell says is her present-day niece, Emily. Frizzell and her husband, who says he believes he was once a 19th-century English highwayman who escaped to Australia to become a judge, intend to visit the U.S. to confirm the story.

McAdoo says a little research has already verified he was last a shipbuilder's son. Another Time Traveller, Katrina Valentine, says in her past life she had an illegitimate son by a young soldier



DAVID NICHOLS

also in the Civil War. Though he never returned, she remained faithful to the soldier, and this, reasons the 21-year-old student, might explain why she's distrustful of men in this life. Valentine isn't sure how many lives she's lived, but says she goes back at least 3,000 years because in one session she saw herself swimming off an island she believes was Atlantis. Frizzell and McAdoo say they too have lived on the mythical Greek island. "It's weird," says Valentine laughing, "but several of us who recently became interested in reincarnation have lived in Atlantis. It's like we're all getting together again."

McAdoo, who has studied hypnosis on his own and through correspondence courses for six years, insists he does not implant suggestions in the minds of those he puts under. He simply guides them, he says, and asks strictly neutral ques-

tions such as "What are you doing?" and "What are you wearing?" He tapes all responses and instructs clients to remember everything they see under hypnosis. "We've come up with so many confirmations of our findings in archives and such that I don't know how we could be imagining it," he says. "A lot of the lives we remember are just so humdrum, so mundane nobody would just imagine it." And, while recalling lifetimes in other countries, McAdoo says some of his subjects respond in languages they've never learned in their current lives, such as archaic German and French, Norwegian and Spanish. He has had tapes of these conversations interpreted. One woman, Margaret, says she can barely understand a tape of herself speaking in a thick brogue as wife of the Irish Earl of Limerick. She is able to describe the castle she lived in, and has found a picture of one in Limerick that fits the bill.

"When I first went under I didn't really believe, but I'm quite sure now," she says. "People scoff at things they don't understand, but I'm convinced my experiences are real." Margaret, 62, says she's also been a bugle-boy in Napoleon's army and a good friend of Ramesses II of Egypt. "A lot of people say this is nonsense. I have one very staunch Catholic friend, in fact, who thinks I'm totally out of my mind." But Margaret insists she isn't, and, like many who've had her experiences, says her belief in a God has been reinforced, if changed. "I had a religious upbringing as an Anglican and believed if you sinned you went to hell. But, realizing I could never send my children to that biblical hell, I can't see how the God we believe to be so merciful could send us, His children there. So I believe this is our hell, that through reincarnation we are given the chance to make amends for sins of past lifetimes."

McAdoo says the number of existing souls is growing as more are created by God (He says he first lived more than 19,000 years ago). These days, there's a shorter lapse — 50 to 52 years, he says — between a soul's incarnations. "Previous to this we were waiting 200 to 300 years between lives, but nowadays there are a lot more human bodies to take souls." The ultimate purpose of this cycle, says McAdoo, is to "learn that love is the strongest force. You grow and become a better, more compassionate person."

McAdoo says Time Travellers, now three years old, serves about 45 people regularly, from truck drivers and students to Anglican ministers and military base commanders. He travels across Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island to conduct individual and group sessions at homes, businesses and universities. "Generally, people are skeptical at first," he says. "It's conditioning. But we know we're not just dreaming these things."

— Rachelle Henderson

The east coast in the Eighties is ready to bounce back

For 15 years, Atlantic Canadians have been determined to make things go, come hell or high water. Today, they're staggered but not out

As the red tide of recession recedes — and, hopefully, that's what it's really doing — it's leaving a particularly malodorous question skunking on the flats.

It's this: What damage has been done to the painfully difficult economic progress the Atlantic provinces have made over the past two decades? If the recession's over, will the region resume the process of slowly closing the gap with the rest of the country or will it slip back into the old rut of despondency and "goin' down the road"?

Since the Sixties, these four provinces have gained on the national average in employment growth, earned income, labor force participation and other indicators. It will take some time for the figures to tell the tale, but the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council reluctantly estimates that the recession "has halted and reversed some of the gains of earlier years."

We hear harder voices, too. Taking its cue from a modest resumption of out-migration from the region, after a decade of population gains, a leftwing monthly, the *New Maritimes*, sees bleak proof that "the relationship of the population of the Maritimes to the national economic structure of Canada has remained the same" — the relationship of "foot soldiers" to "officers' club."

A look at the ledger does show some grim stuff on the minus side. Unemployment is at 14% to 20% with leaps to unthinkable levels in some spots. The nation's first recession-caused worker riots have occurred in northern New Brunswick. Townsfolk have taken the law in their own hands in order to prevent fish plant closures in Newfoundland. The fishery, forestry, heavy water, coal, the refineries, manufacturing generally — all are in some measure of distress.

Still, before declaring that down-and-out-on-the-coast is a universal law, valid for all times, let's take note of some contrary evidence.

Part of it has to do with economic psychology. Consider the following: The government of Nova Scotia has mounted a surprisingly tough challenge to Canadian National's involvement with Montreal-based shipping lines, a liaison which could be bad news for the port of Halifax. The Newfoundland government has been playing David to three Goliaths

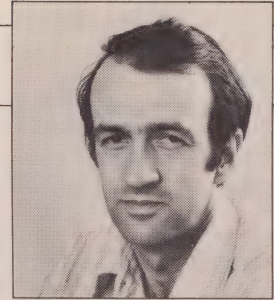
— the oil companies, Ottawa and Quebec — over oil, fish and hydroelectricity. The potato and fishing industries are battling American protectionism.

Everywhere there's resistance where, in the past, there was only a down-east whine. In this sense, both the upheavals in northern New Brunswick where workers face real injustices (Quebec workers can work in New Brunswick but restrictive Quebec laws keep New Brunswick workers out of that province) and the protests against plant closures in Newfoundland could go on the plus side of the ledger. At least they're not taking it sitting down. The Atlantic provinces have learned to fight back. It's a startling turnaround.

It's particularly striking in Newfoundland, where the cycle of abjection-to-defiance has been more intense than in the Maritimes. The Peckford government has been lunging at virtually anyone who comes within fish-prong range. The combativeness is occasionally gratuitous, at times absurd, but never mind. It's a welcome departure from those days, only a decade ago, when pedlars of bad industrial dreams found a too-ready market for their baubles in these east coast woods, with the resulting industrial collapses of that infamous era.

Other things have changed too in the last 10 years. Technical, administrative and marketing expertise have made enormous advances compared to what existed before to the point that former rag-tag trades like blueberry growing have become sophisticated movers on world markets. The small business sector, although it's being hit by the same reversals as elsewhere, has grown in vigor to the point where it's comparable to what exists in other parts of Canada.

There are sectors, too, where the gloom is not as deep as it seems. One of these is the all-important fishery. The problems faced by the large fish plants and the low-income fishermen, particularly of Newfoundland, have masked the longer-term forces. The fishery now is not the same fishery as existed before the feds declared the 200-mile limit. Canada is now the world's largest fish exporter. The \$2 billion a year earned on foreign markets makes fish one of Canada's top three or four earners of foreign exchange. A decade ago the complaint was that Ottawa didn't give a damn about the



fishery. Now the complaint is that it interferes too much. That's progress, after a fashion. Both landings and the total value of the fishery have increased through these few bad years of rising costs and overextended facilities after the boom of 1978-79. Most small and medium fish plants continue to make money and most fishermen make a decent living — although, as the Kirby report pointed out, many do not. The point, however, is that the fishery has a future.

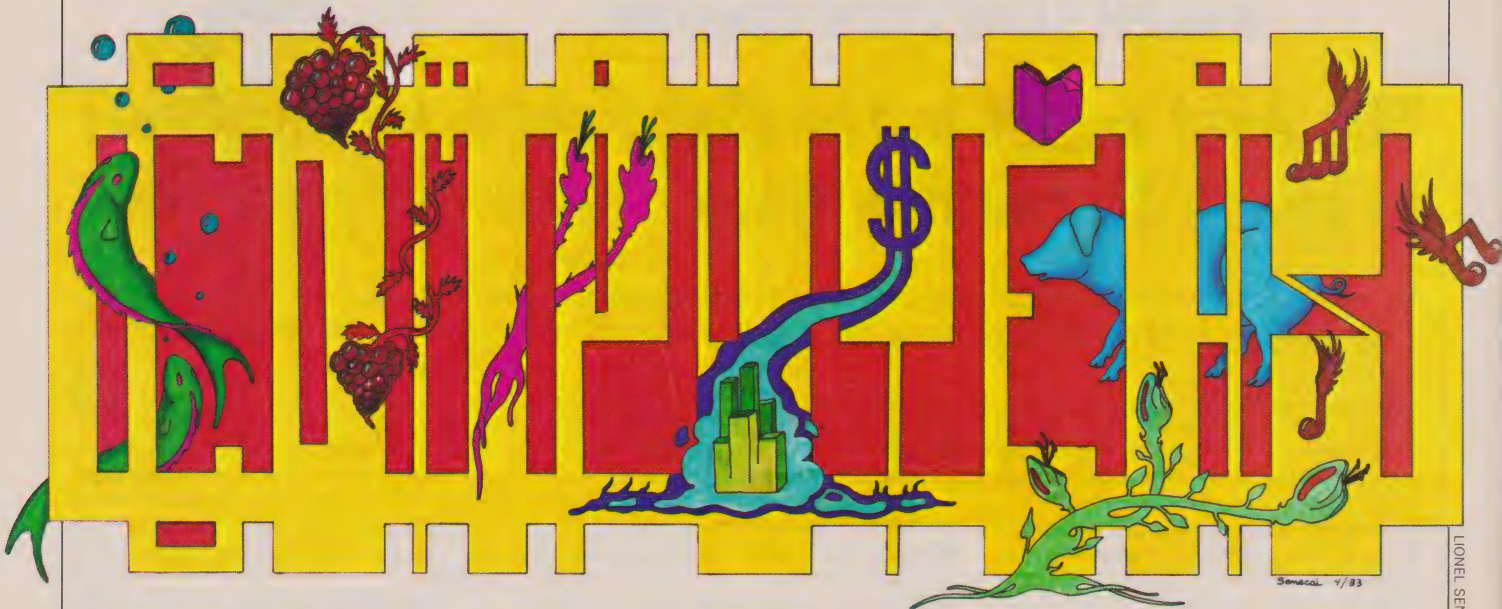
As it is with the fishery, so it is with the Atlantic provinces as a whole. We can easily forget, especially in the face of grim statistics, that some things have changed. In the last 10 to 15 years, for the first time in this century, a sense of economic commitment by Atlantic Canadians has evolved — a sense that things can function here as well as elsewhere, and a determination to stick around and make them go come hell or high water. The loser's self-image, the sense of desolation, was all but gone when the recession hit.

Now it's rising again in the worst-off areas, and that brings us around again to our unpleasant question. Something has indeed been built over the past while, but to what extent will it stand firm or crumble?

A lot depends on what happens now. If recovery is really taking place, even modestly, if the mills reopen, if small business bankruptcies cease and new firms start up, if public debt can stop rising then the damage of the recession will heal. In fact, if the Sable Island gas project goes ahead this year or next, Nova Scotia and perhaps the Maritimes as a whole will jump ahead of the national average in job creation, at least for a couple of years (although there'll be a downturn when it's over). In Newfoundland, the development of the Hibernia oilfield will come some time, although it might not be soon.

But if the recession worsens again, if the decade becomes known as the "dirty Eighties," if tariff barriers (American in particular) slam up against fish, lumber, farm produce and manufactures, then the region would resume its down-and-out relationship with the rest of the country. The Atlantic provinces export about 70% of primary and secondary production — most of that to the U.S. In central Canada it's much less — 20% to 25%.

As of now the east coast is staggered but not out. The betting here is that it will bounce back.



LIONEL SENECA

An Apple for the teacher

The shock waves of the computer revolution have reached the Atlantic region. Here's what the schools are doing to prepare your kids for living in the 21st century

By Pat Lotz, with research by
Roma Senn

At Gorsebrook School in Halifax's South End, the bell ending classes for the day has rung and most kids have left. But in the computer room, five students have arrived to finish working on their programs. The school's parent-teacher association bought the seven microcomputers arrayed around the classroom, a purchase that would have been impossible as recently as eight years ago. In that time, computers have changed so dramatically in size, price and versatility that owning one is hardly more exotic than owning a dishwasher.

It wasn't always so. In 1946, the first digital electronic computer in North America, ENIAC (Electronic Numerical Integrator and Calculator), weighed 30 tons, had a vast collection of parts including 18,000 vacuum tubes, and would have taken up all the space in the Gorsebrook classroom. When transistors replaced vacuum tubes, computers became faster and less bulky, but it was the development of the microchip, a tiny wafer of silicon on which thousands of transistors and their connecting parts could be etched, that led to the development of the microcomputer (also known as the personal computer).

In the Atlantic region, education de-

partments are trying to come to grips with what the Science Council, in 1981, called "the revolution that is about to take place in the classroom."

Arnold MacPherson, co-ordinator for computer education in New Brunswick, notes that "there's really no value in putting computers in the classrooms until teachers are computer literate."

The province has taught textbook courses in key punching and computers for the past 15 years, but it jumped into

"Students want to know why we didn't start sooner," MacPherson says. "They accept computers as a way of life, and are quite blasé about them." On the other hand, "teachers are frightened to death. But they are working extremely hard to get their feet wet." To help them, the province sent two vans of computer equipment, a trainer and a technician to every anglophone school district to teach teachers the basics. "The response was fantastic, 100% participation," says MacPherson. The vans reached three-quarters of all teachers — all those without previous computer training."

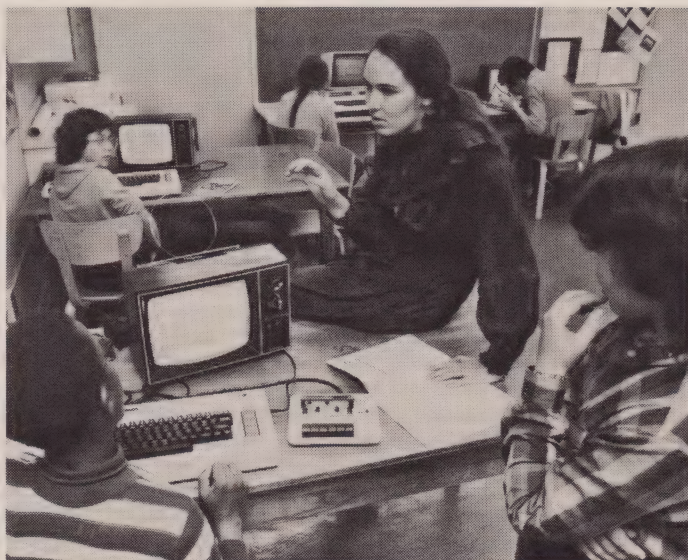
The Education Department has also provided one microcomputer for every 25 teachers in the province so that teachers can take them home and practise.

Every one of the province's 65 English and French high schools has at least three microcomputers. "We're concentr-

ating on the high schools," MacPherson says. "Students in them are the first to leave this system. As we get a handle on computer education in the high schools, we'll place more emphasis on junior high and elementary schools."

The francophone division did not get into computers until last year, and the first problem it had to tackle was the fact that all the keyboards were English. "If you want to use computers as a means of learning, they have to be accessible in both languages," says Clarence V. Landry, co-ordinator of computer education. A Quebec company has developed a chip which fits an Apple computer and makes it bilingual. Last summer the division organized an inten-

sive three-week orientation course for teachers, and is now in the process of developing a pilot course for grades 11



Thomson and students in Gorsebrook School's computer room

computer education after the release of the report *The Microcomputer in New Brunswick Classrooms* in January, 1981.

DON ROBINSON

COMPUTERS

and 12. It will consist of computer literacy, with emphasis on projects and some programming. There is also a two-week program for junior high schools in the works.

Landry is less uncritically accepting of the new technology than many other people involved in implementing computer education. Although he's got en-

thusiastic response from teachers, he realizes he's less likely to hear from teachers who don't like it. "Some teachers are afraid of this," he says. "They're the ones who don't come out and say it." He has the same reservations about reaction from the students, where the ones who are bored by computers aren't the ones who speak up. "I don't

think we should get carried away on the bandwagon," he says.

On Prince Edward Island, the Education Department funds school boards, who can use the money as they wish. Schools and school boards began to buy computers about five years ago, and now 10 out of 11 high schools on the Island offer courses in computer literacy.

Continued on page 29

A mini guide to the micro

While I don't share the opinion of an elderly acquaintance that computers are giant brains planning to take over the world, they have always made me feel uneasy. Terry Clayton, president of the Minerva Communications Centre in downtown Halifax, where he teaches people of all ages to operate and program computers, agrees that a lot of people educated before the computer revolution feel uneasy. "People shy away from anything that smacks of mathematics," he explains. "There's a real background of math phobia in our society."

The computers around the room look like smaller versions of those you see at airline ticket counters. Those, however, are only "dumb" **terminals** connected to a massive computer miles away, while each microcomputer here has its own brain or **central processing unit (CPU)**. Clayton opens up a computer, revealing insides that look like an aerial view of a freight yard; the cars are chips and the tracks are wires carrying information from one location to another. The CPU chip is the **microprocessor** that controls all the computer's activities and performs logic and arithmetical functions. Right next to it is the **random access memory (RAM)**, which is a kind of middleman for instructions and data coming into the machine to be processed by the CPU. It stores them while the CPU reads the instructions and performs the requested task on the data. All the data disappear when the power is turned off. Nearby is the **read only memory (ROM)**, which contains permanent instructions for performing a variety of internal housekeeping activities. "Think of ROM as a book and RAM as a blackboard," Clayton suggests.

The **video display terminal (VDT)** lets the computer communicate with the user and the **keyboard** lets the user communicate with the computer. Attached to the computer is a **disk drive** which transfers information to or from a **disk** inserted into the slot. A disk, which looks like a phonograph record and stores information on its magnetic surface, is one

method of entering information into the RAM, and disks with already prepared programs on them are known as **software** (some computers use cassettes and magnetic tape). Another method of **inputting** data into the computer is to keyboard it in, using a computer language. The instructions and data you key in can be stored on a disk for future use. Another attachment, or **peripheral**, is a **printer**, which produces paper copies of whatever is displayed on the screen.

Clayton selects a disk that has a geometry drilling practice on it, and slides it into the disk drive. He keys in instructions to start and a list of choices flashes onto the screen. This is the **menu**. We choose number 2 on the list, Triangles (angles), and a triangle flashes onto the screen with instructions to identify it. We choose isosceles from the options listed and the computer informs us we were right.

How does a computer work?

"A computer," Clayton explains, "is basically a switchbox; all it understands is pulses of electricity of *high* or *low* voltage. High is represented by "1" and low by "0"; **bits** (Binary digiTs), and all letters, numbers not used in arithmetic, punctuation marks and special control signals are coded in a combination of eight bits using **ASCII (American Standard Code for Information Interchange)**. For example, the ASCII code for A is 01000001 and for "a" it is 01100001. For arithmetic, the computer uses binary numbers.

The commonest CPU is 8-bit; that is, it can handle eight bits of information at a time. (There are also 16-bit and even 32-bit CPUs on the market.) Eight bits is a **byte**, and a computer's memory storage capacity is measured in **Ks** or units of approximately 1,000 bytes. Thus, a 64K computer has a RAM that can hold 64,000 characters.

If this isn't more than you want to know about a computer, here are some other terms:

Access time: Interval of time between the instant data is called for and the instant at which it appears on the screen.

Address: The storage location of one item of data in the computer.

BASIC: (Beginner's All-purpose Symbolic Instruction Code.) A simple, widely used computer language.

Bus: A wire, or group of wires, that acts as a path for commands or data to get from one part of the computer to another.

COBOL: (Common Business Oriented language.) A computer language designed for business or commercial use.

Data base: A large amount of information stored in computer-readable form with appropriate subject indexes.

Disk-operating system: Program used to transfer information to and from a disk.

FORTAN: (FORMula TRANslator.) A computer language originally designed for scientific and mathematical use.

Hardware: The physical components that make up a computer.

Instructions: An action (usually the manipulation of data) performed by a computer.

Interface: The connecting device between a computer and a peripheral.

Interface board: A circuit board that translates the signals from the connected devices.

Language: Specialized words and phrases that can be translated by the computer into bits so that it can process them.

Loop: A group of instructions in a program that is repeated many times.

Logic: Term used by computer programmers to identify the ideas they convert into a sequence of instructions.

LOGO: (From the Greek "to know.") A computer language designed to introduce novice users to programming and problem solving.

Machine language: Coded language used directly by a computer in which all commands are expressed as a series of 1's and 0's.

Mainframe: An adjective describing a large computer.

Minicomputer: A small computer larger than a microcomputer, that is often dedicated to one task.

Modem: (MOdulator-DEModulator.) A device that transforms electrical pulses into audio tones for transmission over telephone lines and does the reverse for reception.

Online: Connected directly to the central processor of a computer system.

PASCAL: A computer language suitable for developing complicated model and game programs, named after the 17th century French scientist.

Pixel: (Picture element) The tiny dots that make up the rows and columns on a display screen.

Program: An explicit sequence of instructions in a language compatible with the machine to be used that directs the computer to perform the operation desired. Also called software.


Synthesizer: A device that produces sounds based on digital signals stored in the computer.

User-friendly: Hardware or software that is easy to use or comes with competent instruction.

VisiCalc: (Visual Calculator) One of the most popular software packages, it is a program for doing spreadsheet calculation and financial modelling.

Word processor: A computer that just does word processing. You can also get word-processing software packages that enable your computer to perform the same function.

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AES

We Keep Office Automation Simple.

COMPUTERS

An Apple for the teacher

Continued from page 27

Tom Rich, director of education services, identifies cost, lack of computers, lack of trained personnel and failure to identify needs as the main reasons why the province hasn't become more involved in computer education, especially in the junior high and elementary schools.

Meanwhile, schools and school boards on the Island are using scarce resources in creative ways. For the past two years, elementary schools in Unit 4 at the eastern end of the Island have been rotating computers so that as many children as possible have access to them.

The response to computers in the high schools has been "very enthusiastic," Rich says. "Most schools have a waiting list for the course on computer literacy — it's extremely popular." It covers general information, computers in society and basic programming.

Rich suggests that a lot of questions have to be answered before computers are used widely in education. Most computer courses concentrate on learning to use the computer as an end in itself, rather than its use as a tool for subjects such as English or social studies. He touches on a universal problem when he cites the need for more "high quality software" and "comprehensive programs for specific studies." Not only on the Island, but right across Canada, "we're very much at the experimental stage" of the Computer Revolution, Rich concludes.

In the 1982-83 school year, the Newfoundland Education Department made a course in computer studies available to high school students. Forty-two of the schools offered the program, and about another 53 will offer it next year. The department gives a subsidy that covers half the cost of computer equipment, and so far the program has cost \$120,000.

The push for computer education came when the province decided to offer Grade 12. At this time the Education Department reviewed the high school system and made a number of course changes. According to Gary Hatcher, assistant director of school services for the Education Department, it was easier to slot in a course in computer studies at the same time they were adding other courses. Although elementary and junior high schools have no computer courses, several of them have bought computers for extra-curricular activities.

In Nova Scotia, the impetus for computers in the classroom came from the community, according to Lajune Naud, a curriculum consultant with the Education Department. "The original leadership came from individual teachers and from students who had some experience

at home or even in the arcades," she says.

Computers were first introduced through a math project in which terminals linked to the province's computer were used. Four years ago, the Education Department developed two high school courses, computer science and computer literacy, which ran as a pilot program for the first two years. Data processing courses are available in most high schools. Naud estimates that 85% of Nova Scotia high schools offer at least one computer course.

Starting this fall, through an optional pilot project, schools will be able to offer a four-week computer course for grades 7 and 8, using some of the six computers in the Education Department's bank.

In 10 years of experience with computers, Naud has found that "the intelligent use of computers has a positive effect on students' learning," especially with gifted children and slow learners. Developments in computer design will play an important role in the education of the physically handicapped. Educational software has not matched the improvements in hardware. Naud echoes the complaint of many teachers when she points out that "what's available now isn't always congruent with what the teacher may be trying to teach."

"Owning a computer is hardly more exotic than owning a dishwasher"

Gorsebrook School has been offering computer instruction for four years to students in the Grade 9 enriched class as part of the math program. "The major thrust of the computer course is on programming to do various tasks," says Marie Thomson, a math teacher who pioneered Gorsebrook's program. She has adjusted the computer instruction for Grade 9 to make it more appealing. The course includes a two-week introduction to computer literacy without the machines, then two weeks of "hands-on" instruction during the 40-minute classes.

Her chief objective was "to make computer instruction a positive experience. We changed from the number-crunching approach to one using graphics," she explains. "We had to appeal to a broad range of students." They can still learn computer basics with this approach, and Thomson plans to have students write instructional programs. Thomson is "blown over by how far they've come. The kids are very keen — and their motivation is very high."

"I presume you can keyboard"

In the Atlantic region, you'll find the microcomputer in the home and on the farm as well as in the office

When the Université de Moncton recently opened its Manufacturing Technology Centre, an industrial robot filled six glasses of champagne for the official speakers, without spilling a drop.

We're still a long way from computerized wine waiters. But since the advent of the microprocessor, computers—previously restricted by size and price to banks, governments and large corporations—have moved into the offices of doctors, lawyers, small businessmen, and onto the desks of people who work at home. Stephen Kimber, a Halifax freelance writer, uses his computer to process his stories and to access online data bases like Info Globe and CompuServe. Pat Casey of St. John's, Nfld., who teaches data processing, uses his Commodore 4032 to prepare programs at home. And Beth Warwick of Long Creek, P.E.I., a dietary consultant for the P.E.I. Hospital Services Commission, uses her TRS-80 Model III for nutritional analysis when preparing menus.

The agricultural sector is not usually regarded as a hotbed of innovation, but the concept of computers is nothing new to the many Atlantic region farmers who, for years, have subscribed to mail-in computer services like CanFarm and Dairy Herd Analysis.

Rollie Hayman, supervisor of farm management at the agricultural college in Truro, N.S., talking of microcomputers, expects "to see more farmers taking advantage of this new technology." The college's extensions service gave a week-long computer basics course in February for farmers, and plans to run others as the demand arises.

While individuals like writers, farmers and nutritionists appreciate the range of help their personal computer can give them, many office workers regard it with trepidation. The microcomputer is part of the microelectronics revolution, but it's only one part. The microprocessor, which operates the microcomputer, can perform a huge range of tasks, from operating your digital watch to monitoring the oil flow

COMPUTERS

into a machine to instructing robots in a factory to do a number of tasks previously performed by human workers.

The microelectronics revolution has generated a lot of fear about the displacement of workers, and has led to a barrage of conflicting statements, analyses and prognostications. A study in 1981 by Chase Econometrics of Canada stated that "the effect on total employment will be minimal. Reductions in unit labor requirements will be

balanced by the additional labor required to meet increased demand." Fred Pomeroy, president of the Communications Workers of Canada, has pointed out that "even if people who believe that technology will also create jobs are right, we're still in for what I call a time warp between the destruction and creation of jobs. And the workers likely to be displaced aren't the ones likely to get the new jobs." A weekend workshop on women and computers held in April by

Halifax's Mount Saint Vincent University was advertised this way: "Do you work in an office, bank, warehouse, hospital. . . . Will your job exist in five years? If you're asking this question, you need this seminar."

Bob Ring of CPU Consulting and Programming in Halifax concedes that the installation of large data centres displaced at least a third of the workers previously needed to process the information by hand, but denies that putting

Continued on page 33

This little piggy has a data base

Joe and Carol Brennan of Bath, N.B., have been running a "farrow-to-finish" hog operation since 1979.

They are both graduates of the University of Maine with degrees in agricultural economics. They've been married 3½ years and have a baby daughter, Laura. They designed and built their hilltop house themselves, and take great delight in the panoramic view from their kitchen window.

They have approximately 1,000 pigs in the production line at any one time, and since each sow produces 2.2 litters a year (there are usually seven to 10 in a litter), keeping hog records is a very time-consuming job. Two years ago they bought a computer. "Basically the time was right," says Carol. "It was taking us a great deal of time to get our book work done."

Carol, who now works with the provincial Department of Agriculture, first became interested in computers while working for CanFarm, a mail-in computer operation with a head office in Montreal and terminals throughout the Maritimes. "I became impressed with how much computers could do. CanFarm provided a complete system of financial records. Farmers sent in their income and expenses and from that information the computer could provide an income statement, balance sheet, what was owed, and give all pertinent information for tax purposes."

The Brennans used CanFarm for their own operation, but often had to wait three weeks for information. "We wanted something faster," says Joe, "and decided that having our own computer would enable us to make faster management decisions."

Before they bought the computer, the Brennans studied the software available for farmers in their situation. "Farmers should look at software first," Joe says,

"and then get the hardware that will run it. The software is the key to getting the work done — not the computer."

They bought a TRS-80 Model II from Radio Shack, one of two companies from which they could choose at the time. They felt Radio Shack offered better after-sales service. For the computer with screen and keyboard, disk drive and printer they paid \$7,000.

Their major software purchase was a \$1,500 Hog Program package developed by a farmer in Illinois. Joe uses the program to provide an up-to-date inventory from which he get an immediate

They also bought two financial programs: TransAction, purchased for \$1,000 from a software company in Illinois, provides them with an up-to-the-minute financial record of their operation; VisiCalc, also American, but available from Radio Shack, is an electronic spreadsheet which cost them \$350 and can be used for budget forecasting. Using it they can set up a financial model of their business, helping them to quickly forecast budget changes depending on the requirements of the business. "It's easy to make efficient management decisions with all this information at your fingertips," says Carol.

Joe wishes they had been able to get all their software in Canada. "Buying software right now is a big problem in eastern Canada," he says. "We're a long distance from centres and it's almost impossible to know exactly what you are getting into until you have it [the software]. And if there are bugs in the program, you can't work it out together. The program simply has to go back and there's a long delay."

Right now the computer is housed in an upstairs room which serves as the office. However, the Brennans are adding a garage and office to their house and the computer will eventually be moved to that office, making it more accessible.

The Brennans are finding that having the computer is saving them the time they hoped it would. Joe spends one half hour each Saturday morning feeding new data into the machine — weekly farrowings, deaths, weanings, breedings, hogs shipped, etc. As Joe says, "It isn't just that you save time keeping records, but you get more information back for the time invested. The analysis we have at hand makes management decisions easy."

—Marilee Little



Keeping hog records used to be a time-consuming job

analysis of management decisions. For example, he can quickly get a detailed report on a specific sow — how often she produces, average number of pigs per litter, average death rate per litter, total yield to date, when she last produced. On the basis of this information he is able to make an immediate decision as to whether he keeps her for future production or sells her. Joe is also able to anticipate his work schedule from week to week. The computer lists the pigs ready for farrowing, breeding, weaning at any time.

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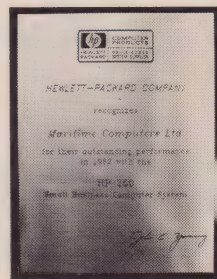
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COMPUTERS

"I presume you can keyboard"

Continued from page 30

microcomputers into small business enterprises displaces workers. "It's a fallacy," he says. "What actually happens is that the computer streamlines the operation, freeing people to do more. The manager gets out, drums up more

business and eventually, he's likely to hire more staff."

Just how fast the personal computer is establishing itself in the Atlantic region is hard to estimate yet, but Martin Zatzman of Atlantis Microcomputers in Halifax says, "I don't know a single dealer in this town who isn't doing well." And in January, when UNB's school of

computer science and the faculty of engineering sponsored a Saturday show in Fredericton by local computer dealers, 2,000 people turned up. Bob Ring sums up the region's response to the microcomputer this way: "We're just learning to crawl. In the U.S. and central Canada they've reached the running and skipping stage." ■

Mind your own business

When you ask Paul Lipkus, president of Lipkus Insurance Services of Halifax, about the use of computers in small business his eyes light up. "Computers? I love them." An independent insurance agent for nine years, Lipkus bought an Apple II Plus for his company last August. When the Apple IIe came on the market in January this year, he sold his first computer privately and bought one of them. The hardware for this total system cost \$6,000.

"Computers have been a hobby with me," says Lipkus, 37, who worked at one time for National Cash Register and has been "playing around with the machines and with systems" for years.

"There are two types of insurance agents," he adds. "One goes out, knocks on doors, quotes and sells. I concentrate on providing a service to clients, and get much of my business through word-of-mouth. My long range plans called for a computer when I set up Lipkus Insurance Services last year, so I decided to get one at the beginning."

He bought the Apple because it has a good reputation and had the software programs he needed for his business available. For around \$2,000 he bought five programs: BPI Accounts Receivable; BPI General Ledger, VisiCalc; Versaform, a data-base management program; and Apple Writer, a word processing program.

"A computer gives me total control of my business much better than a manual system," Lipkus notes. "A lot of small business people are afraid of computers because they write out everything by hand, or have it typed, and keep the details of their operations in their head. With a computer, all the information is hidden until it's printed out. You can't see it, so you may be a bit scared about storing it that way."

Lipkus and his two staff members use the computer. A two-finger typist, he can operate the machine, and draft a letter on it, correct it, and then have the printer issue it. Within two days after the end of the month, Lipkus can have a complete set of accounts available, and all his customers' statements set up and sent out.

"It's a tool," he stresses. "Like the photocopier. It won't solve all your problems. If you make a mistake with the input — mixing up plusses and minuses, for example — you won't discover the error until you get the output. With a hand system, you can usually pick up errors as they occur."

What advice does Lipkus offer the small business person who is thinking about acquiring a computer?

"Sit down and review your whole operation. Decide what you want the computer to do. Write a report on its role in your operations. Ask yourself, 'How do I put the end result of the process into the computer entry routine?' 'Can I make mistakes — and what happens when I do?' 'Will it give me a better control over my business activities?' Most dealers sell computer hardware — the machines. They may know little about the software, the programs that they can use. And many of the manuals written by software programmers are difficult for the small business person to understand. Some people who buy computers are impressed because they have large memories — which they may never use. Bigger is not necessarily better with computers."

Computers force people to think systematically and to determine where the machine will fit into an existing operation so that it helps to solve problems rather than creating more of them.

"Start with the problem you're trying to tackle," says Lipkus. "Go to dealers and ask them what they have that can handle that problem. It's the software that's important — not the machine. Apple has a wide range of software, and I could use the software from my first machine on the second one. Ask the dealer to show you how the computer can tackle your problems. What do the statements look like when they are displayed or printed out? Everything else is window dressing. After you've answered that question, then look at the available machines and the prices. Don't buy a machine until you've seen the end product."

Computers are not being extensively used by independent insurance

agents; Lipkus believes that he's the only one in Halifax using the Apple IIe in his business. He suggests that potential buyers contact a user who has a total system, and talk with them.

"Most computer users are friendly people. They will show you their computer and discuss it with you."

He puts the value of the computer to small businesses in perspective when he notes that there are a lot of horror stories about computers around. "It's because people didn't go about buying one properly. The computer won't save your business. But it can give you greater control over your operations. It gives you information quickly so that you can plan to use your time to better advantage."

DON ROBINSON



Paul Lipkus: "Computers? I love them"

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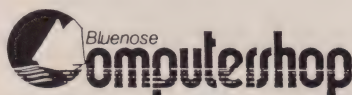
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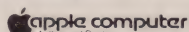


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COMPUTERS

So you want to buy a computer

The first question to ask yourself when contemplating the purchase of a microcomputer is, "Would some other machine, say a good electronic calculator, an electronic typewriter, or a terminal giving access to online data bases serve my specific needs just as well?" Full-page ads of all the things you do with a microcomputer are exciting, but how many of them could you do without one? You don't need a micro to balance your cheque book; and linking up a computer to your electric switches to turn lights on and off at programmed times is a great way to discourage burglars, but you could do it more cheaply with a timer. If you just want a microcomputer for playing games, buy one of the hand-held types. These low-priced (under \$400) micros are also useful as familiarization tools (you can learn to program in BASIC with them). However, if you decide to go for a more expensive microcomputer (\$3,000 and up with peripherals), read on.

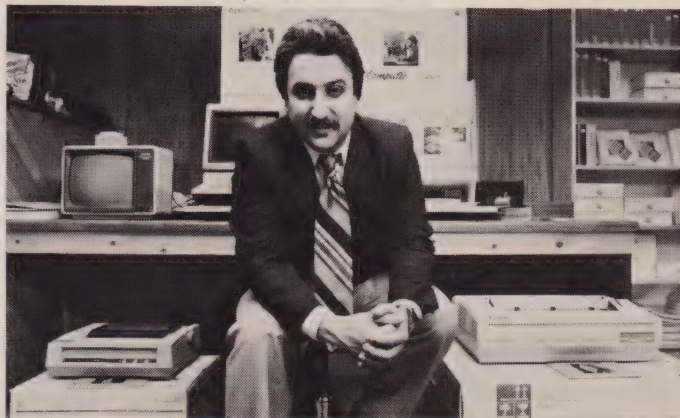
Computer users agree that the first step is choosing the software. There's no point in selecting a machine only to find that the programs you want are not compatible with it. Also, shopping for software first forces you to define exactly what you want a computer system to do for you. Of course, having decided what software you want, you don't have to buy it all at once. Peter Macaulay of Softel Inc., a Halifax firm that provides a consulting service for first-time computer-buyers, advises: "Start with one or two straight-forward applications, such as word processing or accounts receivable. This will give you experience working with a program and allow you a chance to get used to your computer."

The problem with software is that the instructions are usually written by the programmers, most of whom would benefit from a course in English as a second language. Specialized computer programs (such as the Brennans' Hog Program) are expensive and usually originate far from the Atlantic region. "Look for a toll-free technical-support telephone number before investing in specialized software packages," Macaulay advises.

When you have identified the role

you want your computer to play and the software packages that are going to enable you to carry it out, you're ready to shop for hardware. Unlike most consumer products, microcomputers have been decreasing in price since they first came on the market, partly because of increasingly efficient production methods. In mid-April, what *The Globe and Mail* described as a "major price skirmish" had broken out among microcomputer sellers in Canada, sparked by U.S. manufacturers cutting their prices by \$500 to \$1,000 in an effort to counter Japanese competition and also to get rid of "soon to be obsolete models." Some dealers, instead of cutting prices, were offering free printers or software as enticements to buy.

Macaulay recommends that you look for flexibility in the system you buy, "so that you can grow with it. . . . Ask if you can expand the memory later, bearing in mind that most 8-bit computers can be expanded only up to 64K." If you're not buying a printer right away, check that you'll be able to buy a compatible one later. If you are buying one, consider the fact that a daisywheel type will give you letter-quality copy but will cost up to three times as much as a dot matrix



Zatzman: Computer dealers in Halifax are doing well

printer which, as the name suggests, forms characters in patterns of dots. If you want to exchange information with other computers or dial into a data base, you will need a modem. The type acceptable to phone companies in the Atlantic region is the acoustic coupler, which has two rubber cups into which you place the telephone handset.

If you want to move around with your computer, consider one of the portable models on the market. The Osborne operates on both North American and European voltage, and has a battery pack. Dynalogic, an Ottawa manufacturer, has a model that fits under an airplane seat and has the amber display characters that are easy on the eyes.

DON ROBINSON

COMPUTERS

However, it costs almost twice as much as other available brands.

When you've narrowed down your options among what is available (Apple, Commodore, Hewlett-Packard, IBM, Osborne, Radio Shack, Texas Instruments, Victor and Xerox are all represented in the region, but most of the dealers are concentrated in larger centres), consult some of the many magazines available. Since most of these are published in the U.S., pay no attention to quoted prices; they are invariably higher here. However, noting the range of price between the different brands will be helpful.

Now you're ready to go to a dealer and get a demonstration. Try the computer out for yourself. Use the manual to try working out a problem and see if the directions are clear enough to bring you to a solution.

Macaulay stresses the importance of after-sales service as a factor in making your choice. All computers sold in the region have at least a 90-day warranty, and most dealers offer some kind of on-going service package. Xerox, which does not sell through retail outlets, offers a toll-free hotline to Toronto where technicians and programmers will discuss any difficulties owners are having either with the machine or a program. Another source of after-purchase support for

computer buyers is the users' clubs. Brian Rabideau, secretary of the Halifax Apple users' club, points out that clubs like this provide a service for both dealers and computer owners. "If an Apple owner is having difficulty with his computer or a piece of software, there's always a member who's encountered the problem before. After all, there's only so many things that can go wrong." At monthly meetings, rotated between the different dealers, they exchange information on new developments in software and hardware. There are also Osborne and Commodore users' clubs and one

for IBM Personal Computer users is getting under way.

Peter McWilliam, author of the *Personal Computer Book* and *The Word Processing Book*, recently put the computer revolution into perspective when he gave away the McWilliam II Word Processor. Hailing it as a technological breakthrough, he pointed out that it was portable, printed characters from every known language, gave off no radiation and its memory was not lost during a power failure. What is this wonderful new device, so cheap it can be given away free? A pencil.

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Steaming down the mighty Mississippi

In the luxurious passenger sternwheelers that ply the river, and in the pre-Civil War mansions you can visit along the route, the romance of the Old South lives on

By Angelina Holmes

Who goes there? Startled, I turned around. For a moment, I had thought it was a ghost from the river's illustrious past. But no, it was only Murphy sneaking up behind me as I stood on the deck and watched the early morning mist gently lifting with the coming of daylight. At first, I could make out the levee, then the barren trees, a barn, and finally the smooth gray water below me. Ever so quietly, the boat slipped away from the shore, and we were on our way again.

If Mark Twain could see us now. "When I was a boy," he once wrote, "there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades in our village on the west bank of the Mississippi River. That was, to be a steamboatman." About 500 of us, passengers and crew, had been drawn together by the quest for adventure and the love of the river, the mighty Mississippi, whose gentle waves were lapping against the lower deck of the majestic sternwheeler, the *Mississippi Queen*. Every day we were reminded of our lofty status, when chief purser Tom

Murphy would announce over the intercom system: "Good morning steamboaters, breakfast is now served in the dining saloon."

Our seven-day return journey on the *Mississippi Queen* (or MQ, as the crew fondly calls her), along the lower Mississippi River to Vicksburg, Miss., began in New Orleans. We had hardly passed the Huey P. Long Bridge, 10 miles from New Orleans, and someone was already asking, "What day is this?" I was reminded of Twain's sardonic observation, "For a long time I was on a boat that was so slow, we used to forget what year it was we left port in."

Going an average of six miles an hour up river, we took a leisurely night and half a day to reach our first destination, Nottoway, an hour's drive from New Orleans. Because of the shallow draught, the MQ was able to lower the gangway, also known as the "stage," to the shore. We climbed up over the levee to the largest remaining plantation in the South — Nottoway, near White Castle, La., often referred to as the "White Castle of Louisiana." Built in 1859, it has 64

rooms, 200 windows, and six staircases.

"Back then, your home was the main way to show your wealth," explained curator Stephen Saunders. About 50 of us steamboaters barely filled the magnificent white ballroom with its 15-foot ceiling and concave mirrors known as "chaperon aids." During the genteel antebellum (Pre-Civil War) days, gentlemen did not smoke in front of the ladies, and the most popular reading material, apart from the Bible, was *Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book*. Because of precarious road conditions then, Saunders told us, "often relatives came for a visit and didn't leave for years." The roads have improved, but some things, it seems, never change. On a table, I noticed a letter written in 1859 to John Randolph, Nottoway's builder. In part, it said: "It is almost impossible to employ good Carpenters," signed, "Your Obedient Servant, Henry Howard." Social orderliness and politeness are akin to godliness here, and to this day, Southerners habitually say "ma'am" and "sir."

For a long time, the house was owned and lived in by one woman, Odessa Owen, who's still a resident there. Like many of the large homes that survived the Civil War but then faced neglect, fire and vandalism, Nottoway fell to ruin. But a young contractor bought it, restored it and opened it to the public three years ago. For more than a century, the house had been closed to outsiders — even to Hollywood producer David O. Selznick, who begged, in vain, to be allowed to use it as the Atlanta house in

Gone with the Wind. Today, the 7,000-acre sugar cane plantation has more than 40 employees, most of whom look after overnight guests and tour groups. Just for a night, I longed to relive the days of Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler in the sumptuous splendor of this mansion, and wake up to the aroma of strong Creole coffee and sweet-potato biscuits, but I had another pressing engagement.

That evening was the captain's welcome-aboard champagne reception and dinner. At our assigned table were the chief engineer and his wife, whom all the staff called "Mom." An impeccable Southern lady with an infectious drawl, she had us all speaking like her by the end of the trip.

The menu every day featured delectable Creole and Louisiana dishes, such as gumbo (a thick soup of hot sausage and red beans), catfish, hush puppies (deep-fried cornballs) and the lobster-like crawfish (I didn't eat them Cajun-style, in which one "squeezes de tail an' sucks de haid," according to our Acadian porter at the Monteleone Hotel in New Orleans). During the 19th century, when steamboats flourished and tried to outdo each other, a typical menu was two feet long and offered 13 desserts. I passed on our more limited dessert list to wait for the midnight buffet, which had the wonderfully spiked "sock-it-to-me" cake, the creation of the boat's garde manger.

In their heyday, steamboats plied the river carrying minstrel showmen, emigrants, slaves, millionaire junketers, professional gamblers, scallawags, carpetbaggers, poets and drudges. The wedding-cake vessels, with names like *Sultana*, *Princess*, *Magnolia*, *Southern Belle* and *Robert E. Lee*, had crystal chandeliers, bronze and marble statues, carved woodwork, plush carpets. Back in Twain's time, you could book a first-class passage for about \$50 on any steamboat going from New Orleans to St. Louis.

The fare has changed considerably since then, but the nostalgic ambience still exists on the *MQ* and her older sister, the *Delta Queen*, built in 1926. The latter is the smaller of the two boats, but it has a bygone charm. Life on board is less formal and more intimate than on the *MQ*: Daytime jazz and singalong sessions around the bar, as opposed to spectacular gala shows in the *MQ*'s Grand Saloon. In the 379-foot *MQ*, which has 218 staterooms, there were plenty of places to escape to — the 150-seat movie theatre, the swimming pool or sauna, the exercise room, the library, the Paddle-wheel Lounge to hear the banjo playing or Red Hot Mama Sheri Conner belting out popular blues and jazz tunes.

The *MQ* seemed more like the MGM *Grand Hotel* (minus the casino) than a riverboat — except that hotels do not get bogged down by "shutout fog," as we

BILL STANTON/MASTERFILE



... but a hotel doesn't have paddle wheels and a steam calliope

M. OSBORNE/IMAGE BANK



TRAVEL

ERNST HAAS/MASTERFILE



The mighty Mississippi River rolls along for 2,552 miles, from Lake Itasca in Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico

were the next morning, a few miles out of St. Francisville, where John Audubon did many of his wildlife paintings. When we finally docked outside this sleepy town, there was no black drayman crying "S-t-e-a-m-boat a-comin!" as in Twain's days. But there was a small gathering of curious onlookers and entrepreneurs. At a makeshift stand selling mostly gaudy souvenirs and home-made pralines, I bought a wooden "Bojangles," named after the famous tap dancer Bill Robinson.

Throughout the trip, I was constantly amazed by the hospitality and casualness shown by the owners of the antebellum guest homes I visited. Strangers can wander about on Aubusson and oriental carpets amongst the Sevres china, and sleep in Mallard-crafted fourposter beds. At Ravensaside, built in 1836 in Natchez, Miss., the ebullient owner, John Van Hook, greeted us after the *MQ* made an unscheduled mail stop. While sipping the strongest Bloody Mary this side of the Mason-Dixon Line, I listened with fascination to the colorful history of the house. "It was built just to entertain the dignitaries of the world," Hook explained. Eleanor Roosevelt once sat at the golden oak dining table. Endless galas and informal get-togethers took place in the Trace Room, with its musicians' balcony and hand-tinted wallpaper depicting scenes along the Natchez

Trace. In the "war room," there is a map of the original, foot-worn, ghost-ridden thoroughfare from Nashville to Natchez and into the southwest. The famous Trace, once used by Indians, coureurs de bois, explorers and assorted bandits, is now in places part of the 444-mile Natchez Trace Parkway.

Ravennaside is not listed with the local Pilgrimage Garden Club, unlike most of the Old South bed-and-breakfast homes in the area. Hook, a burly ex-rancher from Oklahoma, is no garden-club type, and his guests find him mostly by word-of-mouth.

Back on the boat, I met a family from Cargh, Scotland, who introduced me to a Nova Scotian — Clyde Burke from Guysborough. The jolly, bearded Burke, who operates a tug-boat in the Arctic, was on a sort of busman's vacation. He wasn't interested in plantations; he wanted to experience the romance of the river itself.

That evening, I watched a wonderful sunset from the observation deck and listened to the sound of

Dixieland music coming from the Grand Saloon. The muddy water had turned into a brilliant golden color. As the sun slipped behind the dark forest on the shoreline, an arrow of light bounced off the tumbling rings of water created by the paddles. Maybe it's moments like this that draw people back to the river. An Ohio couple on the boat had taken the river trip 31 times. "They're still trying to make up their minds about the trip," someone quipped. Ruth and Butch Guenther have been steamboating on the two sister boats along the Mississippi over the past 15 years, and were on the *MQ*'s maiden voyage in 1976 from Cincinnati



There's Dixieland music in the *MQ*'s Grand Saloon

to New Orleans. "It's our favorite thing to do," Ruth said.

Twain once described the pilot house, perched on top of the Texas deck, as "all glass and gingerbread." In the *MQ's* pilot house, Robert Thomas gripped the steering levers at the consol board, with its dazzling array of navigation instruments, including a fathometer to indicate depth. Thomas, a corporation lawyer from Nashville, was on this trip to decide if he wanted to become a pilot again. About 30 years ago, he was a roof watchman on the steamboat *Golden Eagle*, and then became a licensed pilot with the U.S. Coast Guard before a six-year stint in the navy during the Second World War. Now approaching retirement, he's drawn back to the excitement of the river.

With the aid of radar and swing meters, the pilots navigate the 2,000-h.p. vessel between the buoys along both sides of the Mississippi. Because of the swift northern current, which makes the river appear muddy — sand, mud and silt are constantly shifting — ships and boats must crisscross it while heading north. The 2,552-mile-long river, flowing from Lake Itasca in Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico, varies in width from a stone's throw to an incredible 80 miles in places during flooding season. Occasionally, ships on the busy waterway collide.

Our next stop was Vicksburg, Miss., the town that was under siege for 47 days by Union Forces during the Civil War. Our guide took us to the Old Court House Museum, built in 1858 by slave labor. Its curator, Gordon Cotton, told us that during the 19th century duelling was popular in the South, especially among politicians. A Vicksburg attorney, Alexander McClung, had a record number of duels — 31 in all. But he ended up taking his own life — sitting on a chair and shooting himself in the back of the head, tilting his head back so he wouldn't get blood on his suit. "It's no fun here," Cotton mused, "unless we find a rascal in the family tree." Another well-known Vicksburg resident was planter Jefferson Davis, who became president of the Confederate States and then fled to Canada after his release from prison in 1865.

A local guest home called Anchuca (an Indian word meaning "happy home") once was owned by Jefferson's brother, Joseph Davis. It has gas chandeliers in many of the rooms, and its bed-and-breakfast facilities are in what used to be the slave quarters.

The 1,858-acre National Military Park and Cemetery has 26 state memorials to the men who died in battle in 1863, when the Union Forces, led by Ulysses S. Grant, defeated John Pemberton's Confederate Army. The capture of Vicksburg, the strategic port town on the Mississippi, essentially led to the end of the Confederate South.

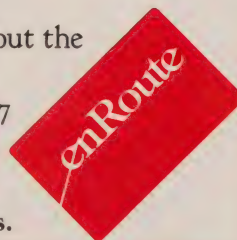
ANTIGONISH: Lobster Treat. **BADDECK:** Gisele's. **BEDFORD:** Jade Garden, Hakespears. **CHARLOTTETOWN:** Minnie's Dining Room. **CHESTER:** Captain's Table. **DARTMOUTH:** Top Of The Cove, Clipper Two. **FREDERICTON:** Once Upon A Stove. **HALIFAX:** Garden View, McKelvies, Thackerays, O'Carrols, The Keg, Privateers Warehouse, Chinatown, Clipper Cay, King Arthurs Court, Les Deux Amies, Old Spaghetti Factory, The Wharf, L'Évangeline, Da's Restaurant. **KINGSTON:** Aurora Dining Room. **MONCTON:** Ziggy, Chez Jean Pierre, Cy's Seafoods. **NEW MINAS:** White Spot. **SHEDIAC, N.B.:** Fisherman's Paradise. **ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.:** Act III, Sergio's Place, Smithy Piano Bar. **ST. JOHN'S:** Loyalist Dining Room, Colonial Inn. **SYDNEY:** Petit Jean, Joe's Warehouse, Grubstake Dining Room. **YARMOUTH:** Captain Kellys.

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TRAVEL

After being told that Confederate troops had to subsist on mule meat, we were guiltily hungry. We made our way to a family-run restaurant, Walnut Hills, for a delicious lunch of down-home Southern cooking: Black-eyed peas, Southern-style okra, mustard baked ham, cornbread, and "tipsy" pudding.

Later, I met Bobbie Harper, who started the latter-day bed and breakfast phenomenon of the South. Harper, a former actress and ballet dancer, and her husband, Buzz, a retired judge who now runs a few antique shops, first bought and restored the Wigwam House in Natchez and turned it into a B&B in 1974. When we met them, they'd lived in Cedar Grove, their latest home, for only five days. "Last night I was sleeping in the house and I felt this presence," Bobbie said. "It was a friendly male ghost welcoming me." I wondered if it was General Grant, who once slept in the master bedroom.

The next morning, we came once more to Natchez, the oldest settlement on the Mississippi River. The boat tied up at the notorious "Natchez Under the Hill," a onetime hangout for pirates, gamblers and bawdy ladies. The town (population, 22,000) has the second-largest pecan-shelling factory in the world. And it's said that a quarter of the country's millionaires lived there during the lucrative cotton era. Our tour went to the home of the mayor, who offers candlelight dinners and overnight accommodation at his home. While I was standing in the gentlemen's parlor, a vase full of hibiscus flowers fell, splitting at the base cleanly. Nobody was near it at the time, and Southern rationale blamed the incident on ghosts.

On our way to a restaurant to eat catfish and fried pickles, we passed a house built before the Civil War by one of the several Free Men of Color, who were successful in business and who owned slaves. But Mississippi, with its large black population, today has the lowest economic level and highest illiteracy rate of the Old South states. Sitting on a high bluff, above Dead Man's Bend, was an old codger selling dirty crumpled packages of candy, peanuts and postcards. I gave him some money for gum, and 25 cents to take his picture.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana's state capital, was our last stop. We went to Magnolia Mound, the oldest-standing plantation in the state, and watched the kitchen staff demonstrate hearth cooking in the separate kitchen house, so prevalent in the South. The potato soup and cabbage that was cooking seemed a lot more palatable than the Acadian dishes our guide told us about, which included alligator sauce piquant and dirty rice (rice and chopped chicken giblets).

On our last evening, as the *MQ* was heading back to New Orleans, I danced with Tom Murphy to big band music.

Later, I went out to catch the last glimpse of the land and river from a steamboat. A full moon was shining. Perhaps it was the mist or too much bubbly, but suddenly I thought I saw something or someone, yes, quite definitely a human form. Now who could that be waving from the west bank? ☒

Several "Themeboatn'" cruises are being offered this year on the *Mississippi Queen* and *Delta Queen*. The "Great Steamboat Race" between the sister riverboats will take place June 23 to July 4. For more information about steamboat cruises, contact your travel agent or the Delta Steamboat Company, 511 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202, or call toll-free 582-1888 (Ohio).

For information about Vicksburg, contact the Vicksburg Warren County Tourist Commission, Post Office Box 110, Vicksburg, Miss. 39180.

For information and reservations regarding overnight accommodations, year-round tours to antebellum mansions and the famous Natchez Pilgrimages, contact the Natchez Pilgrimage Tours, P.O. Box 347, Natchez, Miss. 39120, or call toll-free 647-6742.

For information concerning Nottoway Plantation tours and overnight accommodation, contact Nottoway Plantation, P.O. Box 160, White Castle, La. 70788.

Up coming in Atlantic Insight

**Country music: The
region's love affair with
hurtin' songs**

**The armed forces:
Standing on guard. Sort
of**

**Small towns: Gagetown,
N.B.**

After you, Alphonse

If the University of P.E.I. is going to hack away at its huge deficits, who should get hit first? Professors, say the administrators. Administrators, say the profs

At Prince Edward Island's only university, it's been the kind of year calculated to give everybody — from the 2,200-member student body to the president — a case of jitters. Students circulated petitions. Professors worried about their jobs. And two different committees, struck to examine the University of P.E.I.'s troubled finances, came up with two, radically different solutions.

The bumpiest year in UPEI's 14-year history began when a four-member committee of university administrators released a report last fall calling for major cuts in academic programs. Neither students nor faculty liked that idea. "It created quite a furor," says John MacDougall, this year's student union president. "They suggested some radical changes." Among other things, the committee proposed streamlining programs with small enrolments and wiping out the music department — a move that would have left six professors without jobs and about 50 students in the four-year course without music classes. Students would no longer be able to choose such subjects as economics, physics or religion as their major area of study. Instead, they'd have to combine these subjects with more popular disciplines. At the same time, job-training programs such as computer science, business administration and engineering would be strengthened.

To many, the proposed changes would have given UPEI the flavor of a vocational school. "The recommendations seemed to take away the fabric of the university," MacDougall says. "It was quite shocking."

Students held protest meetings and presented the university senate with a petition signed by about 1,000. Professors feared that the proposals could signal about 26 layoffs. The senate, which didn't like the report, either, set up another committee for a second opinion. This committee, made up of five faculty members, three students and one alumnus, decided against recommending a single significant cut in academic programs for the fall. Instead, it said that if any hacking was to be done, it should start with the university administrators.

Wages for all UPEI employees, from the president to the janitors, should be frozen for a year, it said. If this didn't solve the university's problems, salary cuts should follow, beginning with a \$25,000 cut from the president's salary

and \$20,000 from that of the director of administration. (The report doesn't say what the salaries are now; Dennis Clough, director of administration and finance, speculates that the committee didn't know the salary figures. Both Clough and English professor John Smith, who headed the second committee, say all individual salaries at the publicly funded institution are confidential, but some sources place the president's salary at about \$75,000 plus benefits such as free lodging.)

The committee also proposed cuts in areas such as the dean's, registrar's and personnel offices, recommending, for example, a 20% reduction in business supplies purchases. Only as a last resort would academic programs be touched.

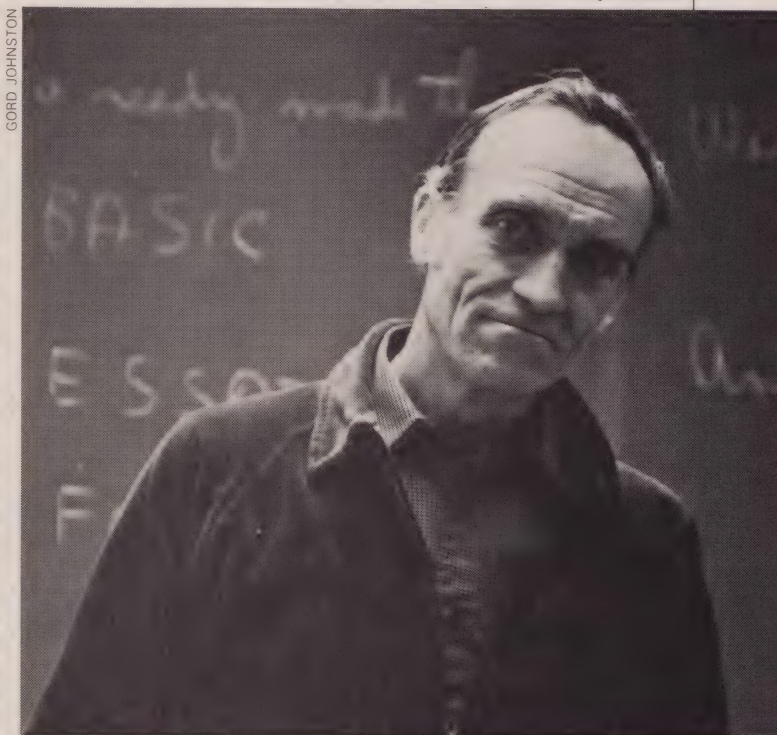
"If we have to sweep the floors ourselves," Smith says, "let us sweep the floors ourselves — so long as our students have enough library books, they have enough up-to-date equipment in the laboratories, they have enough first-rate professors with whom they can learn." Smith doesn't deny that the report reflects professors' concerns about their own jobs — but he insists that his committee's first priority was the quality of education at UPEI.

What led to all this soul-searching in the first place was the threat of a huge deficit at UPEI — \$1.359 million by 1984-85. Salaries take up a healthy chunk — about 80% — of the university budget, and Smith's committee made it plain that it regarded certain people on the payroll more important than others: "With few exceptions," the report said, "the chief academic administrators of the university are out of touch with those whose activities they are ostensibly administering."

President Peter Meinke appeared to side with the administrators. "Do you

keep faculty members who are teaching just a few students because there is no interest in their areas?" he asked. "Or do you make cuts in the registrar's office and not be able to get out transcripts for students?"

This spring, the provincial government announced a 7.6% increase in its operating grant to the university. With a 6% increase in tuition fees (now more than \$1,000), and the proposed wage freeze, Meinke expects the university to "get by nicely." And the university senate



Smith: Quality of education comes first

had started approving some of the nearly 200 recommendations in the Smith committee report. Some are designed to spend money, not save it: For example, the university is expected to set up funds in the next academic year for scientific equipment and library books. And, in the next few years, UPEI may also look into new programs, such as international studies, and into setting up a degree program in computer science. "A university cannot stay alive without looking at new programs," Smith says. There's also the pleasant prospect of UPEI becoming the site for a provincial museum and for the region's first veterinary school.

Meanwhile, however, months of debate and self-examination have resulted in what Clough calls a "stressful" year. The bright side is that everybody connected with the university has been forced to look at its future. The message, Clough says, is clear: "Better get off your ass and start planning."



Breakfast of champions

Roses, champagne and croissants? Well, OK, they're not Wheaties, but what a way to beat the soggy-cornflake blues

By Chris Wood

It's been one of those weeks. Your secretary lost 20 pages of a year-end report. The car's oil change turned in to a major engine job. Your youngest came down with measles and your oldest broke the back window...again. It's finally Saturday morning, but somehow the old spirits refuse to rise and shine at the prospect of porridge and juice.

Then the doorbell rings. Outside on the step, an attractive young woman offers a chilled bottle of champagne. Another holds a silver tray with two stemmed glasses, bowls of fresh fruit and a covered basket from which a tantalizing aroma of newly baked pastry rises softly into the morning.

Life is suddenly worth living again.

The fantasy comes true half a dozen times a week in Fredericton, N.B. Since

February, Ann Blanchard and Lola Murphy have been operating Breakfast Elegance—which they describe as a sort of “personal room service”—as a romantic and profitable sideline to their regular jobs at Theatre New Brunswick, where Blanchard is a bookkeeper and Murphy a publicist. “We both like to cook, and we thought of going into catering,” Murphy says. “But we thought we might be getting into something a little too time consuming. Then we wondered, well, what would we like? And we thought of this.”

Breakfast-at-your-door (\$35 with a bottle of German or Spanish bubbly, \$25 without) includes fresh seasonal fruit, freshly baked croissants and currant scones, and a selection of jams and preserves. There's just enough room left over on the doily-draped tray for a small bouquet, roses usually, though Easter brought daffodils.

Some customers call up the breakfast specialists just for a lift, or to surprise a wife or husband. But often they're the last thing a lucky customer expects at 7 a.m. “Sometimes their friends chip in and get them breakfast,” Murphy chuckles, “and people come to the door rather sleepy.”

The two launched Breakfast Elegance the week before St. Valentine's Day. “It was lots of fun because it was all surprises for someone,” Murphy says. Surprise breakfasts are still the most fun, Blanchard says. But lately the pair has been branching out, catering for groups as large as 700. The novelty of their service hasn't cooled, either; requests for breakfast, with or without champagne, are steady. And the profits, while not enormous, are enough to let Blanchard and Murphy contemplate getting away someday soon on “a nice vacation.”

For their satisfied customers, that first sip of effervescent wine and taste of hot buttered scone are escape enough.

Currant Scones

- 2 cups of flour
- 3 tbsp. light brown sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup butter
- 3 eggs
- 1/4 cup heavy cream
- 1/3 cup currants

Grease baking sheet. In large bowl, mix flour and next 4 ingredients. Cut in butter until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add two eggs and cream. Stir well. Fold in currants. Knead dough on lightly floured surface until smooth (about 3 minutes). Divide in half. Roll into 3 6-inch circles. Cut each into 4 wedges. Place on baking sheet. Beat remaining egg and brush scones with egg. Bake in preheated 400° F. oven for 15 minutes or until golden. Cool on rack. Serves 8.

Seasonal Fruit Bowl

- 1 kiwi fruit
- 3 strawberries
- 1 small bunch green grapes
- 1 banana
- 1 red apple
- 1 sweet orange

Slice the kiwi, banana and apple. Split the orange into sections. Leave grapes whole. Arrange attractively in bowls to best show off color. Serves 2.

Croissants

- 1 lb. pastry flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 oz. lard
- 1 oz. pkgd. yeast
- 1/2 pint water less 4 tbsp.
- 2 eggs
- 6 oz. butter
- 1/2 tsp. extra-fine sugar

Sift salt and flour into large bowl. Cut up lard and rub into flour to a coarse-bread crumb consistency. Cream yeast with water in small bowl. Make a well in centre of flour and add yeast mixture along with 1 slightly beaten egg. Gradually beat flour into middle of bowl until sides of bowl are clean. Transfer dough to lightly floured surface. Knead for about 10 minutes or until smooth. Roll dough into a 20-inch by 8-inch strip about 1/4 inch thick. Now soften butter with knife until pliable but *not* creamy and divide butter into 3 portions. Take 1 segment of butter and flake small dots over the upper two-thirds of dough, leaving half-inch border at edge of dough. Fold dough into 3 by first bringing up unbuttered part. Then fold opposite section over this. Give dough a half turn and seal edges by pressing with rolling pin. Shape again into 1 long strip and roll out to rectangular shape. Now dot this with second portion of flaked butter. Fold in 3 again. Now roll out again. Repeat this procedure once more using the final portion of butter. Fold in 3, keeping edges straight and corners square. Place folded dough in plastic bag and refrigerate 30 minutes. Remove and use folding method 3 more times without using butter. Return to bag and refrigerate another 30 minutes.

To shape: Roll out dough on lightly floured surface to rectangle of about 22 inches by 13 inches. Cover with greased Saran wrap and leave on table 10 minutes. Trim edges with sharp knife to size of 21 inches by 12 inches. Now divide dough into 2 lengthwise strips. Cut each strip into 6 triangles (making each 6 inches wide at base). Beat 1 egg with few drops of water and sugar and brush over triangles. Roll up each triangle loosely with tip underneath. Carefully curve pastry into crescent shape. Place well-spaced on greased baking sheet. Brush tops with egg glaze. Leave at room temperature for 30 minutes or until light and puffy looking. Brush again with more egg glaze before baking. Bake in preheated 425°F. oven 15-20 minutes until golden. Serve with apple jelly, marmalade or any preserves. Serve warm. Makes 12 croissants.

Murphy (left) and Blanchard bring breakfast to the door



OLKS

Mary Lou MacDonald, 56, of Antigonish, N.S., has been hooked on crocheting since grade school. Now she's turned her hobby into a lucrative business—selling crocheted rugs through craft shops from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. Her one-of-a-kind rugs, which sell for up to \$1,200, range in size from two-by-three feet to nine-by-12 feet, and look a bit like old-fashioned hooked mats. MacDonald uses a 6mm crochet hook and four to six strands of three-ply carpet yarn to produce firm, compact crochet-work. She prefers using acrilan acrylic yarn because "it washes well and feels like wool. And it's colorfast." When ordering a rug, clients send her samples of wallpaper, a swatch of upholstery fabric or a photo of the room where the rug will go. MacDonald sends them designs and yarn samples. "Then we decide on a pattern that's mu-



GORD JOHNSTON

Gaelic speakers Martin and Cameron

Like many other Prince Edward Islanders of their generation, **Chester Martin** and **Allan Cameron** of Caledonia, P.E.I., were raised in homes where Gaelic was spoken. Unlike most, the two lifelong friends, now in their 80s, have spent half a lifetime keeping the language alive. Martin, a retired storekeeper, and Cameron, a retired farmer, have performed as a Gaelic singing team across half the Island for almost 40 years. As a youth, Cameron wasn't fluent in what he calls his mother tongue; he began perfecting it after getting instruction and encouragement from a Scottish soldier he met while serving in the Second World War. For Martin, Gaelic was "just part of growing up." In his home, he recalls, his grandparents would switch to Gaelic when they didn't want the youngsters to know was being said, but "we knew." Today, the two men, who are among the few remaining Gaelic singers on the Island, sing mostly at funerals, but also at happier events, such as clan meetings and Scottish concerts. Their local popularity is fame enough for them. "We never intended to make it to the movies," says Cameron.

When **Mike Timmons**, 47, of Sydney, N.S., had to quit his job as a real estate agent because of ill health a few years ago, he found himself with a lot of time on his hands. He began inventing card games because "the quality of existing games left a lot to be desired." The result is a game called ISMO that Timmons hopes will outsell monopoly. ISMO (he says the letters don't stand for anything; the name simply popped into his head in the middle of the night) is a "strategic gameboard card game," Timmons says, geared for players 12 and up. In March, when his brother, Earl, went to Toronto to investigate marketing the game, a buyer for Sears inspected it — and was so impressed, the company revised a page from this year's Christmas catalogue to include ISMO. Timmons believes the Sears distribution is just a



MacDonald: A crocheting hobby turned into a lucrative business

tually agreeable," she says. A standard six-by-eight-foot oval rug takes her about 10 days to complete. Samples of MacDonald's work have been featured in three juried craft exhibits through Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen. One rug is in the Nova Scotia Art Bank and another is included in Ottawa's Massey collection of contemporary crafts. When MacDonald, a mother of seven, also teaches crocheting workshops, "I don't know how to sit still," she says. "I handle the buying, production, advertising, the works."

Stalking the elusive album

Here's where to look for everything from Jimmy Durante 78s to the latest from Urban Assault

In Halifax-Dartmouth's used record stores, you can pick up an album by disco queen Donna Summer, the latest single by Britain's "new music" stars, Duran Duran, or a 1949 album featuring Gene Krupa & His Orchestra. For both the bargain hunter and the serious collector, these shops are a treasure house of everything from jazz to punk to country music:

Days of Wine & Vinyl, 2186 Windsor St., is the "all-purpose used record store," says employee Terry Pulliam. Pop and rock make up 60% of the stock, and there's a smattering of comedy, classical, easy listening and country. The shop's been open for about four years, and the clientele is an established one. "We get everything from kids to one collector who's been collecting jazz since about 1922," Pulliam says. The average album sells for \$3.25 and consists of new wave and punk music. Customers can also order albums (it takes about 10 days) and trade albums. When buying used records, Wine & Vinyl offers half of what it will sell the album for. The shop buys, sells and trades cassettes (average selling price, \$3.50). "Because of the Sony Walkman, there's been a real shift to portable music systems, therefore more of a market for cassettes," Pulliam says.

Ol' Dan's is tucked away in the basement of 1518 Dresden Row. Owner-manager George Zimmerman says it's the only store around that sells used 45s and 78s. In fact, "I'll carry just about any record I can get, any music, any size, if it's in mint condition," he says. For a classical album, he'll pay \$3.50 or more and sell it for \$6. (Top-of-the-line Deutsche Grammophon albums sell for more than other labels.) Most of Ol' Dan's customers are in their mid-20s, and they usually want rock albums. One collector paid \$50 for an original Elvis disc in mono. Zimmerman is chief promoter for the Metro record show and sale, which takes place every six months in various locations around the city, and attracts local and out-of-province buyers, sellers and collectors. At the show, a collector can find everything from MCA's *The Chirping Crickets* with Buddy Holly as soloist (\$12.98) an MGM 78 featuring Jimmy Durante's "I'm a Vulture for Horticulture" (\$2). Zimmerman guarantees any record he sells and

will take it back if a flaw is discovered within a week.

Track Records, 1574 Argyle St., moved from its Fairview digs to this central location last October. Owner Peter Keefe says he has "one of the finer jazz selections in the city." Most of his albums have never been used. About half the stock consists of sealed releases that are no longer being cut, the other half, British and U.S. imports. When he opened the store with about 500 albums from his own collection, Keefe discovered that it was hard to get good used albums, so he decided to go in for imported and no-longer-available records. He also deals in a brand of music he describes as "rock that has progressed into new music."

Albums by groups such as Pigback and Strangers sell for as much as \$18. Recordings by other new music groups, such as Urban Assault and The Furs, cost \$4.50 for a 45 disc. Keefe believes

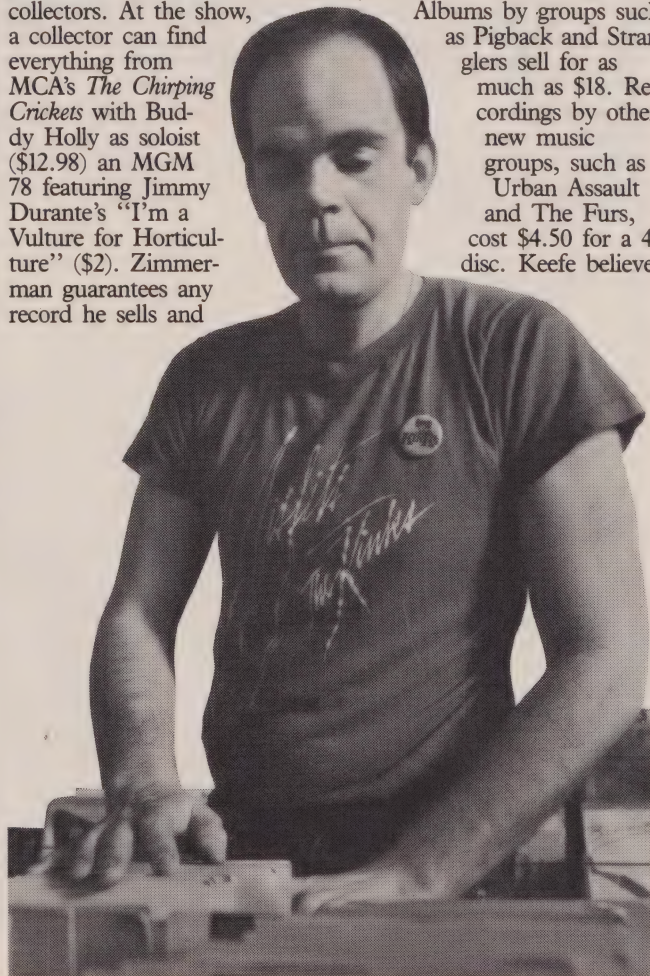
that because "Halifax doesn't have a decent rock station," the new-music fans "are looking to imports for something new."

The shop's jazz section stocks albums by Herbie Mann for \$3, Theolonious Monk's *The Man I Love* at \$8.50 or a two-album set of Ramsey Lewis for \$7. Keefe says the majority of his stuff spans the past 15 years. "I stay totally away from the Top 40," he says.

Tracks & Paperbacks, 48 Queen St., Dartmouth, consists of two tidy rooms, one filled with paperback novels, the other with racks of albums. Rock comprises 65% of the music. The store's been operating since last August. The rare and collectible section includes *Over*, *Under*, *Sideways*, *Down* by The Yardbirds for \$30 and *Moving Fingers* by The Hollies at \$10. Under Jazz-Blues, you can pick up *Moanin'* Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers for \$3 and *History of Elmore James* at \$6. A reduced album section carries discs from \$1 to \$2.50. A unique feature of this store is its rent-a-record service. For a \$12 membership fee, you can rent as many as five albums for \$1 a day each. No deposit is required, and the albums are mostly current releases. While two employees work inside the shop, two others make the rounds, picking up specials at the commercial record stores and then listing them in the rent-a-record section back in their own shop. Rental albums include recordings by Toto, Rick Springfield and Lionel Richie.

Ken Baldin, manager of **Talkin' Wax** on the corner of Barrington and Prince streets, believes he has the best blues selection in town. Albums by artists such as Muddy Waters, Lewis Jordan and Ruth Brown sell for \$8 and \$10. Most of his records are used; some are imported from Toronto. He also sells and trades rock, country and jazz. Baldin offers 60% cash for whatever he sells the album for.

—Pam Lutz



Zimmerman: He'll carry just about anything

Nine good little sandwich shops



Jane of Juicy Jane's

When summer sneaks up on winter-weary Halifax, it's time to start thinking about lunchtime picnics in the park. In metro's sandwich shops, you can find everything from a gourmet, open-face, Scandinavian delight to the good old peanut-butter-and-jelly-faithful. Some shops sell pre-wrapped lunches; others let you order a tailor-made sandwich. Here's a sample of what Halifax and Dartmouth have to offer:

cucumber. Jane's offers a selection of muffins such as potato-cheese, orange-date and apple-walnut. Hours: Mon.-Tues., 8:30 a.m. - 8 p.m. Wed.-Fri., 8:30 a.m. - 2 a.m.; Sat., 10:30 a.m. - 2 a.m.

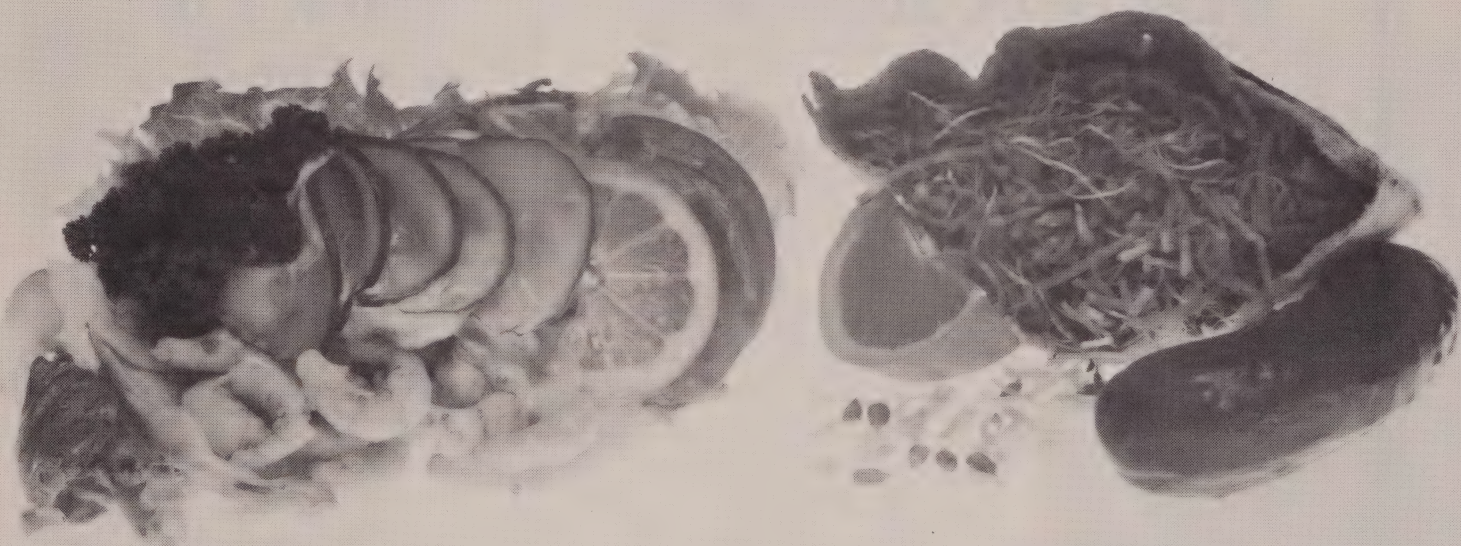
As You Like It, directly across the street from Jane's, opened in 1978, and is tagged the "original, creative sandwich bar." Pick one of the 15 listed combinations or create your own. One favorite is egg salad with olives, onions and cheese. Additional garnishes are extra. Peanut butter,

sandwiches on freshly baked wholewheat bread. They include Guacamole (avocado blended with sesame butter, tamari, lemon and garlic and topped with sprouts) at \$3.25 and Champion Cheese (cheddar or mozzarella, tomato, cucumber, lettuce and sprouts) for \$2.50. There are nine types of salads and beverages, such as the Lassi (a sweet yogurt shake), fruit punches and herbal teas. The restaurant also sells takeout baked goods, including bread, cookies, muffins and cinnamon rolls. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 11:00 a.m. - 9 p.m.

- 9 p.m.; Sat., 9:00 a.m. - 5 p.m.

In a tiny nook at 5487 Spring Garden sits the **Little**

Nugget Snack Shop, a magnet for fresh bagel and croissant-lovers. Open for a year, the Nugget serves made-to-order sandwiches. Most expensive item is a bagel with cream cheese and lox at \$3.29; least expensive is a peanut butter and jam or a bologna sandwich at \$1. There's a different quiche on the menu every day and eight varieties of muffins, including oatmeal-raisin and chocolate-chip. There's no



Sandwiches from (L) Scanway,
(R) D.J.'s Café

Juicy Jane's, 1576 Argyle Street, seats about 25, and you can order takeout from the counter. The ambience is nostalgic: Blue tables and chairs against pink walls, the music of Glenn Miller, movie posters from the Fifties (remember Paramount's *Caribbean* with John Payne and Arlene Dahl?) Salad plates, cold soups and ice cream are available. Popular sandwiches are tuna or chicken salad on a choice of French or whole wheat bread or a kaiser at \$2.50 each. Prices range from \$1.75 (hot croissant and cheese) to \$3 (assortment of meats and cheeses). Garnishes, at no extra cost, include olives, pickles, onion, sprouts, tomatoes and

banana and honey is the least expensive sandwich at \$1.85; the most expensive is avocado, cream cheese, bacon bits and sprouts at \$2.85. Drinks include Banana Smoothies and Mango Shakes (mango, milk, sugar and ice). A former gas station, **As You Like It** has standing room only, but there's seating for 25 outside at umbrella tables. The shop also caters to groups of 12 to 15 on a day's notice. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 8:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m.

One block west and around the corner is

Satisfaction Feast, 1581 Grafton St. Besides full-course meals, this vegetarian restaurant serves exotic

Fri., 11:00 a.m. - 10 p.m.

D.J.'s Café, at 5472 Spring Garden Road, sits above the Tannery. Specialties include the Tuna Kangaroo (tuna, mayonnaise, cheddar cheese, sunflower seeds, lettuce and sprouts) on pita bread at \$3.45. Another favorite is the Dagwood Stack-up (salami, mozzarella, onions, lettuce, tomatoes and sprouts) at \$2.95. The sandwich fills your plate, and then it's garnished with grapes, orange slices, pineapple slices or dill pickles. You can prepare your own tossed salad to go (small, \$2.25; large, \$2.95). Hours: Mon.-Wed., 8:00 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Thurs.-Fri., 8:00 a.m.

seating room. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 6 a.m. - 9 p.m.; Thurs., 6 a.m. - midnight; Fri.-Sat., 6 a.m. - 3 a.m.; Sun. 10 a.m. - 10 p.m.

Scanway, 1569 Dresden Row, is tucked away in the upper level of The Courtyard. The specialty is Scandinavian open-face sandwiches, "which is what everybody eats for lunch in Scandinavia," manager Unni Simensen says. Scanway's decor features polished pine, plants and blue-patterned Norwegian place settings. The restaurant seats about 60 and has a takeout and catering service. The sandwiches all have a light rye bread base. If you can't pronounce *Oksestek* at \$3.50

or *Kokt skinke* at \$2.75, just ask for the roast beef or cooked ham. Desserts include *Bestemorskake* (almond torte) for \$2.50 and *Mazariner* (almond tart) at \$1.50. Hours: Mon.-Tues., 11:30 a.m. - 4 p.m.; Wed.-Thurs., 11:30 a.m. - 11 p.m.; Fri.-Sat., 11:30 a.m. - midnight.

The Kitchen Window on the corner of Brunswick Street and Spring Garden Road, sells pre-wrapped sandwiches, made from bread baked daily on the premises. The diet-conscious might like a pita salad with lettuce, tomatoes and Jarlsberg, cheese for \$1.25. The most expensive item is a \$2.75 sandwich of roast beef, mustard,

lettuce and home-made mayonnaise. Desserts include lemon pie, chocolate cake and cheesecake. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.; Sat., 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Khyber Coffees, at 1588 Barrington, is tucked behind its parent shop, the Bean Sprout. Open just three months, Khyber specializes in coffees and seats 22. Its pre-packaged sandwiches, made from breads and cheeses from the Bean Sprout, include a whole wheat kaiser bun with egg salad and German butter cheese for \$1.75. Desserts include date squares, cookies, muffins and cheesecake. A piece of pure maple cream sells for 75

cents. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. - midnight; Sun., 2 p.m. - 10 p.m.

The Healthy Habit, 69 Portland Street, Dartmouth, is a five-minute walk from the ferry terminal. It features custom-made sandwiches, six types of salads and home-made dressing. Try the Egg McHabit (egg salad with cheddar cheese and ham) for \$2.15 or the peanut butter and banana for \$1.25. For \$3.15, you get the house special, which includes four meats, four cheeses and two veggies. Desserts include fruit salads, whole wheat doughnuts and yogurt. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 8 a.m. - 4 p.m. (Summer hours may be extended.)

—Pam Lutz

BEAUTIFUL SOLID OAK

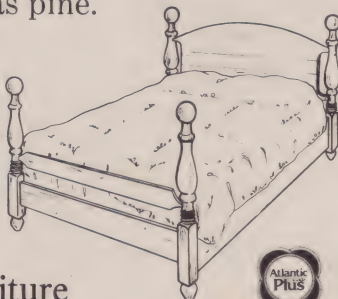
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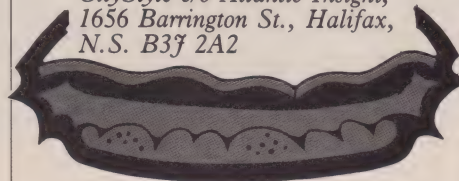
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What's in a name?

The "sandwich" got its name in the 18th century from John Montagu, 4th earl of Sandwich (1718-92). This British politician served as secretary of state and first lord of the Admiralty. His reputation, already tainted from his verbal attacks on fellow politicians, suffered further when he presided over the British defeats during the American Revolution. Nevertheless, Captain James Cook named The Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands after him and he was said to have been a competent administrator. He did, however, have a weakness for gambling and would become so involved at the gaming tables, that he would not take the time to sit down to a proper dining table. Instead, he ordered meat and bread to the gambling table, slapped the meat between two slabs of bread, and continued with the game. Although food had no doubt been eaten in this manner for centuries, its official name is attributed to John Montagu.



If you've got a favorite sandwich spot, or a household super-special you don't mind sharing, we'd like to hear from you. Send your choice to CityStyle c/o Atlantic Insight, 1656 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2



CITYSTYLE

What do you say to a baron?

If anyone knows, it's the unflappable Marilyn Gillis, who's organizing this month's royal tour of Nova Scotia

A cartoon on the wall of Marilyn Gillis' spacious Halifax office shows her soaking her aching feet, applying an ice pack to her aching head, and reading a newspaper story about an upcoming royal visit. "Oh my gawd no," she moans. The cartoon doesn't really give an accurate picture of Nova Scotia's director of protocol. Gillis *likes* organizing ceremonies, official visits, receptions, the opening of the legislature — and royal visits.

This month, she'll handle her biggest protocol assignment ever — the Nova Scotia visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Although she's arranged the Nova Scotia leg of three other royal visits, this one's a bit different. "They're the most popular couple in the world," she says. Gillis, a lively, attractive 48-year-old, will oversee security, medical care, their half day in Halifax, travel plans to the South Shore and Annapolis Valley and accommodations for the news media — the province expects at least 350 reporters to cover the tour. It all has to run smoothly. "This is the first stop in North America," she says. "All eyes will be on Nova Scotia."

People ask her regularly if she's "shaking in her shoes," she says. She isn't — although it's such a formidable job, her Newfoundland counterpart has declined to take full respon-

sibility for protocol arrangements in his province, saying, "I'm too young to die." Gillis is striding along, calm and cool. "I take one day at a time," she says. Whenever she thinks of something she must do, she jots it down in a notebook that she always totes around. "I don't clutter my head," she jokes.

But she admits that plans for this royal trip are about two months behind schedule. Because Buckingham Palace was preoccupied with arrangements for the Royal couple's visit to Australia in early spring, staff were slow to send out details of the Canadian itinerary. Nova Scotia organizers couldn't make definite plans until they learned the movements of the royal yacht *Britannia* on which the couple will stay.

When Gillis received confirmations, she moved quickly to contact the communities outside Halifax the couple will visit — Liverpool, Shelburne, Lunenburg, Digby, CFB Cornwallis. "We must give the people in the small communities time to plan," she says. The province, she insists, doesn't dictate to them. "I don't go down there and say, 'You do this.' We ask them what they want." In Shelburne, for instance, the couple will participate in bicentennial celebrations. Gillis does give organizers a hand. "There's not much point in them planning for a day of activities when the couple can stay for only an hour." Also, she suggests how they should position the large crowds. She expects thousands to flock to Lunenburg, a centrally located fishing community, come rain or shine.

Gillis, a native of Moncton, N.B., who's handled protocol in Nova Scotia for 11 years, would have her hands full with just the royal tour, but she's also got a full slate of other duties. This spring, she organized visits by the Austrian and Korean ambassadors to Canada, set up a local tour for a group of foreign-service officers from External Affairs and arranged a

leadership prayer breakfast. Over the years, the protocol office has expanded its role; now it's almost an information office. "You wouldn't believe the number of people who call us the day before an event," she says. They want to know such things as whether men should rise when women enter the room (it's unnecessary), when to propose a toast, how to address a baron. "People think we have all the answers," Gillis says. If the three-member staff don't know, they'll find the answer. "We don't take things lightly," she says.

Gillis, who has three grown children and lives in Dartmouth with her husband, Bernard, learned the ropes on the job. When she worked as a secretary in former premier Gerald Regan's office, she often served as a "go-fer," carrying messages back and forth from the premier's office to the late Charles Beazley, who handled protocol part-time as a special consultant. When Beazley retired, Regan appointed Gillis to the job. She visited the External Affairs and Secretary of State departments in Ottawa for briefings on protocol, especially concerning ambassadors. External Affairs, which is responsible for all visits to Canada by foreign ambassadors, "has to know where they are travelling," she says. "We keep them posted." Even at the start, she never felt intimidated meeting dignitaries or trying to make their visits pleasant. In fact, she was anxious to get on with it. "I was chomping at the bit," she says. "I'm aggressive."

In all her years of protocol work, fussing over such minute details as head-table seating, she can't point to many serious gaffes she's made. And she won't tell tales on the politicians. "I can't tell all the funny things," she says. But once during the official opening of the Nova Scotia legislature, she made a mistake: She forgot to bring the speech from the throne. The protocol office which had recently moved to a fancy

new office tower downtown was still in chaos. Staff had been working "day and night" to prepare for the official opening, and "we were dog-tired." As everyone waited for the ceremony at Province House to begin, with the members of the legislature standing and the TV cameras ready to roll, Gillis searched for the speech. Calmly, she retraced her steps, checked the vault, then figured she must have left it at the office. Another staffer walked demurely down the interior stairs of the legislature then, outside, sprinted back to the office, returning in seven minutes flat. Gillis coolly passed the speech to the lieutenant-governor.



Gillis: Calm and cool

She isn't easily frazzled. But once during a rehearsal before a visit by Queen Elizabeth II in 1976, she says, she was nervous. Gillis had to play the role of the Queen and inspect the guard at the dockyard.

Her favorite visitor is the Queen Mother. "She has such a twinkle in her eye and she's so friendly and so warm." These days, however, Gillis has her mind on Prince Charles and Princess Di, and she wants everything just right. "If anything goes wrong," she says, "everyone will be looking at Marilyn Gillis."

—Roma Senn

Halifax's prophet of the oil patch

Harold Giddens spent years warning businessmen to prepare for the offshore boom. Now, he's getting around to taking his own advice

Harold Giddens was in his early 30s — a Halifax engineer with a wife and young daughter — when he reached one of the major conclusions of his life. It was 1971, and he was with Ed Barroll, then vice-president of Mobil Canada, walking on the Dartmouth side of Halifax harbor looking for a site for Mobil's offshore supply base. At the time, offshore oil seemed like a pipe dream — a prospect businessmen and politicians would talk about, reverently, from time to time, as if to reassure themselves of the great riches



Preparation for offshore boom dominates his life

under east coast waters. But Mobil's commitment convinced Giddens that offshore oil was no dream. This was for real. "That's when it really became clear for me," he says. "That's when I realized that we had better start getting ready for the future."

Preparing for the offshore resource boom has, in one way or another, dominated the past 12 years of Giddens' life. Born in Springhill, N.S., he graduated with a civil engineering degree from the Nova Scotia Technical College in 1960. But it wasn't until he joined consulting engineers Whitman Benn and Associates Ltd. that he was really bitten by the oil bug. Throughout the Seventies, confidence that offshore exploration would yield anything more substantial than

salt brine ebbed and flowed like the Atlantic surf. In 1971, Mobil officially ushered in the oil era by announcing an oil find off the western tip of Sable Island. But by the mid-Seventies much of the initial optimism had disappeared — soured by news that Sable oil was uneconomical after all.

Through it all, Giddens remained optimistic, his confidence buoyed by conversations in the petroleum boardrooms of Calgary, Houston, Stavanger and Aberdeen — places he visited frequently trying to drum up engineering work for his firm. "In those days," he recalls, "you had to go to Calgary to find out what was happening in the oil business in Halifax." The enthusiasm of the oil men was contagious. They hammered into him the impor-

tance of laying the groundwork now so that when the boom materialized it would be local firms that reaped the profits. They also taught him the cardinal rule of the business. "You can't do business in the oil patch sitting on your ass at home."

Giddens learned quickly. In 1969, he and two of his colleagues bought Whitman Benn from the estate of the former owner. As executive vice-president, Giddens was responsible for business development. And, in the early Seventies, this meant leading the company into the oil and gas industry. He began to travel the oil circuit — Halifax to Calgary to Houston and back to Halifax — usually returning with a consulting contract with firms looking to establish a presence in the east coast offshore. As the decade progressed, the firm became increasingly involved in the gas business, working on the Trans Quebec and Maritimes Pipeline and Arctic Pilot projects, both of which are currently on hold. It was a busy period for Giddens; he was working practically non-stop for weeks on end. He was also making a name for himself. Hardly a month went by when he didn't speak on television, radio or at a luncheon, preaching his particular gospel of preparedness to anyone who would listen. Partly motivated by profit, he was also genuinely concerned that other businesses in the region — ranging from catering firms to tugboat operations — get their share of the action when the petrodollars started rolling in. Not everyone listened. "It was a lonely three or four years out there pounding the streets," he says. "I didn't have a whole lot of supporters."

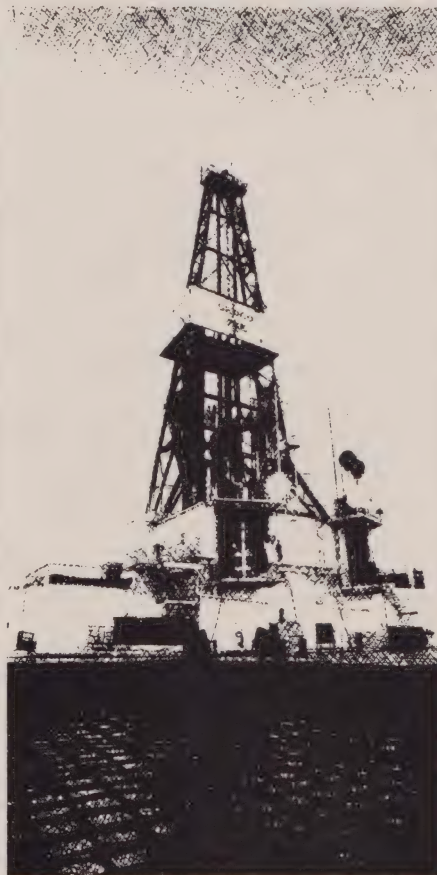
His efforts didn't go entirely unnoticed, however. He was appointed to a panel to advise the Council of Maritime Premiers on job creation in the region, and the Halifax Board of Trade asked him to head its new oil and gas committee. He presented a brief on the committee's behalf to the National Energy Board, led a delegation of Halifax busi-

nessmen to Calgary to see first-hand what happens when the oil starts to flow and generally tried to help local businessmen prepare to capitalize on the offshore market. "I can't overemphasize the importance of Harold stressing being prepared and doing your homework," says Bill Murphy, Halifax Board of Trade assistant executive vice-president. "There are a lot of people out there in the business community whom he has helped."

Today, with Sable gas rumored to be less than three years away, Giddens is finally getting around to taking his own advice. He's sold his interest in Whitman Benn and decided to go it alone so he can focus all his efforts on the offshore supply industry. Through his new company, Atlantic Gas Products Ltd., he's playing matchmaker — bringing local firms together with experienced companies from the west and outside Canada as joint venture partners. In particular, he plans to concentrate on pipe and steel fabrication, because his 12 years in the business have taught him that's where the oil companies tend to spend a lot of their money.

These days his name rarely appears in the news. As he sees it, now is the time to stop talking and start acting. "I've spent the past 10 years helping other people," he says. "Now its time to look out for number one a little bit."

—Jack Savage



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CLUB DATES

Peddlar's Pub: Lower level of Barrington Hotel. May 30-June 4: *Rox*; June 6-11: *Mainstreet*; June 13-18: *Armageddon*; June 20-25: *Legacy*; June 27-July 2: *Southside*. Peddlar's hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12 p.m.

Teddy's: Piano bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. May 30-June 25. Phil Smith at keyboard and vocals. Every day Monday through Saturday for happy hour between 5-7 p.m. And 9-1 a.m. nightly.

The Village Gate: 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. Mostly rock music. May 30-June 4: *The Track Band*; June 6-11: *Bryan Jones*; June 20-25: *Armageddon*; June 27-July 2: *Riser*; Hours: Mon.-Wed.; 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat. 10 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

The Network Lounge: 1546 Dresden Row, Halifax. May 30-June 4: *Letter A* (local rock band). Begins 10 p.m. Video rock bands at 8 p.m. June 6&7: CBC radio musical variety show featuring *Ocean Limited*, 14-piece band. June 8-11: *Gran Falloon*; June 13-18: *Riser*; June 27: *Closeups*, a Montreal-based new wave band. Network hours: Mon.-Sat., till 2 a.m.

Lucifer's: 169 Wyse Road, Dartmouth. Country-music cabaret downstairs; rock and roll upstairs. First week of June features *Art Fitt and Stallion* and *The Forever Country Band* in the Gold Country Room. *Johnny Gold and the Gold Diggers* runs the second week. *Dallas Harmes and Cathy Chambers*, the third week. In the Silver Room: June 1-5, *Razorboy*; June 6-12, *Tequila*; June 13-19, *Click*; June 20-26, *Haywire*. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 7-3 a.m.; Sun., 4-3 a.m.

The Ice House Lounge: 300 Prince Albert Road,

Dartmouth. Top-40 bands nightly. June 1-4, the three-piece band *Songsmith*; June 6-11, four-piece local band, *Rox*; June 27-July 2, *Southside* and *Solid Gold*. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m., Sat., 5 p.m.-2 a.m.

Privateers' Warehouse: Historic Properties. Middle Deck features *Professor Piano and the Rocking Deltons*. Country and blues band performing June 6-11; June 20-25, *Eugene Smith and the Warm-up Band* play rhythm and blues, rock, punk and jazz. Hours: Mon.-Sat. 11:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m.

DANCE

Halifax Dance Association. June 6&7: *Peter and the Wolf*. Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. Contemporary ballet for entire family. 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. For more information, phone 422-2006.

DancExchange. June 17-19: Nova Dance Theatre performs in the Sir James Dunn Theatre at the Dalhousie Arts Centre. 8 p.m. For more information, phone 423-6809 or 424-2298.

IN CONCERT

Dalhousie Arts Centre — June 1. *Gordon Lightfoot*. One of the most successful singer/songwriters in Canada today. Performance time: 8 p.m. For ticket information, phone 424-2298.

June 6-19: *Scotia Festival of Music*. Opening ceremony in Sir James Dunn Theatre on June 6. Featuring pianist William Tritt. Time: 7:30 p.m. June 8, 11, 14, in Dunn Theatre at 8:30 p.m. June 16 in Rebecca Cohn at 8:30 p.m. and June 19 in Cohn at 3 p.m. Series tickets for the five highlight performances can be purchased at the Dalhousie Arts Centre Box Office.

Metro Centre. June 4: *Air Supply*, Australian soft-rock band performs at 8 p.m.; June 2: *RCMP Musical Ride*, 8 p.m.; June 27-30: *Nova Scotia Tattoo* and official opening of the International Gathering of the Clans. 8 p.m. For ticket information, phone 421-8726.

THEATRE

Neptune Theatre. June 1-4: The Gilbert and Sullivan Society of Nova Scotia presents *Ruddigore*, a two-hour musical with a cast of 40 in period costume. Directed by John Dunsforth, showtimes are 8 p.m. daily with a Saturday matinee at 2 p.m. For more information, contact the Neptune box office at 429-7070.

June 23-July 10: Neptune celebrates its 20th birthday with a gala opening featuring Tony Randall in the musical *Debut*. A cast of 10 will perform songs and excerpts from Neptune productions spanning its 20 years. Showtimes: Tues.-Fri., 8 p.m.; Sat. 5 p.m. and 9 p.m.; Sun. 2 p.m. Box office 429-7070.

Theatre Arts Guild. June 9-11; 16-18: *The Children's Hour*. Written by Lillian Hellman, this 1930s drama is a controversial work based on a private girls' school. Directed by Grant MacGillvary, produced by June Milligan, stage manager Annette Procnier. Sarah Milroy and Gizele Noftle star. Showtimes: 8 p.m. 6 Parkhill Drive on the Purcell's Cove Road. For more information, call 477-4973.

Theatre Nova Scotia. June 7-30: Summer rep features a company of eight professional, non-equity actors in *Barefoot in the Park*, *Mousetrap* and *Plaza Suite*. Showtimes 8:30 p.m. daily except Mon. 4th Floor, Collins' Court, Historic Properties. For more information, call 423-3867.

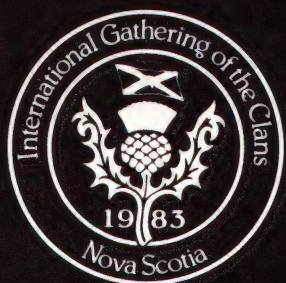
Continued on page 16

SUMMER 1983

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international gathering of the clans
nova scotia • 1983

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PUBLISHED BY ATLANTIC INSIGHT



Be careful! That's Chivas Regal!

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Welcome!



From Gordon Archibald,
Chairman of the Scottish Societies
Association of Nova Scotia

Once again it is my privilege and pleasure, on behalf
of the Scottish Societies Association of Nova Scotia,
to welcome Scots and friends of the Scots to
Nova Scotia in 1983.

This is the second time that we have been privileged
to host the Gathering of the Clans — the initial
occasion was 1979 — and we look forward to similar
Scottish Gatherings in 1987 and '91.

The history of the province of Nova Scotia is unique
and the part the Scots have taken in developing this
province has been great indeed. Universities, business
organizations, churches and organizations of all types
have benefited by the leadership provided by persons
whose ancestors were Scottish.

And so to all who have come to Nova Scotia to
celebrate the Gathering of the Scots and to visit with
us during this memorable year — welcome, enjoy
your stay with us, plan to return and thank
you for coming.



"There's no gathering like *the* gathering," says editor
Harry Bruce in his introduction to this program and historical
supplement to the Gathering of the Clans 1983. He's right.

This is the second time that Nova Scotia has acted as
host to visiting Scots from around the world (and many
closer to home). It's the first time, however, that we who
produce *Atlantic Insight*, the regional magazine of Atlantic
Canada, have played a part in it.

We hope the stories in this booklet add to your enjoy-
ment of the festival as well as to your understanding of the
Highland heart in Nova Scotia.

Marilyn MacDonald

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And it's not forgot

The good ship *Hector* was actually a tubby, wallowing old Dutch vessel, so rotten her agonized passengers could pull chunks of spongy wood from her planking and, on her most historic voyage, the people aboard were fewer than 200 Scottish Presbyterian Highlanders, wives and children. Eighteen died at sea, and when the survivors at last got a look at the Nova Scotia forest where their promised "farms" were supposed to be, some just sat down and wept, and others moved on to settled parts of the province.

In the story of Scottish settlement in Canada, the *Hector* is Nova Scotia's own *Mayflower*, and anyone who can claim an ancestor who arrived aboard her at Pictou in 1773 is entitled to the sort of clout in society that descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers claim in the United States.

The *Hector* land and was demned Pictou

returned to Scotland promptly, but, so far as County was concerned, her place in history was secure. The

popular legend insists that her last west-bound voyage was not merely the beginning of the town of Pictou but also the beginning of that whole extraordinary influx of tough, thrifty, self-sacrificing Scottish Horatio Algernons who dominated much of the business history of the United States and, for a time, seemed almost to be running Canada.

Neither of these beginnings is entirely true. A handful of competent Philadelphians arrived at Pictou six years before the *Hector*, and these people not only greeted the Highlanders in '73 but were also obliged to help them avoid starving to death. Not only that, the *Hector* people were not the first Scottish settlers in North America, nor even in what is now Canada. The *Hector* had herself unloaded Scottish immigrants in Boston in 1770. Moreover, 300 Highland soldiers, who'd fought at Louisbourg and Quebec under commander James Wolfe, settled in Quebec in 1763, and another 300 Highland settlers arrived at Prince Edward Island in 1772.

Still, the *Hector's* voyage was significant and there could scarcely be a better place than Pictou for paying homage to North America's early Scottish settlers. In the 75 years following her arrival here, roughly 120 other ships dropped nearly 10,000 families and single men on Pic-

ton's shore. Nearly all of these people were Scottish Highlanders and Lowlanders. As Pictou County filled up with Presbyterians, new arrivals, including thousands of Highland Catholics, flowed east to available land in what is now Antigonish County, and still further east to Cape Breton Island. There, the Gaelic is still studied and spoken. Some Cape Breton Scots put their own slant on this story. They'll tell you that it was only the hardest Scots who had the strength to make the trek to Cape Breton. Weaker immigrants stayed behind on the mainland. Such suggestions don't bother Pictou; it is quite possibly the proudest county in the country.

But what started the great surge across the Atlantic? On April 16, 1746, William, Duke of Cumberland, son of King George II, unleashed overwhelmingly superior firepower on Bonnie Prince Charlie's Highland warriors, and wiped them away. Gore followed gore. The crushing of the clan system, crop failures, a local population increase, cruelty to Catholics, the expulsion of unprofitable tenants in favor of profitable sheep, misery at home and enticements abroad all inspired hordes of Scots to sail away forever. "Then up among the lakes and seas," Burns wrote, "they'll mak what rules an' laws they please." They did. But they also remembered Charlie so well that the spirit of the Jacobite cause became a racial inheritance. Like him, they were exiles.

They remembered faces on the shore, the hills of home. Their heartbreak inspired a plaintive branch of literature, a poetry of homesickness that so mourned a lost land of gloom that it struck those from sunnier cultures as perverse, like

Beginning of an extraordinary influx of tough, thrifty Scots



N.S. TOURISM

the love of haggis. "In the absence of home-sickness," Robert Lynd wrote, "man is but a prodigal, glad to be allowed to live on the husks, without memory of his father's home."

By 1879, more than 93% of Pictou County's rural property owners had Scottish names and, as late as 1954, a study showed that those of Scottish descent still accounted for 60% of the county's population. And they, of course, were only the ones who'd stayed. Since 1900, economic circumstances have been driving roughly half of every generation out of the county. The going-down-the-road has been under way for a long time. Canada's population multiplied sixfold in the past century, Pictou's by only a third. Just as their ancestors missed Scotland, tens upon thousands of expatriate Nova Scotia Scots have yearned for their own homeland.

For those who stayed, one pleasure of this year's summer-long binge of Highland and Lowland sentiment will be the skirling, marching, dancing, kilt-swinging, elbow-bending welcome they'll give to every mother's son and daughter of a Nova Scotia Scot who comes home for the celebrations. The homecomers could include some highly distinguished Canadians. By 1914, Pictou County alone had produced 300 clergymen, 190

medical doctors, 63 lawyers, 40 professors, 26 missionaries, eight college presidents, four judges, two lieutenant governors, two provincial premiers, a chief justice, innumerable politicians, scientists, business leaders and journalists.

Stockbrokers, air aces, bank presidents, industrialists, physicists, anthropologists, cabinet ministers, songwriters, entertainers, the county has churned them all out as consistently as it once brought ships' masts out of the woods and coal out of the ground. "These worthies," Rev. J.P. MacPhie decided, "afford a cheering assurance that our Dominion's destiny is to excel in all which makes a nation's truest life — purposeful culture, guided by sanctified conscience." Moreover, MacPhie added with smug piety, "one does not have to apologize for blots and stains in their lives, as an American must do for Poe, an Englishman for Byron, or a Scotsman for Burns." The notable emigrants lived and died from the Yukon to the South Seas, and the main current in the ceaseless brain drain from Nova Scotia to the rest of Canada has been the flow of Nova Scotia Scots.

Thousands are answering yes this summer to, "Will ye no come back again?" Down home, they'll mingle with Scots from Scotland, Scots from all over

North America, Scots from as far away as New Zealand and, of course, the Scots they left behind them in every county of Nova Scotia.



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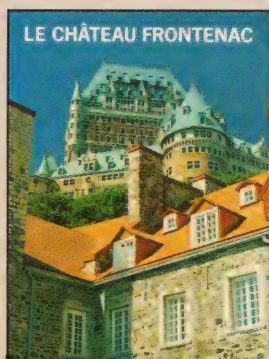
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There's no gathering like *the* gathering

Stand back. The Scots are coming, from around the world

Once again, it's Nova Scotia's turn to throw the world's biggest recurring family party. In 1979, The International Gathering of the Clans drew to "New Scotland" roughly 50,000 Scots, descendants of Scots, in-laws of Scots, and friends of Scots; and that was merely the first time the province was host to this sunny celebration of Scottish traditions, culture, and ties that warmly bind. The International Gathering of the Clans 1983 is Nova Scotia's second crack at it and, with the first one under our belt, it promises to be even better.

For generations, people of Scottish blood have been getting together at celebrations all over the world to honor their heritage and renew friendships, but it is only in Scotland and Nova Scotia that these more-or-less official, international,

kilted wing-dings occur. The Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, chief of the Bruces and no stranger to Nova Scotia, became chairman of the International Gathering of the Clans Trust in 1975; and in May of 1977 Edinburgh was host to the first, official, worldwide clan gathering. At the time, Lord Elgin recalled "whisking back and forth across the face of the world, from one particularly Scottish event to another... [The events] had a stimulating effect on all who joined in, whether it was a gathering or games, dance or dinner, to think and talk of family and places in far-off Scotland. Such personal links are the cherished pleasure of countless thousands all over an increasingly impersonal world. *The International Gathering is called to enhance these personal attachments.*"

Nova Scotians approached Lord Elgin and his committee in 1977, and out of their talks came an agreement that Scotland and Nova Scotia would take turns as hosts of international gatherings every two years. The gatherings thus occurred here in 1979, in Scotland again in 1981; and now, back here in '83, we can expect a solid seven weeks of Scottish enhancement of personal attachments in an impersonal world.

For if the Scots are "an extended family," the International Gathering of the Clans 1983 is an extended celebration. It's definitely not a one-weekend event. It formally opens on June 27 at the spectacular Nova Scotia Tattoo in Halifax, and closes on August 20 at the Gaelic College, St. Anns, Cape Breton; but between these dates visitors will find *ceilidhs*, festivals, concerts, Highland games, and assorted indoor and outdoor Scottish bashes from one end of the province to the other.

Some of these events are big and old. The Antigonish Highland Games, for instance, with 1,500 competitors this year, has been a highlight of summers in eastern Nova Scotia since before the Confed-



eration of Canada in 1867. Other events are young and small, but nevertheless traditional in style and big-hearted in atmosphere. Still others, though as Scottish as a Burns Night Supper in Glasgow, have a decidedly Nova Scotian flavor. You get a lobster dinner with bagpipe accompaniment at the Pugwash Gathering of the Clans; and the concert at St. Joseph du Moine, Cape Breton, marries Highland Gaelic Music to Acadian music. Judique's "On the Floor Days" takes its name from a time when the hard-fighting, hard-muscled men of that Cape Breton village challenged other men by barging in on a dance and shouting, "Judique on the floor." Judique's Scottish festival is more peaceful these days, but no less lively.

But what makes this summer different from most Nova Scotia summers is, of course, the clans. The bigger Nova Scotian clan societies have timed their get-togethers so visiting clan members may enjoy community festivals, but some societies are happy simply to guarantee a chance for conversation and pressing the flesh at open houses, suppers and picnics. The mighty Keiths, and

the many families associated with them, plan a whole week (July 28-Aug. 3) of activities. Indeed, the Nova Scotian Keiths expect Clan Keith Week "will be the largest gathering of our worldwide family since 1715 and 1745." All in all, at least 50 clan groups in Nova Scotia expect to welcome fellow clansmen and clanswomen "from away" at gatherings of one sort or another.

It'll be a summer of fiddling, piping, dancing, drumming, marching, singing, running, hurling, clan parliaments and clan picnics. Clan will challenge clan in tug-of-war battles. Oxen will challenge oxen in pulling contests, and horses challenge horses. MacNeils will unveil a cairn in honor of the pioneer MacNeils in Cape Breton, and MacLellans will unveil a cairn in honor of early MacLellans. There'll be balls, regattas, theatre, haggis, salmon, chicken barbecues, strawberry festivals, blueberry orgies, bean suppers, church suppers, church services, cruises, kilted golf, the crowning of beauty queens, speeches, toasts, replies to the toasts, more speeches, wind from the politicians, wind off the sea and, generally speaking, more excuses to flash

the family tartan than you're likely to find in a quarter-century of Burns Night Suppers.

You do not, of course, need Scottish blood to enjoy yourself in Nova Scotia this summer. The province is hospitable, and even non-Scots may find themselves treated as long-lost clansmen. True Scots believe not just in clans, but in the family of humankind. Still, if it has ever crossed your mind that massed pipe bands do not make the most beautiful sound that man has ever created, you might be better off somewhere else this summer. Meanwhile, the rest of us will be gathering in "New Scotland."





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The birth of "New Scotland": A mite premature

There was nothing wrong with Sir William Alexander's colony of Scots that support from England might not have fixed. As things turned out, it was just born a century and a half too soon

The morning mist still clings to the shoreline of the Annapolis Basin, and an ocean-going ketch rests in the headwaters. She's been anchored there most of the night. Six men disembarked in a scow an hour ago and they're now ashore. The leader, a tall, athletic-looking man, takes a small parchment from his satchel and gently intones, "This land I do claim for His Majesty, Charles of England, and the Kingdom of Scotland in the year of Our Lord, 1629. So say I, William Alexander?"

Was this really how the first Scottish settlement of Acadia began? Actually, we'll never know. Documentary material is just not good enough to tell us exactly how many were in "Sir Willie's" landing party, or exactly where the King's Standard was first raised. But to the Scots of Annapolis Royal, none of this matters. For three summers now, they've been staging their version of the founding of "New Scotland," replete with 17th-

century plumage. This year they'll put away the costumes in favor of a more staid ceremony of lectures and presentations, but according to commemorations committee member Stuart Brown, not an ounce of feeling will be lost. "The Commemoration is very important to us," he says. "Annapolis Royal is the site of the first Scottish landing in North America."

But a glance at the Acadian career of Sir William Alexander makes you wonder why anyone would want to commemorate his arrival. In the spring of 1629, Alexander deposited "seventy men and two women" near the French settlement of Port Royal, then sent his ship back to Scotland for additional supplies and colonists. That summer, he built a fort, in which he planned to house and feed everyone through the winter. But his ship never returned, and by 1630, 30 colonists were dead while the rest lay sick or dying. For two years, the survivors limped along on the generosity of the

local French and Indians, getting only the occasional shipment from home. This wasn't the strongest beginning for an overseas empire and in 1632 Charles I, bored with the New World and preoccupied with domestic troubles, handed Acadia over to the French and ordered the Scots back home. Sir William died in 1638, while trying to establish a settlement in New England.

Except for the fort, now called Charles Fort, Alexander left nothing in the Annapolis area, not even a grave stone. Most residents of Annapolis Royal today are of Loyalist and pre-Loyalist stock. Even Stuart Brown admits that Alexander's unhappy experience is only fleeting color in the history of the area. He argues, however, that although Alexander failed to colonize Acadia, that first expedition introduced a wild new land to Scottish heritage and civilization, and a dream of cultural unity.

"There are 324 Scottish families in the Annapolis area," Brown says. "All are descended from Scots who moved into the area in the 18th century, or from regimental soldiers. But we're proud to reside so close to the first Scottish landing in North America. Alexander brought with him traditions Nova Scotians can understand today."

Indeed, the very name "Nova Scotia" arose from discussions between King James I and the Earl of Stirling (Alexander's father) in 1621 on the phi-



*My Father gave me hands
to fashion memories.
We carved our visions free
from branches that we
cut from trees.
My Mother is my heart
She taught me how to see
Riddles in an aging book
And how to feel in poetry.
Hello, ancient eyes
Do you miss a smile.
So many miles away
Good to hear your voice
again
Father, my closest friend
Mother, my dearest friend
It's so good to hear your
voice again.*



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losophy of overseas expansion. Stirling believed that to get Scots to go to North America, England would have to grant them their own realm. James finally agreed and in 1622 made Stirling Lord Proprietor of the "Subject Realm of New Scotland," which included what are now the Maritime provinces and the Gaspé peninsula. Stirling immediately tried to create a system of landholding, dividing the country into 150 baronets, each to be run by a wealthy landowner and worked by tenant farmers. He also set rigid controls on population and production to facilitate the management of the realm. Satisfied with Stirling's plans for a New World Scottish civilization, King James granted armorial bearings to Nova Scotia in 1626.

Despite William Alexander's failure in 1629, something of the intense plans for Scotland's overseas realm impressed itself on the history of the province. The coat of arms bearing the unicorn, thistle and Indian has stayed essentially the same all these years; Stirling's system of landholding, though never fully implemented, was used in the 18th and 19th centuries as a pattern for county organization; and the resettlement of the province by Scottish settlers has been so extensive it would have made Alexander proud.

This summer marks the fourth consecutive Commemoration at Annapolis Royal. The ceremony, accompanied by a pipe band, will occur on the mornings of July 29, 30, 31 and August 1 at the base of Charles Fort. As long as there are Scots in the Annapolis Valley, Sir William and his doomed expedition will be remembered. But don't bother asking the local Nova Scotian Scots what that abortive settlement did for the region. They'll just grimace and tell you to look around.

— Alexander Bruce



Straight from the (Highland) heart

A drama about love in Cape Breton opens in Halifax, July 4

When the Gaelic-speaking peoples of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland left their homeland to settle in Cape Breton at the beginning of the last century, they found a land unlike the one they had left. Their songs tell of the "tall forest shutting out the sky." But the farms they wrested from the forested soil were their own — no lairds controlled their lives in this new land.

In 1774, only about 1,000 people lived on Cape Breton, with no more than a dozen Scots among them. By 1838, the island's population had risen to 35,420 — most of whom were Scots. Dozens of small, isolated communities sprang up along the shores of the Bras d'Or Lakes.

to represent Nova Scotia at the National Multicultural Theatre Festival and the International Amateur Theatre Festival. Produced under the auspices of the Nova Scotia Drama League, the play will run in the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium of the Dalhousie Arts Centre in Halifax, from July 4 to 9, as part of the 1983 International Gathering of the Clans.

Genni Archibald recalls the first production of *The Highland Heart in Nova Scotia*, which she directed. She first visited the Iona area, took part in a milling frolic (where women soften the bolts of cloth from the family looms), listened to Gaelic songs and chatted with people in their homes.

Scenes are set in a fair, a church, and other community centres. The play has a timeless quality, recalling Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, with the same simplicity of setting and props. And the music of the Scots in their many moods weaves a skein of melody around the action.

Linda Moore is directing the 1983 production of the play. "The task of creating a bustling community [rests] squarely on the shoulders of the actors," she says. "But it's a joyful task, for the play is alive with humorous anecdotes and an array of colorful characters."

Margaret MacLean and Murdoch MacNeil occupy centre stage, moving back into the time when they were children, and then forward again into the period before the First World War. Around them swirl Flora the Rat, Raggedy Ann, Black Dan, Holy Angus, Big Sarah and Old Betsy who is blessed (or cursed) with the second sight. At the end, Murdoch departs to join a new regiment, "The Breed o' Manly Men."

The clan members feud with each other. Then into this little community comes the Girl from Philadelphia, turning the heads of all the men, acting as a harbinger of change that will sweep through Washabuckt and transform it.

As Linda Moore says: "*The Highland Heart in Nova Scotia* is a human celebration of the joys and sorrows of the Scots, forced through the Highland clearances from their ancestral homes. Cape Breton to them was like a lost love and there they struggled with the rugged landscape and poverty to establish new roots, never losing touch with their rough humor, their sense of ritual and tradition, and keeping the call of the pipes in their hearts."

At the beginning and the end of the play, Murdoch MacNeil sings of Cape Breton, "the land of my love... the home for me — O loveliest land in all the wide world."

The play opens a window on a community founded on love, on a way of life long vanished. Even though the people of Washabuckt fought and squabbled, and knew real anguish, suffering and violence, it did not stunt their humanity. They developed a sense of belonging and security. And the safety and isolation of their world was shattered as the outside world broke in on them. But even before this happened, those with the second sight could see the shadows of the future moving across the land.

The Highland Heart in Nova Scotia, says Linda Moore is about "the loss of innocence."

Yet in it, the people of Washabuckt reach out across space and time and embrace the audience. The power of Don Wetmore's words puts us in touch with a vanished way of life, one that left behind it a legacy of love and caring for all members of a community.

— Jim Lotz



NICHOLSON S. TOURISM

Washabuckt, near Iona, attracted the MacNeils from Barra, who settled here in 1818. Then came the MacLeans and so arose a community of "hardy, belligerent, Gaelic-speaking Catholics, fearing neither man nor devil..."

Neil MacNeil grew up here in the early part of the century, and set down his reminiscences of life in Washabuckt in his memoir, *The Highland Heart in Nova Scotia*, published in 1948. Don Wetmore, a Nova Scotia playwright, turned the book into a radio play, and then into a stage play in 1967, during Canada's Centennial Year. This year the play and Don Wetmore travel to Calgary

"The play is about love," says Archibald. "The characters range from the godly to the ungodly. And there's something for everyone in it. People can look at the play and say, 'That's me in all my moods!' A marvellous flow of love moves through the play — but it's not sloppy or sentimental. People squabble, backbite and gossip. Don Wetmore loves the Iona area, and wanted to commemorate it. The play reveals the different kinds of love in that lost community — between young people, between people and their community, and even between the community members and two local prostitutes. It's a marvellous frolic!"

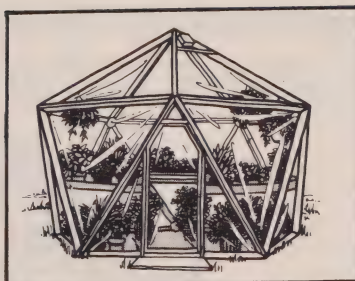
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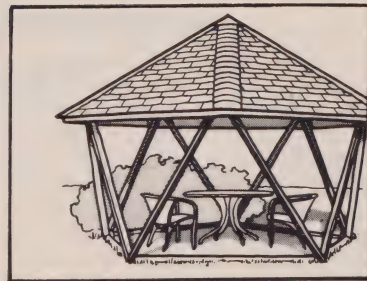
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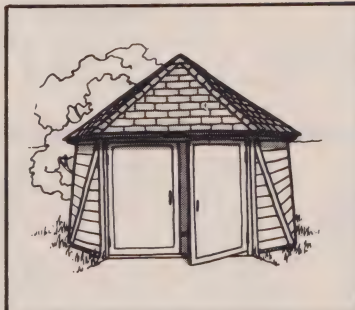
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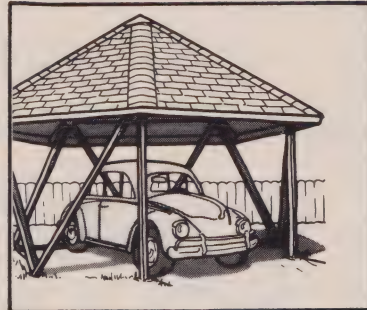
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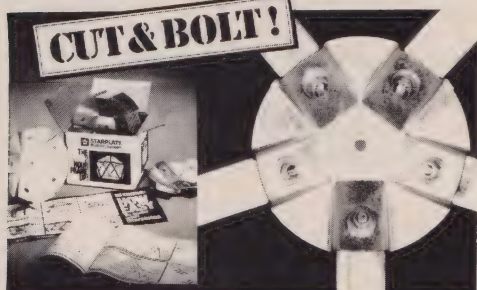
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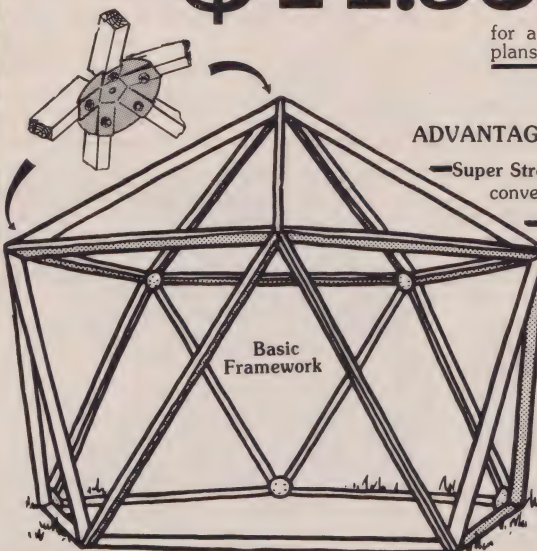
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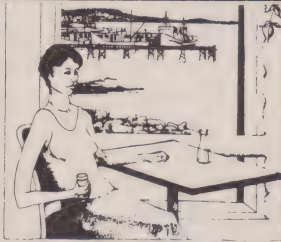


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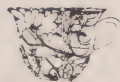
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Not all the Nova Scotia Scots came from the Highlands

That's why Colchester County is celebrating its Lowland Scots tradition with a festival this summer



PHOTOS BY N.S. TOURISM

Some tourists are delighted to discover just how many McCullochs and Nelsons there are in the Truro directory. "Whattaya know," they say, "all those stories about Nova Scotia's great Highland heritage are true." They decide to grab a bit of that kilt-waving culture, and comb the countryside for a real old-fashioned fling, visiting only towns with Scottish-sounding names. Rita Skinner believes such preconceptions keep Nova Scotia's true heritage hidden; and this summer, she and a few friends will try to shed some light on the facts.

"We are organizing a Truro and Colchester County Scottish Festival," Skinner says, "to honor the first settlers of northwestern Nova Scotia, the Lowland Scots. The Lowlanders settled the whole area before the Highlanders even arrived."

But exploding the Highland myth here will be very difficult. Our history teaches us that the first permanent Scottish settlement in North America was a handful of Highlanders near Pictou. In autumn, 1773, the good ship *Hector* left 58 families on the Northumberland shore. While 27 stayed in the area, the rest moved throughout Nova Scotia. The Highlanders supposedly found very little settlement, and tamed the land as they went, organizing towns and districts. Actually, the story is quite different. When the *Hector* party arrived, they found Ulster-Scot settlers who had immigrated from Ireland and southern Scotland 10

years before. As the Highlanders moved deeper into the province, they found well-organized townships with effective town officers, comfortably supplied with livestock, raising a considerable amount of food. Truro, by 1765, was a sophisticated settlement of Pennsylvanians and New Hampshire-southern Scots. It was not until the 1780s that the province began to get a huge influx of Highlanders, who settled in Pictou and Antigonish counties and Cape Breton. But today, we are more likely to glorify the Highlander than even recognize the Lowlander in our history. We make tourist attractions of such tiny towns as Loch Broom, McPherson's Mills and Toney River merely for their "Highland" charm. We want visitors to remember the giant McAskill as much for his "Scottish" temperament as for his size.



Skinner knows she's got her work cut out for her, and that's why she's planned the festival to coincide with the International Gathering of the Clans. "We really want the Lowlands activities," Skinner says, "to be a celebration of Scottish heritage in general. The activities will commence July 4 and continue to July 10, at the height of the Gathering, just when people are learning about their backgrounds. We hope to draw attention to the Scots who migrated from New Hampshire — originally from southern Scotland — to settle the Truro township."

Indeed, the activities' schedule is jammed. On July 4 at the Colchester Regional Library, the Scottish Heritage

Foundation will give a presentation on the settlement of the Truro and Onslow townships in the early 1760s. The Heritage Centre will be open all week, decked out with maps, displays, old manuscripts and 18th-century costumes, household and farm equipment. A genealogy service will be available during the day. And of course there will be concerts in the park, pipe bands, Scottish dancing and singing.

Perhaps the most compelling event will be a production of Donald Wetmore's play, *The Londonderry Heirs*. The play, revised especially for this festival, tells of the arrival of the New Hampshire Scots in Colchester County in 1759. It should be a vivid portrayal of the hardships, and motivations of those early pioneers. Performances are on July 5, 6, 7 and 9.

But the event organizers are most pleased about is the gathering of the Lowland Clan Archibald. The gathering has been in the works for a year, and members will be flocking from all parts of the country. The clan, one of the largest, has its own rites and traditions, but its gathering at this year's Lowlands festival will focus attention on the history of the whole area.

Skinner sees the festival not just as a means to set the record straight about Nova Scotia's Lowland Scottish tradition, but as an important cultural release for the people of the region. "There are some families," Skinner says, "living today on the same lands granted to their ancestors back in the 18th century." In such an atmosphere it will be difficult for anyone to confuse the grand old Lowland names McCulloch and Nelson with Nova Scotia's Highland tradition.



"We went to New Zealand, and found a Cape Breton ceilidh"

Few visitors to The International Gathering of the Clans 1983 have come farther than the New Zealanders. Here, author Harry Bruce describes an unforgettable visit to New Zealand villagers whose forbears were Cape Breton Scots

For 12 days and 19,500 miles, the town of Waipu (say "why poo") was a joke and a mystery among the press. We were covering Allan J. MacEachen's performance as the only External Affairs minister in Canadian history ever to make an official sweep through Southeast Asia and, everywhere we went, the thunder of the ideological struggle of the century was as ominous as the volcanoes, earthquakes and floods we'd just escaped. But why Waipu? How in heaven's name did it fit into MacEachen's mission?

In Malaysia, Indonesia, Australia and New Zealand, he met presidents and prime ministers, generals and cabinet ministers, ambassadors and mandarins (real ones). We crossed the dateline and, dodging typhoons, we crossed the equator five times. We shot in and out of cities whose very names stirred excite-

ment among both the Canadians who'd seen them before and those who'd known no more of the Pacific than the shores of British Columbia. Cities of exotic sin, illicit commerce, strange crimes, cheerful mornings and sinister nights. Honolulu, Hong Kong, Jakarta, Kuala Lumpur, the beaches of Bali, the fleshpots of Sydney and, ever onward, to the unknown charms of... Waipu? On the 13th day, we made it.

The journey was not simple. To get there, we first boarded a New Zealand government aircraft at Wellington. She was an F-27 Friendship, a lumbering old craft but as reliable as a good sheepdog; and she took us 385 miles north, toward the equator, to the port of Whangarei (pronounced "fongeray.") A fleet of chauffeur-driven cars awaited us. They'd come from Auckland 100 miles away, just to drive the External Affairs minister of Canada and his retinue of two dozen

officials and newsmen down a lavishly beautiful South Pacific shore to a town whose name, even to many New Zealanders, meant nothing.

Surely this was the most obscure official visit ever made by a Canadian cabinet minister in a foreign country. And surely, at the moment a Cape Breton Scot named Allan MacEachen stepped out of his car into the breezy sunlight of Waipu, he knew that an old dream was about to come true. For two lordly bagpipers from the Whangarei County Pipe Band, resplendent in highland finery and the kilt of Cameron of Errach, were there to greet him with the sweet sounds of "Green Hills of Tyrol" and "The Battle Is O'er," and one of them was Gregor McGregor, whose forbears had sailed to Waipu from Cape Breton Island more than a century ago; and, all around MacEachen, the last of New Zealand's own "bluenosers" wore the kilt and Cape Breton smiles; and then, a man stepped forward, shook his hand and spoke the ancient tongue. *Cia mar a tha udh* and *Ciad mile failte*. How do you do? A hundred thousand welcomes. MacEachen softly answered, in kind. In Gaelic.

We had joked that Waipu would prove MacEachen was the only politician in Canada who could travel to the far side of the globe and still manage to curry favor with the voters back home. Now, however, the jokes died. Highland sentiment lived. MacEachen's visit to Waipu was a footnote to one of the least-known odysseys in Canadian history, and it had begun in the Scottish Highlands a couple of centuries before.



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It began with the birth of Norman McLeod in Sutherlandshire in 1780 and, even before that, in the English victory over the Highlanders at Culloden Moor in 1746, in the eviction of the Highlanders to make room for sheep, in the breaking-up of the clans, and in all the other religious, social and economic factors that ultimately sent tens of thousands of sorrowful but hardy Scots into the Canadian wilderness. Norman McLeod was a fisherman, a farmer, a teacher, a divinity student, and, finally, a charismatic, dictatorial and sometimes terrifying freelance preacher. To McLeod, the Church of Scotland was a morass of moral mush and devil-infected recidivists. He was tall, hard, muscular, as unyielding as Scottish granite. His eye and tongue held faithful "Normanites" in chains all their lives and, till the end of his own 86 years on earth, he inspired the fanatical loyalty of some, the respect of many, the hatred of a few. As he lay dying at Waipu in 1866, his people came to the window of his room, and he said, "I would gladly lie here for 100 years if I thought I could save one soul."

In July, 1817, McLeod abandoned what he saw as Scotland's hopeless corruption. He sailed for Pictou, N.S., and, as other Highlanders followed, his congregation grew. But he regarded Pictou as a tiny reflection of the sinful homeland he had just left, and in 1820 the Normanites settled on the still-innocent eastern shores of Cape Breton Island. They found St. Anns harbor, where the sea was silver with fish, the dark forests awaited the axe and, in time, the soil would multiply potatoes. A whole generation passed. The Normanites became a tough, self-reliant community of farmers, shepherds, woodsmen, hunters, fishermen, carpenters, merchants, master shipbuilders, master mariners and, among the women, masters of the domestic arts. Then, the bulk of them sailed away forever.

Slow springtimes and a potato blight had threatened them with famine. Moreover, there were sinners even in St. Anns now. Not only that, McLeod suddenly received letters from Australia, from a son he'd long thought dead. Surely, he reasoned, God was trying to tell him something, and it was something he could tell his people. For he had both the prestige of a clan chief and the reverence due a servant of God. He alone could lead them to the far side of the world. Neil Robinson, in his book *Lion of Scotland*, described the emotion as Norman McLeod, aged 71 in the year 1851, delivered his last, great, open-air sermon on Cape Breton Island:

"Suddenly, everyone wanted to go with him," an old man recalled. More than half a century passed, and some of those who had heard him could still repeat the words with which he said farewell to so many of his people. One woman, remaining at St. Anns, nailed up the door of her house, saying that no other minister would pass through it. . . .

The singing, the weeping, the prayers ended, and in solemn silence the *Margaret* moved slowly down the bay toward the open sea, on her voyage to an unknown land."

The *Margaret* also sailed into the folk history of Cape Breton Island, and so did the brigs *Highland Lass* and *Gertrude*, the barques *Breadalbane* and *Ellen Lewis* and the brigantine *Spray*. McLeod's followers built the ships themselves at St. Anns and Big Bras d'Or, and sailed them themselves over 12,000 miles of sea. The first were bound for Adelaide but the Normanites found South Australia a cruel countryside full of brawling sinners and, during the 1850s, all six vessels finally arrived at Auckland, New Zealand. McLeod had found his last Promised Land. It was Waipu (which, roughly translated from Maori, means, "the sound of the sea crashing"). All together, the ships brought more than 800 Cape Breton Scots to the Waipu country and that was why it was that, 116 years after the last of them had arrived, Allan MacEachen went far out of his way to spend three sunny hours with their descendants.

For him, the journey was a pilgrimage. He took it partly because he was External Affairs minister of Canada, partly because it was from his federal riding that the Waipu pioneers had sailed, and partly because he had sat in the kitchens of men who still farmed the land the Normanites had left and still fished the waters those same old-timers had known. But the biggest reason why MacEachen went to Waipu was that, in him, "the blood is strong, the heart is Highland."

MacEachen is not an easy man to know. He prefers listening to talking. He pinches words as fiercely as any Scot ever pinched pennies. A respectful subordinate said he could "outsilence Gromyko." A disrespectful subordinate called him "old stonebottom." The press liked to call him "an enigma." But the one thing about him that is clear — among those who know anything at all about this faintly professorial son of a coal miner — is his love of Highland tradition, literature and music.

September 1. Springtime in Waipu, and four months to go before the Highland games on New Year's Day. The breeze is up, the sun shines, everyone turns out to see the important foreign visitor who is not really foreign. A couple of hundred people gather on the main street and, if you judge only by their faces and forget the lushness of the surrounding sheep and cattle country, you'd swear you were at a town picnic down home in Cape Breton. Few speak Gaelic anymore — an old man tells me "only the naughty words" remain in Waipu — but Alex McKay, chief of the Caledonian Society, is there in his kilt to meet MacEachen, and the whole place hums with the glad gossip of Finlaysons, McMillans, McKenzies, McLennans, McLeans, McGregors, McDonalds, and

so on.

We wander across the street from the gates of the Caledonian Society's park to the Waipu Pioneer Memorial House of Memories — a museum built of limestone donated by the McKenzie family — where, appropriately, one T.L. McKenzie welcomes MacEachen. An oil painting of Norman McLeod rules the room. His eyes still say, "No Compromise." Above him, the familiar blue X on a white background stretches for six feet. The Nova Scotia flag. All around us, there's hard proof of the old connection, Cape Breton heirlooms at home in New Zealand:

Thimbles, shawls, handkerchiefs, lace, spinning wheels . . . an anvil, broad axes, caulking hammers, shingle knives . . . brass candlesticks and snuff-boxes, silver sugar basins and match boxes, snuff boxes and cream jugs . . . "jam or

N.S. TOURISM



butter dish, given by the [Cape Breton] giant Angus McAskill to Miss Annie McInnes who later became Mrs. Sutherland"...the double-barrelled gun Captain Duncan Matheson brought on the *Spray* and later used for "killing pigs and pigeons in the surrounding bush"...a compass, telescope, parallel rules, quadrant, the navigation tools the pioneers used to find their way halfway round the world...a pair of spectacles that someone took from Scotland to St. Anns in the 1820s and someone else brought from St. Anns to Waipu in the 1850s.

We move from the House of Memories to the Pioneer Monument, with its stone carvings of the six historic sailing ships, and then on to the Waipu Coronation Hall. It is indistinguishable from halls in Cape Breton in which MacEachen has issued, if not a "hundred thousand welcomes," at least 100 campaign speeches. The Waipu Highlanders have laid on a lunch of dainty sandwiches, cold meat and fluffy pies; and it's at least as nourishing as salt herring, boiled potatoes and blueberry grunt. Then, the pipers appear on the small stage, and four beautiful New Zealand children, in brilliant highland gear, skip and prance and fling their way through a double sword dance and Reel of Tulloch. Surely, we are not in New Zealand. Surely, this is just another Cape Breton ceilidh.

Now, Donald McKay introduces MacEachen. McKay says MacEachen was born in Nova Scotia. The little crowd bursts into applause. Yes, and MacEachen was *educated* in Nova Scotia, too. More applause. Then Mc-

Kay recalls that, while he served in the New Zealand cabinet, political enemies once described him as "that bluenose minister." He didn't mind. "We're proud to be called bluenosers," he says. "We're proud to be called Nova Scotians."

MacEachen rises. He says little, but it is enough. He describes "the historic and human links between you and those people who still live at St. Anns and the northern shore of Victoria County." He says, "You and your ancestors are not forgotten there." He says the fortitude and self-reliance of the Normanites and the story of their wanderings, still inspire "all of us who live in Nova Scotia." He recalls meeting a young piper in Scotland — a Finlayson from Waipu, as it turned out. "What part of Scotland do your people come from?" MacEachen asked. "My people don't come from Scotland," the youth answered. "They come from Nova Scotia." More applause.

He tells them the Gaelic language still thrives in Nova Scotia and that, even though more than 200 years have passed since the first Scottish settlers arrived in Canada, Cape Breton children are learning Gaelic in grade school. "The little Gaelic I speak, I learned at my house in Cape Breton... I want to say a few words if you don't mind, in the ancient language." He speaks the strange, guttural, coughing syllables slowly, carefully, warmly and, according to the Scottish-born New Zealander seated beside me, almost flawlessly. He celebrates the "invisible and unbreakable bond that links those who have a Scottish and Highland background."

He says that, wherever in the world Scots have travelled, they've not only maintained their traditions but also adapted themselves to contribute to whatever new country now claimed their loyalty; and my tablemate, who was born in the Hebrides, has something as crazy as tears in his eyes. In an accent you could cut with a dirk, he says, "Ah, it does my Highland heart a world of good to hear a man talk that way."

Outside, the Canadians plant maple trees, and now it's time to go. By tonight, MacEachen must be 1,400 miles away at the remote, inland ranch of Malcom Fraser, the prime minister of Australia (whose grandfather, incidentally, was a Nova Scotian); and, as we pile into our cars to leave Waipu forever, the people line up on the grass, like a wedding party posing for a photographer, and they all wave goodbye. The pipers send us off with "Scotland the Brave" but, just before we leave, MacEachen mails 10 postcards to addresses on Cape Breton Island. On each card, he writes one sentence: "I made it to Waipu."

— Harry Bruce



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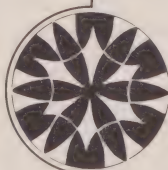
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Even before they flocked to North America, the Scots were rovers in foreign lands

The Scots established a reputation as travellers long before they started moving across the Atlantic to the North American continent in the 18th century. In 1648, poet John Cleveland wrote:

*Hence tis they live as Rovers and defie
This or that place, Rags of Geography.
They'r Citizens oth' World, the'r all in
all,*

Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.

Many Scots served as mercenaries. For example, in 1408, Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, took a party of fellow Scots to the aid of the Bishop of Liège to help him put down a rebellion

brother, John, a major in the Prussian Guard.

Then there were the many hopeful, young Lowland merchants, tired of poverty and limited access to opportunity at home, who left their native land in the 16th and 17th centuries to seek their fortunes abroad. Many of them ended up as poor peddling "skottars," but others became rich burgesses of Stockholm, Warsaw or Ratisbon. Eventually, some of these merchants came home, bringing with them not only money but their experience of European culture to enrich the life of their home communities.

On the death of Queen Elizabeth I, the English and Scottish Crowns were united in the person of James I (James VI of Scotland), who moved his court to London. Most of the Scots among his entourage, despite their titles, weren't used to the more sophisticated manners of the English court and provided a source of amusement for the social critics of that day. The fact that so many of the Scots on the fringes of court life were constantly short of money may have sparked the image, carried to grotesque excess centuries later by Sir Harry Lauder, of the stingy Scotsman.

There had been other perennially hard-up Scots abroad — students. The first university in Scotland, St. Andrews, was founded in 1411. Before that, Scots who wanted to acquire a university education had to go to France or England.

When Scotland came under the English Crown, her citizens were no longer allowed to serve foreign monarchs. Instead, the Scots, notably the Highlanders, swelled the ranks of the British Army. William Pitt was one politician who recognized the Highlands' worth as a source of men for Britain's armies and boasted to Parliament that he "called forth and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men who conquered for you in every part of the world."

Highlanders were not only valuable for military prowess, they were cheap to recruit, since regiments were raised for the War Office by the landowners. For every 100 men recruited, the clan chief or proprietor was entitled to appoint a captain, two lieutenants and an ensign. Over 11,000 men were recruited for the Fraser, Argyll, Macdonald, Atholl and Seaforth Highlanders to fight during the American War of Independence, and between 1793 and 1815, at least 72,385 Highlanders served as soldiers. It came somewhat of a shock to the War Office that recruitment in 1854 for the Crimean War failed to yield the expected numbers. Only three Highland infantry battalions went to the Crimea; the officials

in London failed to allow for the large numbers of young men who had emigrated from the glens.

Highland regiments continued to serve Britain, and many Scots travelled the world to fight Britain's Imperial wars. Unlike the Lowland merchants and students who returned to their homeland with new knowledge of exotic places and broadened outlooks, many of the Highland soldiers who served abroad seemed unaffected by the alien cultures of the countries in which they had fought. In his book *Queen Victoria's Little Wars*, Byron Farewell describes how each regiment was a sort of movable community, "its members bound by ties of kinship, tradition, religion and speech, passing through exotic lands without leaving home, and returning to their Highlands after years in India, Afghanistan and Africa untouched by pagan customs, or foreign ways to take their place by the peat fires in their cottages almost as if they had never left home."

At the end of the 17th century, Scots ventured further afield when they tried to establish a colony on the isthmus of Darien (which joins Central and South America), between two of Spain's strongholds, Porto Bello and Cartegena, and thus gain a free trade route to the Pacific. The Darien scheme, the brainchild of William Patterson, founder of the Bank of England, had been rejected by the other governments to which he had presented it; in fact, the project was being denounced in London at the same time that shares were being snapped up in Edinburgh.

The first colonists left Leith in July, 1698, and arrived safely at their destination. They named the country New Caledonia and selected two sites for future cities to be named New Edinburgh and New St. Andrews. However, sickness and lack of provisions reduced the colonists to such a state that they left in June, 1699, unaware that more ships were on their way. These later arrivals had no more success than the earlier settlers. Finally, the Spanish overran the garrison and the Darien colony went out of existence, if it can be said to have ever existed. William Patterson, whose wife and child died in Darien, was one of only a handful of colonists to reach home.

Since most of Scotland's spare floating capital had been invested in the Darien Company, the collapse of the enterprise had far-reaching effects. It was one of the principal factors in the decision of the Scots to give up independence for commercial union with England. An indemnity to the Scottish investors in the Darien Company from the English treasury was one of the articles of the 1707 Act of Union.

Less than three decades later, the first trickle of what was to become a flood of Scots from the "Nation Epidemical" was making its way across the Atlantic.

—Pat Lotz



N. S. GOV'T. SERVICES

in that city. In his less respectable days, the colorful earl had been in partnership with the Provost of Aberdeen as a pirate, capturing, among others, a ship belonging to Dick Whittington. Sir Patrick Gordon was a general in the army of Peter the Great of Russia. Many of the Scots, including a large contingent of MacGregors, settled in Poland after serving in her army. Patrick Grant of Gunlugus became governor of Silesia. He died there in 1759 and was succeeded by his

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June 29-July 3 — **Mabou Ceilidh.**
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vice, and generally happy, Highland
times. **Mabou**, Inverness County, Cape
Breton.

July 1 — **Pugwash Gathering of The
Clans.** Traditionally summer's first big
Highland festival in Nova Scotia, the
Pugwash gathering features pipe-band
and dance competitions, athletic events,
sailing regatta, Ceilidh and — tantaliz-
ingly inescapable on this shore — lobster
dinners. **Pugwash**, Northumberland
Strait, Cumberland County.

July 3 — **Scottish Concert.** An even-
ing of Scottish music and dance, spon-
sored by the Jaycees of Liverpool and
area. **Liverpool**, South Shore, Queens
County.

July 4-9 — **North British Society**
events include banquet, concert, Kirkin
of the Tartan, piping. **Halifax.**

July 4-9 — **"The Highland Heart of
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Nova Scotia Drama League about the first Scots who settled in the Iona area. Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, **Halifax**.

July 4-10 — **Scottish Festival** at Truro, "Home of the Lowland Scot," offers historical information, genealogical help, concert, live theatre, ecumenical service. **Truro**, Colchester County.

*The Paramount Chief
of the Cree Indian Nation
is one
Waldo McIntosh.*

July 8-9 — **Baddeck Handcraft Festival** features weaving, spinning, carding, displays of hand-woven and knitted garments, a juried show of Cape Breton-made craft goods, home-cooked food, home-cooked music. **Baddeck**, Victoria County, Cape Breton.

July 8-10 — **Festival of Scottish Fiddling**. Fiddling contest, concerts, family fun at Gaelic College, **St. Anns**, Victoria County, Cape Breton.

July 9 — **Festival of Piping**. Piping, of course. Also drumming, a pipe-band parade and Highland games just across the harbor from Halifax. **Dartmouth**, Halifax County.

July 10 — **Clan's Day** — A special day for all Clansmen featuring a march-

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July 13-17 — **Whycocomagh Summer Carnival.** Concerts, sports, arts, crafts, more family fun. **Whycocomagh**, Inverness County, Cape Breton.

July 15 — **Metro Gathering of the Clans Ceilidh** — An evening of Scottish entertainment at the Halifax Metro Centre.

July 15-16 — **Judique "On the Floor Days."** Dances, crafts, sports, track-and-field, Scottish heavy events, barbecues, etc. — all on the sweet, western shore of Cape Breton. **Judique**, Inverness County, Cape Breton.

July 15-17 — **Antigonish Highland Games.** The Highland Society Ball oc-

*Jim Bowie
and
Davie Crockett,
both of whom
died
at the Siege
of the Alamo,
were Scots.*

*Fifteen
U.S. presidents
have been of Scottish
descent.*

N.S. GOV'T SERVICES



curs Saturday night, July 9, and throughout the following week assorted expressions of kilted rivalry and kilted pride prepare visitors and locals alike for the Antigonish Highland Games — for the dancing, piping, drumming, running, jumping, hustling and tippling of the supreme summer weekend in "The Highland Heart of Nova Scotia." **Antigonish.**

July 17 — **Big Pond Scottish Concert.** Step dancing, Highland dancing, singing in Gaelic, singing in English, and Cape Breton fiddlers — all at an outdoor folk concert with a Celtic flavor. **Big Pond**, East Bay (Bras d'Or Lake), Cape Breton County.

July 26-31 — **Festival of the Forts.** Commemoration of the landing of Scottish settlers in 1629 at Port Royal, and the events that gave Nova Scotia its name. Piper leads the way to the site of the historic landing. **Annapolis Royal**, Annapolis County.

July 27-31 — **Inverness Gathering.** Family events at a community festival. **Inverness**, Cape Breton.

July 30 — **Open House, Taigh Nan Gaidheal.** The New Waterford Gaelic Society offers a full day of Gaelic singing, dancing, a milling frolic and more, much more. **Sydney**, Cape Breton County.

July 31 — **Broad Cove Concert.** Gaelic singing, dancing, fiddling, piping. **Broad Cove**, Inverness County, Cape Breton.

Aug. 1-13 — **Gaelic Society of Cape**



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Aug. 5-7 — **Chestico Days**. Boat races, dancing, family fun, re-enactment of the arrival of the first Scottish settlers. **Port Hood**, Inverness County, Cape Breton.

Aug. 6 — **Highland Village Day**. An outdoor Scottish whoop-up at a beautiful village on Bras d'Or Lake, with Highland, step and square dancing, fiddling, piping, Gaelic and English folk-singing. **Iona**, Victoria County, Cape Breton.

Aug. 7-14 — **Festival of the Tartans**. At the heart of Scottish tradition in mainland Nova Scotia, a week of Highland dancing, piping, drumming, sports and concerts. **New Glasgow**, Pictou County.

*The King
of Morocco's pipe band
carry MacLean
streamers
on their bagpipes
in honor
of their first
general,
Caid
Sir Harry MacLean.*

Aug. 14 — **St. Joseph Du Moine Concert**. A Scottish cultural feast with an Acadian flavor features fiddlers, step dancers, piping, songs in Gaelic and French. **St. Joseph Du Moine**, Inverness County, Cape Breton.

Aug. 15-20 — **Gaelic Mod**. One of the most colorful and stirring annual Scottish shows in the province features competitions in Highland dancing, bag-piping and Gaelic singing, and marching pipe bands. Official closing ceremonies for the International Gathering of the Clans occur August 20. Gaelic College, **St. Anns**, Victoria County, Cape Breton.

Ongoing in July, August — **Wild Thyme Pipe Band Concerts**, Halifax and Dartmouth.

*Some old Scots names
were strangely
translated
Lowland versions
of Gaelic names,
and included
McFrizzle, MacRabit,
MacWhy, MacDick,
MacPoke, MacJock,
MacSwiggin, MacFun,
MacQuhirr, McCash,
MacGoon.*

Clan Meetings



More than 50 Nova Scotia Clan Societies will gather during the International Gathering of the Clans in Nova Scotia, held June 27 through August 20,

1983. Many of the clans have timed their gatherings to coincide with such major festivals as the Opening Ceremonies, the Antigonish Highland Games or the Gaelic Mod. Various other gatherings will be taking place throughout the province in addition to those held in conjunction with major festivals. The Federation of Scottish Clans in Nova Scotia reports that as of May 2, 1983, the Clan events will be as follows:

May 28 — **MacKay**. Annual dinner & meeting, 1 p.m. MacKay Room, St. F.X. University, **Antigonish**.

June 9-17 — **MacKay**. Special sporting events for the physically and mentally handicapped.



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June 23-July 3 — **Sutherland**. Lord & Lady Strathnaver visit from Scotland. Picnic, meeting, reception, dinner & dance, parade, clan tents. **New Glasgow and Halifax.**

June 25-27 — **Campbell**. Clan Campbell Weekend Meeting. Dinner & dance, church service, picnic, tours & workshops. **Halifax.**

*In 1800,
a MacGregor
in Mexico
fathered 22 sons
by a local woman.
Mexico City alone
now boasts
250 MacGregors.*

June 26 — **MacKay**. Open house, 2-5 p.m. 2584 Kline Street, **Halifax.**

June 27-30 — **All Clans**. Nova Scotia Tattoo opening ceremonies, June 27. Metro Centre, **Halifax.**

June 29-July 3 — **MacArthur**. In conjunction with the Mabou Ceilidh. **Mabou.**

*The world
overland-throwing
record
for a hand-hurled haggis
is 155 feet.*

June 30-July 3 — **MacIntyre**. In conjunction with the Festival of the Strait. **Port Hawkesbury.**

July 1-2 — **Ross**. Clan Banner parade. Clan tent in conjunction with the Pugwash Gathering of the Clans. Annual Clan Ross ceilidh and family picnic. **New Ross.**

July 1-3 — **Cameron**. Banquet program & dance, clan gathering, church service. **New Glasgow and Chance Harbour.**

July 2 — **MacLeod**. Picnic & church service. **LaHave and Pictou.**

July 3 — **Monro(e)**. Heritage Monro(e) Day. Tremont Hall, Kings County.

*U.S. astronaut
Alan Bean
took a piece
of MacBean tartan
to the moon.*

July 4-9 — **Donnachaidh**. Registration, meeting & luncheon, tours, ceilidhs, dinner, concerts, and Scottish ball in conjunction with the North British Society events. **Halifax**.

July 4-10 — **Archibald**. In conjunction with the Truro Scottish Festival. **Truro**.

July 5 — **Cameron**. Reception & program. **Kentville**.

July 7-10 — **MacBean**. Social gatherings of MacBeans and MacKays 7-9 p.m. Attend in body the North British Society events and the Dartmouth Festival of Piping, church service, Kirkin of the Tartan. **Halifax & Dartmouth**.

*MacDuff clansmen
once boiled
an unpopular sheriff,
turned him into soup,
and drank him.*

July 7, 10 — **MacKay**. Social gatherings of the MacKays and MacBeans, 7-11 p.m. Special church service, 11 a.m. Mic-mac Mall, **Dartmouth**. Calvin Presbyterian Church, Asburn Ave., **Halifax**.

*The population
of Scotland
is little more
than five million
but the chairman
of the International
Gathering
of the Clans Trust
in Scotland,
Lord Elgin,
says,
"At least 25 million
people
throughout the world
have close ties
with Scotland."*

July 8-9 — **Chisholm**. Clan Gathering in conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish**.

July 8-10 — **MacInnis**. In conjunction with the Festival of Scottish Fiddling. **St. Ann's**, Cape Breton.

July 9-11 — **Donald**. Clan Donald gathering in conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish**.

July 10 — **All Clans**. Clan Day. Marchpast, Kirkin of the Tartan, clan meetings, barbecue. **Antigonish**.

July 13-17 — **MacKinnon**. Summer Festival. **Whycocomagh**.



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July 14-17 — **MacDougall**. Clan Gathering in conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish**.

July 14-17 — **MacIntosh, MacLean**. In conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish**.

July 14-17 — **Chattan**. Refreshments, entertainment and information, hospitality tent in conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish**.

July 15-16 — **Grant**. In conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish**.

July 15-17 — **Munro**. Registration, annual meeting, Tartan dinner & ceilidh, church service, luncheon, tour. King's College, **Halifax**.

July 16-17 — **Campbell**. In conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish**.

July 22-24 — **Fraser**. Fraser Gathering. **Pictou County**.

July 23-24 — **MacLean**. Clan Gathering, festivals, church service. **Caribou Provincial Park, Pictou County**.

July 29 — **MacDougall**. MacDougall Gathering of Cape Breton and Antigonish. MacDougalls in conjunction with the Inverness Gathering. **Inverness**.

July 29-30 — **MacPherson**. Clan Gathering, annual general meeting, Chief will be attending. **Halifax**.

July 30 — **MacLellan**. In conjunction with the Inverness Gathering. **Glenvale, Inverness**.

July 30, 31 — **MacLennan**. Clan Gatherings. **Iona, Little Narrows**.

August 5 — **MacNeil**. Re-enactment of first meeting of original MacNeil settlers. Ecumenical church service, ceilidh, tours of the area. **Iona, C.B.**

August 5-13 — **MacPhee**. Registration, ceilidh, tours, church service, Clan Parliament meetings. **Sydney, C.B.**

August 6 — **MacKay**. Highland dancing, tug of war (3-4 p.m.). **Earlton**.

August 6 — **MacKenzie**. In conjunction with Highland Village Days. **Iona, C.B.**

August 6-7 — **Dunbar**. Family picnic, dance, church service, dinner. **Lorne, Hopewell, Pictou Co.**

August 6-7 — **Murray**. Annual Meeting 2 p.m., tug of war, pipers picnic, church service, commemoration to pioneers of Pictou County, refreshments. **Earlton, Meadowville**.

August 7-10 — **Ranald**. In conjunction with Chestico Days. **Port Hood**.

August 7-14 — **Grant**. In conjunction with the Festival of the Tartans. **New Glasgow**.

August 7-14 — **Ross**. In conjunction with the Festival of the Tartans. **New Glasgow**.

The old Highland name
MacVanish
has all but vanished.

August 12-13 — **Campbell**. In conjunction with the Festival of the Tartans, Clan tent & banquet, visits to "Hector Landing" and other sites. **New Glasgow**.

August 13 — **Murray**. Picnic, pipe & fiddle music, dancing, etc., refreshments. "Murrayheath," **River John**.

August 13 — **Sinclair**. Banquet & dance 7 p.m. Canadian Legion Hall, **Antigonish**.

August 13-14 — **MacKenzie**. In conjunction with Festival of the Tartans. **New Glasgow**.

*"Mighty
are the universities
of Scotland,
and they will prevail.
But even
in your highest
exultations
never forget
that they are not four,
but five.
The greatest of them
is the poor,
proud homes
you come out of,
which said so long ago:
'There shall be education
in this land.' "*
— James M. Barrie
(1860-1937)

August 14 — **MacKay**. Church service at Loch Broom's historical church in conjunction with the Festival of the Tartans, **New Glasgow**; Dinner Gathering, 6 p.m. Heather Motel, **Antigonish**.

August 14 — **Sinclair**. Church service, Kings United Church, **Guysborough**; Clan luncheon, **Goshen**.

August 15-20 — **Fergusson**. In conjunction with the Gaelic Mod Closing Ceremonies, Aug. 20. St. Ann's, C.B.

August 17 — **Matheson**. Motorcade with chief, reception, registration, ceilidh. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 18 — **Matheson**. Church service, Kirkin of the Tartan, parade, Opening of Gaelic Mod, supper at fire hall. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 18-20 — **Campbells**. Camp-

*"An Englishman
is a man who lives
on an island
in the North Sea
governed by Scotsmen."*
— Philip Guedalla
(1889-1944).

bell family gathering, clan tent, workshops, picnics, games and ceilidh, in conjunction with the Gaelic Mod. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 18-20 — **MacAulay**. In conjunction with the Gaelic Mod. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 19 — **Buchanan**. In conjunction with the Gaelic Mod. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 19 — **Matheson**. Visits, cruise, Clan Parliament, banquet, road race, tug of war, **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 19 — **Matheson**. In conjunction with Gaelic Mod. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 19-20 — **Grant**. In conjunction with the Gaelic Mod. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

There will be a "Clan Centre" opening in Barrington Place in Halifax from June 1 - August 20, 1983. For further information concerning clan activities please drop in or call 423-1983.



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PHOTOS BY BOB ANDERSON/MASTERFILE

Wee Davie

David Harrington actually weighs 260 pounds. No North American is better at throwing heavy objects. See him in the flesh at the Antigonish Highland Games

The morning mist is rising, and the lake taking shape beyond the spruce trees — a fiord, silver in the sun, between the crowding hills. The house at the head of the lake is angular and modern, a sprawl of brick and timber facades, almost hidden in woods and the folds of the hill it is built on, though the views from its vast windows extend for miles. There is something ancient in the mood of the place. It is not difficult to imagine it as the redoubt of some Celtic warlord, watchful, always, for the approach of enemies. And, this morning, a very old rite is being enacted on a field beside the house. A huge man, wearing the red and green tartan kilt of the Cameron Highlanders, is crouched in a slow run, a cedar log, 20 feet long and weighing about 120 pounds, cradled against his left shoulder. Suddenly, he lets out a long, guttural scream and heaves the log into the air. It turns over, stands on end for a moment, and then crashes to the ground.

David Harrington smiles with satisfaction. He has executed a perfect caber toss. In Canada he is king of the caber. His dream is to be king of the caber in the whole world. So he strains and sweats here at his retreat in Quebec's Gatineau Hills, only a 15-minute drive from downtown Ottawa, but somehow as remote as the Highlands where some fierce clansman first hurled a log into the air and invented a sport so demanding even its devoted practitioners call it madness.

The history of the "heavy events" at Highland games is a matter of surmise, and legend that is as brutal as it is romantic. Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland in the 11th century, is credited with having organized the first games at Braemar, with the aim of discovering and rewarding the speediest and strongest of his warriors. As the games developed, tests of strength were devised from the everyday activities of those rugged men of the north. One story has it that a primitive woodsman heaved a log across a stream to avoid fording it and getting wet while carrying his burden — and so "the bar," or caber, was first tossed. Hammer throwing was quite likely the lunchtime recreation of blacksmiths, weight-throwing the dalliance of dockworkers, and stone-throwing the sport of shepherds who came to realize that golf required madness of an even more serious degree.

At modern Highland games there are seven officially recognized heavy events. There is the caber toss, in which the competitor tosses a heavy log for accuracy, standing at six o'clock and heaving the caber end over end so that it points to 12 o'clock. And there are the throws, variously for distance and height, of hammers, weights and stone. Those who might consider the Highland "heavies" to be ethnic and trifling in the world of sport should know that they are the ancestors of two modern Olympic events, the hammer and the shot put. "They've a more legitimate claim in athletic tradition than most events," says David Harrington. But they're madness nevertheless, as he found out when he first became aware of them.

His athletic beginnings were quite sane. He was born in California, the son of Archibald Harrington, an American fighter pilot who, too impatient to wait for his country to enter the Second World War, signed up with the Royal Canadian Air Force and, while waiting to go into action, met and married a Canadian woman. (Later, flying Mosquitoes from a base in Britain, he earned decorations.) At high school young David excelled in the shot put and discus, eventually winning a combined athletic and academic scholarship to Stanford University in California. Meanwhile he was spending summers at his maternal grandfather's property on Meach Lake in the Gatineau Hills, a place he loved and was to inherit in 1973. That year, his conventional athletic career at its peak, he was a member of the Canadian team at the Pacific Conference Games in Toronto.

There is Scottish blood in his mother's family, and as a boy David was instructed in the mystique of Highland gatherings. When he was 19, in 1965, he entered the shot put at the Glengarry Games in Maxville, Ont., and someone invited him to try his hand at the caber. "I got it up," he remembers, relaxing in a sitting room of the dream home he built on the shores of Meach Lake a few years ago, "but I couldn't get it over. I was devastated." He didn't touch the caber for six years, until one day at a gathering in Ottawa when he picked up an 80-pound log and threw it 43 feet to win a distance-throwing contest — a peculiarly Canadian aberration that in recent years has fallen into disfavor. The true Scottish insanity calls for the tossing of a heavy log only for accuracy.

Harrington tried to do that in Antigonish, N.S., in 1972. "It was so heavy it damn near broke my back." He succeeded, finally, at Fergus, Ont., in 1978. That day he was persuaded, against his better judgement, to try the other heavy events; it took weeks for his back to recover. "I told them they were crazy — throwing a 56-pound weight with *one hand*." Never again, he vowed.

But not long afterward he took an old sewing machine to a dump, and while

he stood there preparing to throw it away, something strange happened. "When I hefted that old machine, it felt so good in my hand. It said, Throw me. I threw it — and kept throwing it for an hour, hoping it would break so I wouldn't pursue this lunacy. But it wouldn't break. I took it home." He was lost, smitten by the beguiling curse of the heavies.

Since coming under the spell of that old sewing machine, David Harrington who, in his saner moments is a management consultant — marketing time systems for business offices — has competed in nearly 300 heavy events and won all but a handful of them. By 1982 he'd been Canadian caber champion five times, and held all the national records for hammers, weights and stone. He was recognized as one of the top 10 in the international field of heavy event contenders in April, 1981, when he was invited to the world championships in Melbourne, Australia. He finished fourth over-all, missing the stone throw mark by only four inches. In December, 1981, while still recovering from a double hernia operation, he competed in Lagos, Nigeria, and finished sixth. Since then, he hasn't been getting older, he's been getting better.

He now holds the North American records for throwing the 56-pound weight (40 feet, one inch), the 22-pound hammer (108 feet, 10 inches), and the 16-pound hammer (129 feet, 10 inches). He has set himself a rigorous training program to build strength and weight. At 37, he's entering the prime years for a heavy event contender, but although he's six feet, three inches tall, and weighs 260 pounds, he's the smallest of the top 10. To the others he's "Wee Dave." The "Big Yin" is the current world champion, Geoffrey Capes, an Englishman who weighs in at 330 pounds. Harrington's thighs are thicker than the cabers he tosses, but Cape's thighs are monstrous. When he visited the Harringtons — David, his wife, Janet, and the three children, Brenna, 10, Joanna, 8, and Andy, 4 — at Meach Lake recently, he couldn't fit his legs under their dining room table (a converted grand piano) and had to eat his meals sitting sideways.

David Harrington, like any athlete, is gripped by the desire to win. But he's become enraptured too with the lore and the legend and what he calls the "esthetics" of the heavy events. In 1981 he founded Heavy Events Canada, an association dedicated to promoting the sport and protecting the purity of its madness by discouraging such notions as throwing light cabers long distances. He has taken to making his own lead weights and hammerheads in a cauldron in his backyard. At gatherings he seeks out a piper while he's warming up, using the music to fashion the rhythm of his exercises and to fill his mind with the lust for victory. "It makes my hackles rise."

He talks about his "spiritual" ex-

periences on the field: "Sometimes I touch that caber and I just *know* it will go over to 12 o'clock." And about the inspiring scenes in movies like *Chariots of Fire* — Eric Liddell, the 400-metre gold medalist in the 1924 Olympics, running, driven by some mystical force, the throat-catching stark beauty of the Highlands in the background. And *Geordie*. When Wee Geordie, the stripling grown into a giant, cannot put the shot for the pain of his homesickness there at the Olympics in a foreign land, visions of his beloved hills fill his head, and he hears the voices calling, "Geordie, Geordie..." and he heaves the shot an unheard-of distance.

At home on the shore of Meach Lake, David Harrington sweats and pushes himself harder by the day. He believes that the beauty of the place has an influence, a magic that sometimes gives him the power to hurl a hammer or a weight farther than has ever been seen. He thinks about the world championships in Scotland and wonders if, when he is there, he will be able to see in his mind the hills of the Gatineau, and the mist on the lake, and touch the caber and *know* beyond any doubt, that it will go over and land, perfectly, at 12 o'clock.



At the Gaelic College, a culture just won't die

The International Gathering of the Clans 1983 closes at St. Anns, Cape Breton, on August 20; but the Gaelic arts will still be thriving here during Gatherings and Gatherings to come

For 90 minutes one sunny Sunday this spring, about 350 churchgoers relived a traditional service of their Gaelic ancestors. The service wasn't so much a memorial to an old Cape Breton tradition as a statement that it had a future. It was delivered almost entirely in Gaelic, and in Cape Breton the demise of Gaelic has often been sadly predicted. The service also included precenting, a form of mournful chanting that dates back to the Protestant Reformation.

Practitioners of both are rare. The fact that there are any at all is a tribute to Celtic stubbornness and pride, and to the Gaelic College at St. Anns. But even the founder of the College, the Rev. A.W.R. MacKenzie — whose passionate pursuit of a Gaelic beacon was well-known — would have been surprised at what happened in Stewart United Church in the Bras d'Or Lake village of Whycocomagh. With some exceptions, precenting died out in Cape Breton

churches at the end of the last century. As cultural identification waned, so did precenting, because it required an understanding of the whole culture, not just the language.

When a precentor chanted a line from a psalm — converted into the poetic metric form — worshippers repeated a line. And usually someone rose to embellish the chant, adding a different intonation or interpretation. Surprisingly, some were able to do that at Stewart United Church. For Jim St. Clair, a Celtic and Cape Breton historian who helped organize the service, this was "a statement of a continuation of tradition." Rev. MacKenzie would have appreciated that, because to him "culture was a living thing, not just a commemorative thing."

It was in that spirit that the Gaelic College, the only institution of its kind in North America, was formed in 1939. Today, the college — despite a genera-

tion of cultural indifference — welcomes thousands of students and visitors annually. Its contribution, says St. Clair, is incalculable. The college is indeed unique. It is first and foremost a learning institution where students from around the world come for instruction in Gaelic language, bagpipe music, Highland dancing, pipe-band drumming and Scottish violin. In its 43 years, more than 7,000 students have spent part of their summers immersed in Celtic culture.

At the same time, the college brings out the Scot in every visitor. Anyone with a hint of Scottish blood can search for their clan connection in the Great Hall of the Clans — though be forewarned that the Highlands held some barbarous folk — or discover their clan tartan in the craft centre.

But even for those who have never visited the college, its existence has left an impact. Leonard Jones, its executive-director for the past 17 years, says, "If it had not been for this place to keep the heritage going, I think there would be very little of it in Nova Scotia." At times it has been a struggle. A generation of young people grew up with little interest in their heritage. Even now, with a resurgence of interest, fostering the traditions of the Highland Scottish settlers is difficult. Government restraint is eliminating most of the Gaelic language and history classes in public schools.

A few years ago, 60% of the 200 summer students were American, and



PHOTOS BY NICHOLAS S. TOURISM

only about 15% Nova Scotian. Now, most are Nova Scotian. For two weeks (though some stay longer or return the following year), they get the best instruction from internationally known teachers.

Out of those classes come students who make the culture come alive — the step-dancers, the pipe-band drummers, the pipers and the fiddlers. When the sessions end, the Gaelic Mod begins. The Mod, which means gathering or meeting place, is as old as the college. It brings together in competition the province's top performers in dance and music disciplines. Throughout the Mod, there are Scottish concerts in the outdoor performance centre. This year, the Mod starts on August 15, and ends August 20 in conjunction with the official closing ceremonies of The International Gathering of the Clans 1983.

The college will also be host for the first time to the Festival of Scottish Fiddling on July 9 and 10 — as usual, the weekend nearest summer's first full moon. First held in 1973, the festival has outgrown its original site in Glendale. Ironically, the festival began partly because of a 1971 CBC program *The Vanishing Fiddler*. The program took a nostalgic look at the diminishing number of home-grown fiddlers and what the decline meant to a culture so rooted in music.

Twelve years and three records later, the festival is a gathering of more than

200 fiddlers, plus dancers and pipers. It attracts visitors from all over the continent. According to Frank MacInnis, a member of the Cape Breton Fiddlers Association, there are now more fiddlers than ever before, and many are young. The lively style of Cape Breton fiddling is different from any other, and when 10, 50 or 100 fiddlers get together on the same stage the sound is extraordinary. "We had a Scottish orchestra here," MacInnis says, "and they were amazed we could get so many fiddlers playing together, without music sheets, and all in the same time."

The college has one other claim to international fame, its weavers of hand-made Scottish tartans and its craft shop. It was originally set up by Mrs. A.W.R. MacKenzie, one of the world's outstanding weavers. She was sometimes consulted about the authenticity of Scottish clan tartans by the officially recognized authority, the Lord Lyon of Scotland. According to Jim St. Clair, her work is largely responsible for the economically important crafts and weaving industry here today.

Seventeen years ago, the craft centre was taken over by Isobel MacAulay, now the authority on tartans in Canada. She can tell you more than you ever thought possible to know about Scottish clans, the kilt, and 265 tartans. She tells you, for instance, that between 1746 and 1783 the English would not allow the Scots to wear their tartans because they feared

their importance as a unifying symbol. Scots who defied the ban risked losing their heads. She can determine, from a list of 4,000 names, what clan you might belong to, or what sept of a clan.

MacAulay has made kilts for political leaders such as Robert Stanfield and George Hees. She outfitted an entire Hollywood wedding party, and wove garments for Princess Margaret. She swore an oath that she'd never reveal the princess' measurements. The kilts, the tartans, the fiddling, the dancing and the language were only part of A.W.R.'s dream in 1939. But his stubbornness, and the stubbornness of Cape Breton Scots who wouldn't let go, have brought Scottish culture through indifferent years.

— Glenn Wanamaker





What'll you find at the Antigonish Highland Games?

Merely "the strongest men, the fastest runners, the best musicians and dancers."

The skirl of the pipes... the thump of dancers' pumps on the platform... the straining muscles of thickset men... the surge of energy as runners finish their courses. Nowhere does the vitality and energy of the Scot come so alive as at Highland games. Here, too, local residents and visitors meet and mingle, search for common roots, and admire the strongest men, the fastest runners and the best musicians and dancers.

And at the Antigonish Highland Games, held from July 15 to 17, you'll "see the games done properly" as Wilena MacInnis Penny, Games' chairman puts it. Last year 1,500 competitors took part in the games in the small rural community 140 miles (220 km) from Halifax, in eastern Nova Scotia. This Gathering is one of the few in North America that feature simultaneous piping, dancing and athletics. It is spon-

sored by the Antigonish Highland Society, which has kept alive the Scottish heritage of Nova Scotia since its founding in 1861 as the Highland Society of the County of Sydney.

Tales of ancient Celts and of clan warfare have obscured the origin of Highland games. They may have begun under the supervision of Druids with a parade, a herald, a marked-out arena, and places for important personalities. Entertainment was one reason for starting the games, but to them came chieftains and kings in search of the fittest and fleetest men.

Some events, like sword dances, done with the blades upward, surprised the invading Romans as far back as AD 54. The dance of the crossed swords, the *Ghillie Callum*, originated when Malcolm Canmore fought and slew one of Macbeth's chiefs near Dunsinane. He formed a cross on the ground by plac-

ing his weapon over his opponent's, and then danced triumphantly over them. The tune of the *Ghillie Callum*, the story goes, was composed to mock Canmore's tax collectors.

For centuries the Scots have danced for the sheer joy of it, but many factors have influenced Highland dances. The Norsemen made contributions, as did French ballet when Mary was Queen of Scots. And the Highland fling may have been inspired by the tossing antlers of the stag.

Only over the last two hundred years has it been possible to sort out fact from fancy in the history of Highland games. After the 1745 Rising, the English attempted to stamp out the warlike tendencies of the clans and to ban what they considered their barbarous customs, including the playing of the bagpipes. But toward the end of the 18th century, the Scots began to gather for piping competitions. Dancing took place in the breaks between the playing of the pipes.

The first Highland Society gathering took place in 1781, at Falkirk, just 10 years before the first Highland settlers landed in Nova Scotia. In the 19th century, Highland games spread throughout Scotland, and the Scots carried the memories of them with them as they migrated to distant lands. The games' prestige reached new heights when Queen Victoria took an interest in them.



the games, Lieutenant Governor H.P. McKeen said, "The Games are symbolic of Nova Scotia's heritage, along with other characteristics including romanticism, love of learning, sense of honor and patriotism, the love of combat, whether physical or mental."

The Antigonish Highland Games run for three days and include Highland dancing and piping competitions, "heavy events" (putting the stone) and "light events" (running and jumping). Tossing the caber, a heavy pole, requires not only strength but co-ordination, as does the throwing of the ancient hammer and the hurling of 26- and 56-pound weights. While the games run from July 15 to 17, a Special Clans' Day has been organized for Sunday, July 10. The

"Gatherings" are now a feature of many communities throughout Scotland, and those at Braemar are under royal patronage.

The first traditional games in North America took place on Prince Edward Island in 1838, when the Caledonian Club held a Highland gathering. Around the middle of the last century, Highland games became the rage in the United States, with Boston holding its first event in 1853 and Brooklyn hosting one in 1867. At least 100 Scottish societies in the eastern United States staged Highland games, and they had an important influence on the early development of track and field athletics. But as amateur sports increased in importance, the games, with their demands for professionalism, slowly lost their appeal. They came to be viewed as "the ethnic custom of a minority immigrant group."

This did not happen in Canada.

The games in Antigonish began on October 18, 1863, on "Apple Tree Island, the beautiful ground of W.C. Hierlhy." The amusements were restricted to the members of the Highland Society and their guests. Two years later the games attracted 2,000 people, and in the following year they began with all members of the society dancing the Highland reel.

When the Antigonish Highland Society celebrated the 100th anniversary of

Federation of Scottish Clans in Nova Scotia plans a marchpast, the Kirking of the Tartans, clan meetings and other events.

The games open officially at 8:30 p.m. on Friday, July 15, at Columbus Field, after a Pipe Band Parade down Antigonish's Main Street. They end at 4 p.m. on Sunday, July 17, with a Massed Pipe Band Display and the presentation of awards. An area has been set aside on the west side of Columbus Field as the Field of the Clans, and here they will set up hospitality tents. A number of championships are planned for this year. With many people in Highland dress, Columbus Field becomes a swirling panorama of color and action. Out of all this emerges a renewed sense of community as the events of Old Scotland are enlivened with the best that New Scotland has to offer.



the Brass Monkey

Welcome Clansmen and Visitors

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Was Glooscap really a Scot?

Superman was Clark Kent, but the Micmac superman Glooscap was a Scottish warrior named Henry Sinclair who wintered in Nova Scotia almost a century before Columbus "discovered" America. That, at least, is the fascinating theory of historian Frederick J. Pohl, who explained it in *Atlantic Crossings Before Columbus*, published in 1961. Not all historians agreed with Pohl, but he made a highly convincing case that this blond, sea-going Scot — born at Roslin Castle near Edinburgh in 1345 — not only wandered about mainland Nova Scotia in 1398 but also lived among the Micmacs long enough to be remembered through centuries as the man-god Glooscap. Most Nova Scotians date the arrival of the Scots either from Sir William Alexander's abortive settlement at Port Royal in 1629, or from the landing of Highlanders from the immigrant ship *Hector* in Pictou County in 1773; but, if Pohl was right, Sinclair beat Sir William by 231 years and the *Hector* by 375 years.

Sinclair was fighting in the Faeroe Islands, which were part of his earldom, in 1390, when he heard that a ship had been wrecked and, since shipwrecks were fair game for pillage at the time, the local fishermen were attacking the crew. Sinclair rescued the mariners and discovered they were Venetians. Their commander, Nicolo Zeno, was a brother of the most famous admiral of the time, Carlo Zeno. Sinclair hoped to dominate the northern seas, and promptly appointed Nicolo commander of his fleet. After his death, Sinclair appointed another Zeno brother, Antonio, as fleet commander. Nicolo and Antonio used to write to Carlo, "The Lion," in Venice, and this correspondence was published in 1558 by a great-great-great grandson of Antonio. Historians call it the Zeno Document, and it is a basic source for Pohl's intriguing account.

The Zeno Document reports that as far back as 1371, four fishing boats — the fishermen were Sinclair's subjects — were blown so far out to sea that they eventually came ashore on land that was probably Newfoundland. They spent more than 20 years on the island, and apparently on lands to the south, and then one of them made contact with some European fishermen and managed to return to the Faeroes. Sinclair decided to explore these new lands and set sail around April 1, 1398. His fleet consisted of 13 little vessels, two of them driven by oars. The Zeno Document suggests he tried to land at Newfoundland but was driven off by natives, and then

sailed into Chedabucto Bay. It seems he dropped anchor on June 1 in Guysborough harbor.

Sinclair then sent 100 soldiers to explore the source of smoke they could see swirling above a distant hill. The soldiers reported back that "the smoke was a natural thing proceeding from a great fire in the bottom of a hill, and that there was a spring from which issued a certain substance like pitch, which ran into the sea, and that thereabouts dwelt a great many people, half-wild, and living in caves. They were of small stature and very timid." Geographical detective work, archeology, modern science and various documents seem to pinpoint the burning hill as the asphalt area at Stellarton, about 50 miles direct from the head of Guysborough harbor.

The Scot liked the soil, the rivers, even the air, and wanted to found a settlement. Most of his party went home, but he kept some men with him, and the two oar-powered boats. They probably had a square sail each, like the vessels the Vikings had used to cross to Newfoundland. They were good for exploring rivers and coasts, and he took them through the Strait of Canso to meet the Indians at Pictou which, centuries later, would be the North American disembarkation point for tens upon thousands of his countrymen.

He apparently persuaded some Micmacs to act as guides in his exploration of what he first thought to be an island. The narrow isthmus at Baie Verte changed his mind. It was navigable by canoe to Cumberland Basin with a port-

age of only three miles.

The trip along River Hebert towards Parrsboro included only one portage of just 400 yards in the 22 miles. Sinclair may then have travelled on to Annapolis Basin and across the Micmac canoe route to Liverpool. By October, he was back on Green Hill, southwest of Pictou harbor, to attend a gathering of the Micmacs.

"Twas the time for holding the great and yearly feast with dancing and merry games."

Next, he doubled back to Spencer Island, Minas Channel, and did some hunting. The meat of the animals was sliced and dried. The bones were chopped up and boiled in a big iron pot to extract the marrow. His winter campsite was on the high promontory of Cap d'Or overlooking Advocate harbor. During the winter, the expedition built a ship and, when spring arrived, Sinclair sailed away from Nova Scotia for ever.

His ancestry was a mixture of Norman, French, Norwegian and Scottish. The first Sinclair known in what is now the United Kingdom had arrived with William the Conqueror in 1066. Sinclair's grandfather, a friend of Robert the Bruce, King of Scotland, died fighting the Saracens in Spain in 1330. His father, Sir William Sinclair, also died in battle while fighting the Lithuanians from a base in Prussia in 1358. Henry was 13 at the time. He was trained in martial exercises with sword, spear, bow and arrow. He spoke Latin and French and became a knight at 21. His first wife, who died young, was the great-granddaughter of King Magnus of Sweden and Norway. His second wife, Janet Holyburton of Dirleton Castle, bore him three sons and three daughters.

Sinclair was installed as the Earl of Orkney and Lord of Shetland when he





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was only 24. The earldom included the Faeroes, the Orkneys, the Shetlands, more than 170 islands. Fifty-three were inhabited and, in all, they extended across 170 miles of ocean. The islands were a kind of buffer state between Scotland and Norway, and were an extremely difficult empire to control. Sinclair held his appointment at the pleasure of King Hakon VI of Norway, and Norway had controlled the islands since the ninth century. But as an earl or "jarl" he was next to royalty himself. He had authority to stamp coins, make laws, remit crimes, wear a crown, and have a sword carried before him. He had already been rewarded by King David of Scotland, for a successful raid into England, with the title of Lord Sinclair and the position of Lord Chief Justice of Scotland. Sinclair excelled in a furious time.

Before he was 35, he had built up a fleet larger than Norway's, and Norway was by then hard-pressed to defend itself from Baltic pirates. Still, he brooded over his lack of guns, the new technology developed among naval powers in the Mediterranean area. A decade later, the fisherman who had survived Newfoundland, or some other strange land in the west for 20 years, arrived back in Sinclair's islands and the Zenos had begun to work for him. It was time to investigate the mysteries beyond the western horizon.



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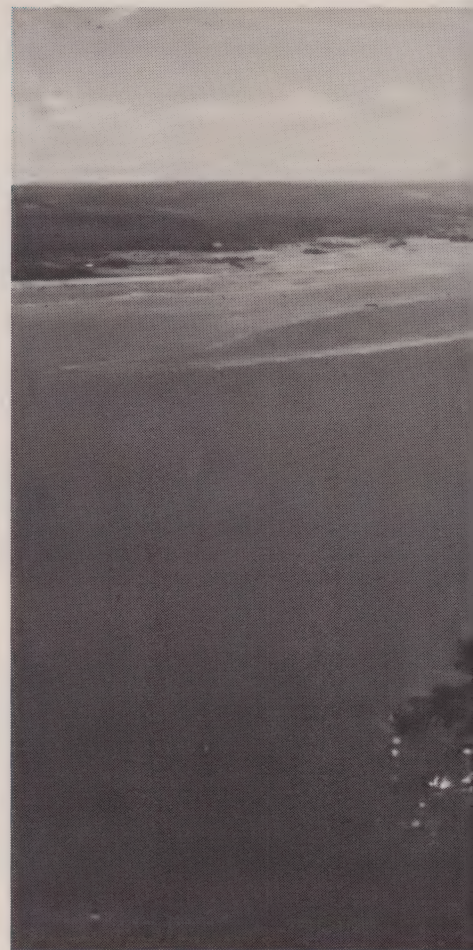
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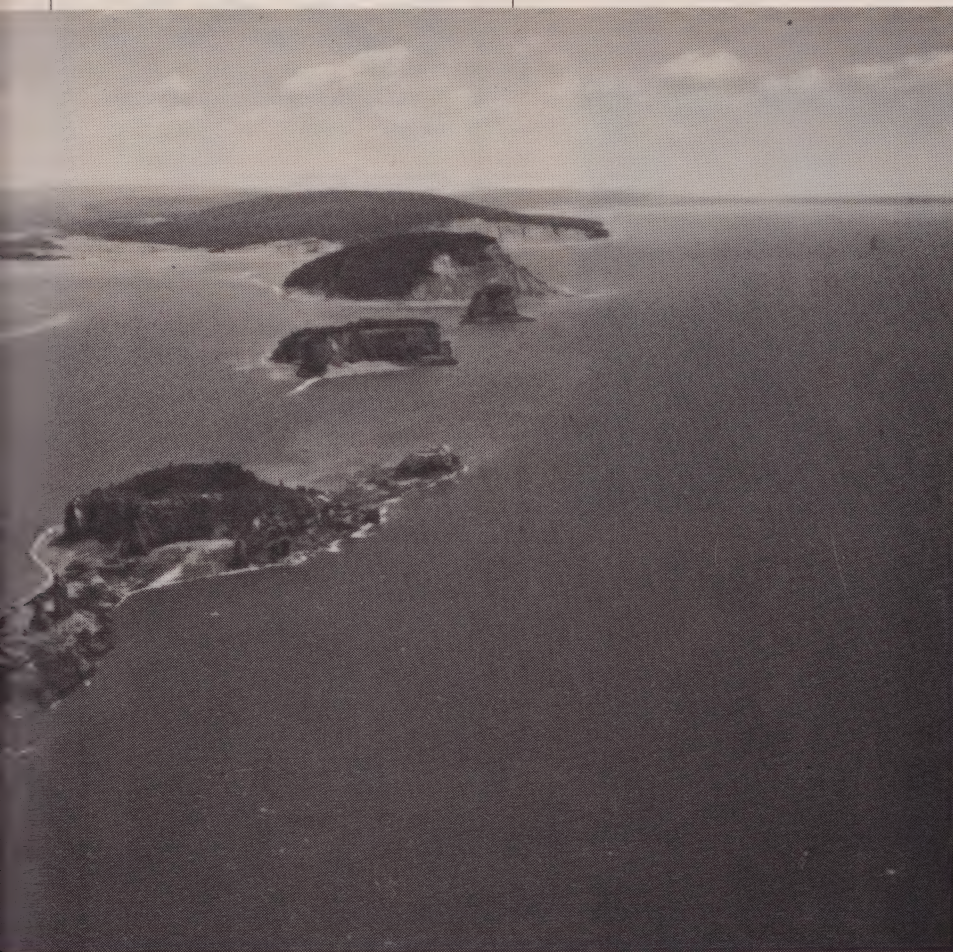
Support for the Zeno Document's account of Sinclair's itinerary in 1398 lies in Silas Tertius Rand's *Legends of the Micmacs*. Rand, a Baptist missionary from the Annapolis Valley, was an intriguing story in his own right. He knew Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Maliseet, Micmac, Mohawk, and half a dozen other tongues as well. From 1846 to 1886, he served as a missionary to the Indians of the Maritimes and, during those four decades, he wrote down the famous *Legends*, compiled an English-Micmac dictionary of 40,000 words, and translated most of the Bible into Micmac. He was self-educated, and he saved an entire oral literature and language from probable oblivion.

We learn from Rand and from Charles Leland, a contemporary in New England, that Glooscap, like Sinclair, was "a leader who came from the east, far across the great sea." He was a prince. He was a king who sailed the seas. His home was in a large town on an island. He came with many soldiers. He came across the ocean via Newfoundland, and he first met the Micmacs at Pictou. His chief weapon was "a sword of sharpness." He had three daughters. His character was unusual. The Micmacs described Glooscap as "sober, grave and good. He seemed to have been on the whole a noble-minded, generous sort of personage. You do not often meet with any mischievous exercise of his power.

Strangers were always welcome to his wigwam, and the necessitous never failed to share in his hospitality — until some act of treachery on their part or some distrust of his ability called for castigation." Sinclair, according to the Zeno Document, had similar qualities of character. He was "a prince as worthy of immortal memory as any that ever lived, for his great bravery and remarkable goodness."

Glooscap-Sinclair explored Nova Scotia extensively. He slept for six months in the wigwam of a giant named Winter. He stayed only from one sailing season to the next. The prince had "made long trips across the ocean on the backs of whales [Micmac imagery for decked ships]." He was entertained by the playing of flutes. He possessed money, iron and a store. His men built a roaring fire in the wigwam and by midnight it was all out. (The Micmacs were critical of the European's wasteful use of fire.) He spoke of angels and devils, and he owned a prayer book. "He looked and lived like other men. He ate, drank, smoked, slept and danced along with them."

The name Glooscap or Kuloskap means "the liar." He is called the deceiver, "not because he deceives man, but because he is clever enough to lead his enemies astray, the highest possible virtue to the early American mind." His enemies were darkness, night and a ser-



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pent that represented storm, rains and the water. These he "conquers not by brute force but by craft and ruses." The Glooscap legend spread for 1,000 miles among all the other Algonquin tribes. Its location is always Nova Scotia. *Kuloskap the Master and Other Algonquin Poems* includes these lines:

*Kuloskap was first
First and greatest
To come into our land —
Into Nova Scotia.
When the Master left Uktakumkuk,
Called by the English Newfoundland,
He went to Pitlook or Pictou
Which means the rising of bubbles
Because at that place the water
Is very strangely moving.
There he found an Indian village
A town of a hundred wigwams.
Kuloskap, being a handsome
And very stately warrior
With the air of a great chief,
Was greatly admired by all
Especially the women;
So that everyone felt honored
Whose wigwam he deigned to enter.*

In the spring of 1399, the Micmacs visited Glooscap at his campsite. They looked for his canoe, "but near the shore there is a small rocky island with trees growing on it." He had built a ship, probably with two masts and 40 to 50 feet in length. "They go on board, set sail, and find the floating island very manageable as a canoe. It goes like magic."

It seemed "He could do anything and everything."

*He invited all to a parting banquet
By the great Lake Minas shore
On the silver waters edge
And when the feast was over,
Entered his great canoe
And sailed away over the water,
The shining waves of Minas;
And they looked in silence at him
Until they could see him no more,
Yet, after they ceased to behold him
They still heard his voice in song,
The wonderful voice of the Master,
But the sounds grew fainter and fainter,
And softer in the distance
Till at last they died away.*

To the Micmacs, the sound of the chanting song as the ship set sail was "Nemajelchk, Numeedich" repeated three times. It is possible that what they heard was the refrain of an old Norse sea chantey: "Nu mo jag, nu mo deg" which means "Now must I, Now must You" or, very loosely, yo ho heave ho, yo ho heave ho. Sinclair apparently cleared the Bay of Fundy and landed at Westford, Mass., for a while. He returned to the Orkneys and in the year 1400, died in battle while defending his kingdom against the invading English.

The legends were retold around the campfires and in the wigwams and lodges of the Micmacs and other tribes, and they grew to give Glooscap the stature of a superman. He gained won-



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drous powers, and achieved glorious exploits. It seems that one of his favorite wigwam sites was the top of Cape Blomidon, and from its 400-foot elevation he enjoyed a lordly view of Minas Basin and the Bay of Fundy.

The beavers, who were large in those days, had a three-mile dam from Blomidon to the Cumberland shore. Their construction reached a crisis point when the dam flooded out Glooscap's medicine garden at Advocate harbor. He arose in wrath, breached the dam with a missile-like arrow from his mighty bow and hurled huge rocks at the fleeing beaver. Some of the boulders soared over Minas Basin for nine or 10 miles before they splashed down along the Economy shore. Ever since they have been visible — despite 50-foot tides — as the Five Islands. Henry Sinclair, was one of your mightier Scots.



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The Clan Information Centre will be open from June 1 to August 20, 1983

For further information on the International Gathering of the Clans Events and Activities, drop in to the Clan Centre, Barrington Place, Halifax, or call 423-1983.

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Master of the Tattoo

The Nova Scotia Tattoo is "the biggest indoor show ever staged in Canada" and this year it honors both the Loyalist and the Scottish traditions in the province's history. The backstage tough guy who pulls it all together is Colonel Ian Fraser. Naturally, he's a Nova Scotia Scot

Ian Fraser just wanted to be a damn good soldier. It was never his idea to become a theatre producer with stripes, a gold-braid impresario, a backstage martinet, the leader of those who experienced not the smell of gunpower and the roar of battle but the smell of greasepaint and the roar of the crowd. No sir, he never dreamed he'd end his good, long military career as the field commander of costume makers, lighting experts, barbershop quartets, folk dancers and eight-year-old gymnasts. But here he is at 50, the father of two grown-up daughters, a colonel, a career soldier who's done stunts in such hot spots as Cyprus, knows precisely what he must do the moment the Third World War begins, once commanded the elite Canadian Airborne Regiment and has more than 200 parachute jumps to his credit, and what's he doing? He's spending the days and nights of his life fretting over such matters as how to pull off stage extravaganzas to thrill tens of thousands of men, women and kiddies.

How come?

Well, Fraser happens to be the producer, director, and not-so-benevolent dictator of the Nova Scotia Tattoo. It's the biggest indoor show ever staged in Canada. Its theme this year is "The Gathering of The Clans and the Loyalist Tradition," and if the show is even half as good as the productions that earned him the label "Canada's military tattoo specialist," it'll be a thundering, glittering, foot-stomping, sellout success.

That's Fraser's whole problem. He is simply so good at the rare business of marrying theatrical technique to military precision that he cannot escape his fate as the field marshal of live entertainment in the Canadian Armed Forces. Earlier this summer, as the horrendous artistic and logistical problems of mounting the eighth gigantic tattoo of his life swarmed over him, he bared his square, even teeth in a big grin and said, "If you know you're going to get raped, you might as well make up your mind to enjoy it."

That's a typical Ian Fraser wisecrack. He loves the army. He understands the army. He knows how to make the army work for him but he also knows that the army, like God, still moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. He is too smart not to know these ways are sometimes hilarious, and the result is that Ian Fraser may just be among Canada's least reverent senior army officers. He has the air of the practical joker about him. While dressing down a trembling young officer-cadet for some minor infraction, he's been known to pause, glower, steam with solemn rage, then shout to his outer office, "Sergeant, have we received a reply from Ottawa yet on my request to have flogging reinstated in the Canadian army?"

A retired brigadier says Fraser has "a demanding nature and a very fertile imagination," and when the tattoo king of Canada dreamed up his annual raids on the home of Fredericton poet Alden Nowlan he demonstrated both. As commanding officer, 2nd Battalion, Gagetown, N.B., it was the painful duty of him and less playful officers to dress up every New Year's morning and attend the lieutenant-governor's official levee in Fredericton. But Fraser, with a straight face, persuaded his fellow officers that since Fredericton was officially "the poet's corner of Canada," and since Alden Nowlan was officially the writer-in-residence at the University of New Brunswick, protocol demanded they attend Nowlan's levee as well. Which they

A thundering, glittering, foot-stomping success



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DAVID NICHOLS

Fraser "rubs some people the wrong way"

did. Every New Year's morning for years. The joke became a tradition. Nowlan, who has high respect for Fraser as both a drinking buddy and authority on military history, usually presided in his pyjamas.

Fraser is trim, chunky, cocky, irrepressible. His hair is straight, stringy, grey, his glasses silver-rimmed, his manner so full of gee-whiz enthusiasm that, if he had a squeaky voice, you might mistake him for hockey commentator Howie Meeker. His strut has less to do with self-importance than with energy. "I have to keep busy," he says. "If I'm not busy, I get treasonous. I tend to get into trouble." If it's true that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, then Fraser could not have asked for better protection from evil than regular orders to whip tattoos into shape. Each show has a cast of more than 700 and, as just one example of the ordnance challenge, the lighting for the 1980 tattoo required the introduction to the Halifax Metro Centre of no less than eight miles of special cable.

Tattoos were not always spectacles. The word comes from the Dutch *taptoe*, meaning "turn off the tap on the cask," or, more loosely, "shut up." By the 17th century, it had come to mean a distinctive drum beat in the evening to order soldiers out of taverns and into their garrisons. Variations of the word popped up in armies all over Europe, and its intention was already clear in 1644 when a British colonel made this ruling: "If anyone shall bee found tiplinge or drinke in any Taverne, Inne or Alehouse after the hour of nyne of the clock at night, when the Tap-too beates, hee shall pay 2s 6."

A tattoo, in short, was simply a drum's way of announcing, "Time,

lighting, swirling costumes, sound effects, props, fantasy, and even such gimmicks as dry-ice mist. He gave each tattoo a historical theme that meant more to most audiences than the old hup-two-three and oom-pah-pah but, at the same time, his tattoos never lost their military flavor. The results, he insists with becoming immodesty, are the world's best tattoos. They are popular entertainment aimed not at culture-vultures but at "the sort of guy who'd take the wife and kids out to watch a street parade. That's the type of cat we're reaching, and that's 90% of the population."

When Fraser brags, he's bragging not for himself but for the army. "I don't think for one second," he says, "that anyone but the military could pull off one of these shows. . . . The great thing about the military is that you never have to tell anyone twice that something has to be done. They're also intensely loyal. They're not out for themselves. They're great team people. . . . We took on the '79 tattoo for the Gathering of the Clans on almost no notice. We worked day and night for more than four months. We never stopped."

Fraser was only 27, a platoon commander with the 2nd Battalion, The Black Watch, Gaagetown, N.B., when he took on his first tattoo. He remembers that "an incredible brigadier, one of the greatest military brains I've ever met, decided in '59 that he wanted to put on a historical military pageant in the Lady Beaverbrook rink in Fredericton. His name was Bob Moncel, and he wanted this production to raise money for IODE charities up there." Fraser had been supplementing his army pay by writing CBC radio plays — including a series about a Nova Scotia village which boasted not only numerous drunkards but also "the

gents. Drink up." By the 18th century, however, it had become something more. In 1742, when English author Horace Walpole said, "One loves a review and a tattoo," he was thinking of what the Oxford dictionary calls "a military entertainment consisting of an elaboration of the tattoo by extra music and performance of exercises by troops, generally at night and by torch or other artificial light."

The modern, Canadian, Ian Fraser contribution to all this was to complement the military show with a pit band, dramatic

Sir John A. Macdonald chapter" of the temperance society — and Moncel had heard a couple. That slender connection to show biz was enough for him. Young Fraser, he decided, was just the chap to produce the tattoo. Moreover, it didn't hurt Fraser's chance at all that, while earning his BA at Acadia University, he'd majored in history and English. (Halifax-born and New Glasgow-bred, Fraser only joined the army after discovering that, if he did, it would pay his way through Acadia.)

It was Moncel who dreamed up the formula for jazzed-up tattoos that Ian Fraser has been using off and on for 22 years, not only to earn thunderous applause for the armed forces but also to arouse pride of country among Canadians from coast to coast. That first tattoo was called "Soldiers of the Queen," and it was a local smash hit. Even so worldly a critic as Lord Beaverbrook loved it.

The army remembered.

In 1962 when Fraser was a machine-gun instructor at Camp Borden, it fingered him to team up with the RCMP Musical Ride to produce "The Canadian Tattoo" at the Seattle World's Fair. The show was to occur on a clay football field, but exactly one day before opening night, heavy rain had turned the field into a foot-deep quagmire. With the bluff, bravado, and bulldozing that would later earn Fraser enemies in Halifax, he persuaded the Fair's American brass to pave the entire field within 24 hours. This feat made the front page of *Variety* magazine, and the tattoo turned out to be the most popular show of the entire fair. "Its theme was that Canada was neither French nor English but a combination of the best of both," Fraser recalls. For only a second, he looks uncharacteristically sad. "We actually believed that then."

By 1964, Fraser was at the Defence Services Staff College, Nilgiris, South India. He'd had enough of show business and when word came that he must now do or die in the cause of a gargantuan tattoo to celebrate Canada's coming centennial, he wrote a long letter in which he tried to refuse the assignment. (Sometimes, even among the military, one apparently does have to ask twice to get a man to do something.) The letter didn't work. His superior officer, the boss of all armed forces centennial-year demonstrations, was Brig. Charles Andrew Peck of Hillsborough, N.B. "I just told him that this was the kind of show we wanted," Peck recalls. "Then I left him alone, and let him go to it."

But first, Peck and Fraser toured Europe, picking brains of tattoo authorities in London, Edinburgh, France, Italy. What Fraser eventually came up with, Peck now says, "was better than any of them." Fraser, for his part, is still grateful to Peck for stoutly resisting pressure from Canadians who

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DAVID NICHOLS

A long way from "Time, gentlemen"

feared mere Canadians would bungle the job and therefore wanted to get British experts to run Canada's tattoo.

In the end, Fraser and friends made the Greatest Show on Earth look like a two-bit carnival. Their tattoo was easily the biggest chunk of live entertainment in the history of Canada, and those who remember the sweet optimism of 1967 will also remember the triumph of the tattoo, the special trains and trucks that criss-crossed prairies and valleys, snaked beside rivers and coasts, brought small, medium, large and massive versions of the show to a nation that suddenly had a century to celebrate. "We sold out everywhere," Fraser recalls. "We probably engendered more pride and patriotism than anything we'd done since the Second World War."

Fraser, of course, was at Expo '67 on the night of July 1 when 1,700 performers from the various travelling tattoos got together for the mightiest tattoo of all. "Jesus," he recalls, "the audience response was just mind-boggling. . . . There were 500 musicians in the finale and, at the end, you could hear this huge, strange, human noise. It was like a great humming, but it was really tens of thousands of Canadians, all on their feet and all singing, 'O Canada.' You couldn't make out the words because they were singing in two languages. . . . I tell you, we may not have been a nation since, but we sure as hell were a nation that night."

As '67 died, the tattoo died. For 11 happy years, Ian Fraser revelled in soldiering. In the mid-Seventies, he commanded the crack Canadian Airborne Regiment. He never loved work more: "You got paid for climbing mountains and skiing. They were incredible soldiers. They'd do anything, try anything. They were tough as nails, and they had great *esprit*." Desk-bound in Halifax now, tattoo-bound yet again, he says, "My military career really stopped when I left the Airborne Regiment. There's a bond

there, and once you're taken away from it you really tend to miss it."

It was shortly after he arrived at Maritime Command in 1978 that "a chap comes in and says, 'I'm going to do a tattoo for the Gathering of the Clans next summer and I'll need your help.' I listened to this guy talk, and I got this ominous feeling that something familiar was going to happen to me." Sure enough, the word came down from the top: *Col. Fraser, it's time you did another tattoo*. In the hectic spring of '79, Fraser taught some Halifax bureaucrats just how overbearing a determined colonel could be. "I wasn't going to let anyone stand in my way," he cheerily recalls. "I was going rough shod over everyone. I made a lot of enemies."

Keith Lewis, general manager of the Metro Centre, remembers only too well: "He wanted to have a certain amount of lighting and stage installed by a certain date, but the building simply wasn't available. We had a national convention of nurses and dieticians here, and we had to tell him the building was already rented. Well, he wouldn't take that. He went to the provincial government, and they brought in the nurses, and there was a compromise. The province paid the nurses for a certain amount of inconvenience. It cost the taxpayers a small fortune. . . . Well then he sort of cheated. He had men in there working while the convention was still on, and the nurses complained to us. . . . He gets his way by barrelling through. . . . Having spent 20 years in the service myself, I'm accustomed to that sort of man. I was going to say he has a complete disregard for the wants and concerns of others, but that's a little harsh. . . . let's just say he gets the job done but he rubs many the wrong way."

He didn't rub Louis Stephen the wrong way, however. The tattoos in Halifax are offspring of a unique marriage between National Defence and the

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Nova Scotia government, and Stephen was the senior provincial bureaucrat in the partnership. Yes, he conceded, Fraser did "a lot of things people didn't particularly like in '79 but he got the job so late he had to charge up the hill like Teddy Roosevelt. And he did it. He's a doer. He sets himself a crucial path, and he sticks to it. He's businesslike." He also freely shares the glory of his tattoo with other officers, such as the production manager, Major George Tibbetts; civilians, such as chief designer Robert Doyle; and, indeed, literally hundreds of other military and civilians who, every spring and summer now, hurl themselves into the production frenzy. As nerves fray and tempers explode, Fraser tells them, "You can hate me for five minutes."

Unlike tattoos the rest of the world over, the Nova Scotia productions use civilians both backstage and as singers, dancers, actors, gymnasts, musicians. Fraser somehow gets them working so smoothly with the military performers that the tattoos invariably sell out, win raves. Harry Flemming, a Halifax journalist not normally given to gushing enthusiasm, had this to say: "The Nova Scotia Tattoo 1980 is, quite simply, the best of its kind I've ever seen, and that includes the world-renowned Edinburgh Military Tattoo. Col. Fraser has outdone himself. It's hard to see how he and the hundreds of others who've worked under his direction can possibly top their current efforts. I just want to be there when they try."

They'll be trying June 27 to 30 at the Halifax Metro Centre, and it shouldn't surprise anyone to hear that the pushy tattoo-master of Canada has a couple of tricks up his striped sleeve that no tattoo, anywhere, has ever dared attempt. As every damn good soldier knows, nothing beats a surprise attack.



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Sam, the super-charged rock man

After 17 years, he's still a high-voltage performer — and finally getting the recognition that shows he's more than just another night club act

By Brian Seaman

On this drizzly Wednesday night in April, the cavernous Misty Moon Cabaret is almost empty. But a few dozen patrons are getting their money's worth: Sam Moon is bouncing around the stage — all six feet, 225 pounds of him — with joyful abandon, blasting out a pulsing song about a free-loving, bar-hopping woman. People near the

dance floor can't resist the lure of the music; they rush for the floor, joining a somewhat demented-looking man who's dancing by himself in a tight circle. He's still shaking and swinging his arms when Moon breaks into a song about a man trapped in love in a hopeless, one-sided relationship. Moon's cherubic face, partly hidden by a bushy black beard and a mane of hair, is a mask of intensity. The other band members — from the wild man in black leather pants attacking the electric organ to the female backup singer — complement his driving energy. "I'm a hostage for you, baby," he wails. "I'm a hostage for you, girl."

At 33, after 17 years in the entertainment business, Sam Moon still has the energy to keep producing, night after night, the high-voltage act that's helped make him one of the best-loved rock singers in the region. He performs mostly in Nova Scotia, his home province, but he also spends weeks at a time on the road, travelling to gigs throughout the region and beyond. In nine years, he's taken only one vacation — a trip to Florida.

The payoff came last year, when Halifax's rock FM station, C-100, named him regional winner of national music poll for entertainer of the year, based on a phone survey and ballots cast in record stores. His first album,

New Moon, released in April, 1982, was on C-100's play list for 43 weeks, and closed the year as their number nine album.

"I feel pretty good about the last couple of years," Moon says.

"Chartwise," he says of *New Moon*, "it was the most successful Maritime album. It said, 'Hey, Sam Moon is more than a club act.'" The record didn't make him a rich man. "It probably cost us to do. It didn't earn millions, but the whole idea of the album was to have a good Maritime album that sold my music."

The frenetic pace of recording, performing and touring doesn't seem to bother him. "I enjoy the organized



Moon in a rare, quiet moment at home

disorder of this lifestyle," he says over a mug of coffee in his Young Avenue apartment. He's recharging today after a road trip — lounging amid a pile of thick cushions on a sofa, wearing a long, blue bathrobe and a T-shirt bearing a faded picture of Farrah Fawcett.

Moon shares a three-bedroom flat in a huge, three-storey house with a provincial civil servant and two cats. He and his room-mate get a good deal on the rent, Moon says, because they shovel out the driveway in winter and keep the crabgrass beaten down the rest of the year. Moon doesn't have much time for working around the house, though, or for relaxing in his plant-filled living room, because he's away most of the time. His life revolves around playing and rehearsing. "I don't really have much time for extra recreational things, other than the odd poker game," he says. And maybe the odd hockey game. He plays goal for the Black Street Aces, a Halifax-based, private men's club that raises money for charity.

His other major interest is his girlfriend, Dana Kaiser, a 22-year-old filing clerk who comes from Port Bickerton, N.S. They've been an item for the past three years, but Moon says marriage is not in his plans for the near future. Career comes first. "I've dedicated myself to this for 15 years," he says. "It was there first."

Moon has had the music bug ever since he was a child growing up in Sydney, N.S. He was born Richard Boudreau, the youngest of four chil-

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Moon says, was a critical growing time. "I learned a lot from Minglewood. He was very influential in all aspects of travelling the road and performing. I wouldn't have got to this point without learning a lot from him." In the early Seventies, using Vancouver as a base, Moon and Minglewood toured as far afield as Kodiak, Alaska.

Moon left Minglewood in 1974 and returned to Cape Breton, where he formed a new group from former members of The Battery. He also did some work with Ram and, in 1980, he jammed with former members of Sun Machine to record the *New Moon* album.

The songs on that album say a lot about Moon's attitude to life. They are simple tunes about lonely people going out to bars searching for love and kicks, about men in love, about a dying relationship between a man and a woman, about instant desire in strangers' eyes on a crowded street. And, although Moon says he doesn't like writing about himself, there's a song called "Dr. Rock and Roll" that's very autobiographical. In it, he expresses a nostalgic yearning for earlier days — one-night stands and free-living on the road. It was the kind of life he led before maturity caught up with him. "I don't get drunk in public anymore," he says,

dren. His father, who worked for the Ideal Ice Cream Co., used to entertain friends at parties, playing the violin and mouth organ. A sister played the piano and sang. It was, Moon's mother, Evelyn Boudreau, says, "a happy home, a decent house." But tragedy struck the family twice. One of Moon's sisters died young of colitis, and his only brother drowned in a nearby creek at age 2 1/2. Their deaths, Moon says, "gave me a sense of life and death. I think about them from time to time. It's good to draw some inspiration from that."

Moon acquired his first guitar at age five, and he began practising seriously on it when he was about 12. Then, Leo Lynch, manager of the ice cream plant, offered his home basement as a rehearsal studio for his son, Tommy, Moon and some of their friends. By the time he was 15, Moon and friends were playing basement concerts for local fans. And he'd come up with his stage name. "A bunch of us got together and tossed out suggestions for stage names, and somebody came up with Sam Moon."

The name stuck through numerous changes in bands over the next 17 years. First came a group called The Id, which played in Sydney high schools in 1966. Then there was a band called Sam Moon and the New Broom (the name, Moon says, came from a Jimi Hendrix song about a new broom sweeping away a corrupt society). In 1969, he formed Moon-Minglewood and the Universal Power with Matt Minglewood, another Cape Breton rocker who's made a name for himself. The next five years,



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with a grin.

His songs, he says, are "little stories. A song is a little novel or a short story, in a sense. . . . I sort of relate to the people on the street." The songs on his second album, which he expects to release in the early fall, will contain many of the same themes as the first, although he says he'd like to write some tunes "that have a message for people." But, whether or not he moves into writing social comment, his priority is to give listeners solid rock they can dance to. This comes from a healthy respect for his audience, who are mostly students and working people in their 20s and 30s. "A lot of concert bands have a hipper-than-thou attitude," he says. "If people want to get up and boogie, then great. I've always resented groups that dictated to audiences."

His outlook as a singer and as a person ("I treat people with respect and respect their beliefs or non-beliefs — I wouldn't try to get someplace on somebody else's shoulders") was fostered, he says, by his parents, whom he names as the greatest influences in his life. "They weren't educated or well-off people," he says. "But they had a good sense of what would happen in my life. They had a really good philosophy: Do the best at whatever you do. Don't hurt anybody. Look on the bright side, and have some commitments and guidelines to follow.

Real basic stuff that's overlooked in some families. We had a richness that wasn't based on wealth."

He remains close to his mother (his father died of pneumonia in 1979). "He calls me most every Sunday night, or I'll call him," his mother says. She speaks proudly of Moon ("He's always got a smile. Through thick or thin, he always says there'll be a way"), although she obviously has mixed feelings about his career.

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His father, she says, "wished he'd done something else," and she'd like to see Moon settle down to a nine-to-five routine. "He's getting older," she says. "What's he going to do? I worry about him sometimes."

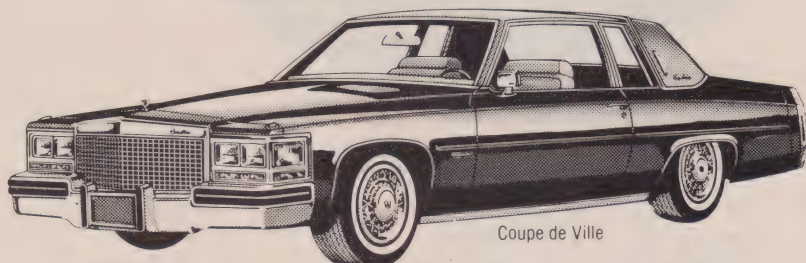
But Sam Moon shows no signs of quitting rock and roll. Or of even slowing down. The friends, the excitement, the attention in the entertainment world are too irresistible for him to consider doing anything else. "It's the rock and roll bandwagon," he laughs.

Besides, he says, it's not really his decision to make. "I think the audience has the say. They decide. You can't push yourself on people. My career is up to them."

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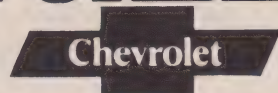


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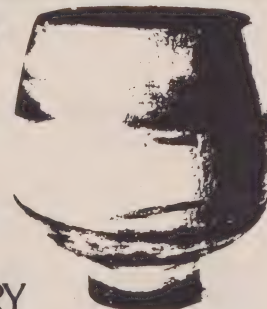


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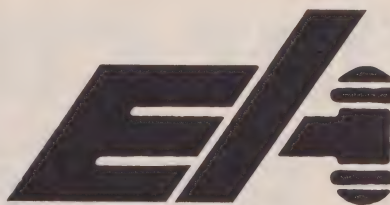
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If you've lived in Metro for years you're conscious, unquestionably, of a lot that's new. One is hearing it referred to as "Metro." Once, it was just Halifax. Then, Halifax-Dartmouth. Or Dartmouth-Halifax, if you preferred — and thousands of residents of the rapidly expanding city on the other side of the harbor did, most certainly, prefer. Later, the suburban communities of Bedford and Sackville grew and grew and "Metro" was born.

Columnist Charles Lynch once described this metropolitan area as one of the most livable cities in Canada. *CityStyle*'s aim is to reflect the combination of old and new, fast and slow, vivid and muted qualities that make it so. Those are the qualities that, in a cover story on Halifax published in *Atlantic Insight* last July, writer Harry Bruce described as making him feel "absolutely sure that something good is waiting for me out there."

What makes the city special to you could be anything — or many things. Its parks and lakes. The special events, concerts and shows we list every month in the Gadabout department. A place to eat (maybe one of the sandwich spots reviewed in this issue). People.

We want to know what you think. We especially want to know the kinds of stories you'd like to read in *CityStyle*, the people in the community you want to know more about.

We'd like to know something else too. As the city moves toward what's expected to be a period of growth that will bring many changes, we'd like to know what kind of city you want to

live in. We're interested in what bothers you, as well as what pleases you, about the way you see Metro developing.

In the months to come, if your response shows that it would make good sense, we'd like to introduce a Forum department in *CityStyle*. Those of you who are regular readers of *Atlantic Insight* will already be familiar with our Feedback department. It provides space where readers can react to the stories we've published, whether they like them or hate them.

In *CityStyle*, we'd like to expand that department to give you, as Metro readers, the opportunity to react not just to what we've published (though

that's fine, too) but to what you see happening in your city. If it's something that's bothered you, tickled you, exasperated you, made you proud or anxious, we'd like to know about it.

CityStyle, as it says in the headline, is your style. Let us know what you think by writing to The Editor, *CityStyle*, c/o *Atlantic Insight*, 1656 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2.

Marilyn MacDonald

When in Dartmouth . . .

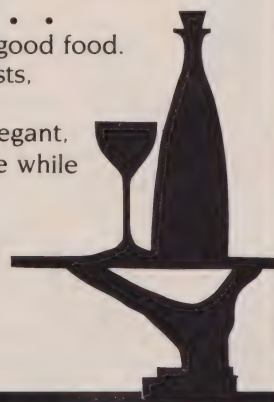
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Continued from page 8



Sir James Dunn Theatre. June 28-July 3. Brudair Productions presents *Elizabeth and Mary* at the Dalhousie Arts Centre. Written by Peter Chilver, this two-hour drama centres on the lives of Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots. North American première. Matinees on Friday and Sunday at 2 p.m. Showtimes 8 p.m. For more information, phone 424-2233.

ART GALLERIES

Anna Leonowens Gallery (N.S. College of Art & Design) — To June 19: Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen exhibit works from their permanent collection. June 20-26: Les Sasaki and Glen MacKinnon: Installation. June 27-July 3: Gallery One. Rosamund Owen: Installation. Gallery Two. John Doull, paintings. 1889 Granville St., 422-7381, Ext. 184. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11-5; Thurs., 11-9; Sun., 11-3.

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia — June 1-July 26: (Main Gallery) Recent acquisitions and a selection from the permanent collection. Paintings, prints, drawings, folk art and sculpture. Approximately 60 works. *Atlantic Print Exhibition:* (Second Floor Gallery) Exhibition of 40 prints by Atlantic Canada printmakers (10 from each of the four Atlantic provinces). Art Gallery of N.S.,

Coburg Road. 424-7542. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 10-5:30; Thurs., till 9; Sun., 12-5:30.

Dalhousie Art Gallery — To June 5: *Selections from the Westburne Collection.* Organized and circulated by the Edmonton Art Gallery, includes works by Jack Bush, David Bolduc, Otto Rogers and others. June 9-July 31: An exhibition of 19 pieces by multi-media artist Robin Collyer. Organized by the Agnes Etherington Art Centre, Kingston, Ont. *Drawings by Sculptors.* Presentation of drawings in the last 10 years by sculptors such as George Segal, Sol LeWitt and Tim Whiten. Organized and circulated by the Surrey Art Gallery. University Ave., Dalhousie campus. 424-2403. Hours: Tues.-Fri., 11-5; Sat.-Sun., 1-5.

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery — June 4 & 5: *Visual Arts Nova Scotia.* A non-juried exhibition of paintings, sculpture, stained glass and prints by its members. June 9-July 3: (Downstairs) *Three Canadian Fibre Artists.* Gregor, Rousseau-Vermette and Staniszkis. (Upstairs) *Of Trees: Recent Landscape.* Paintings by Philip Willey, Wolfville, N.S.

Opening: Suzanne Swannie, textile artist. June 9: 8:30 p.m. MSVU Gallery, Bedford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon.-Fri. 9-5; Tues. till 9; Sat. & Sun., 12-5.

Saint Mary's University Art Gallery — To June 15: *The Philography of Motion,* poster-size photographs and accompanying text by photographer Francis Coutellier and philosopher Serge Morin. 429-9780. Hours: Tues.-Thurs., 1-7; Fri., 1-5; Sat. & Sun., 2-4.

TUNS, School of Architecture Gallery — To June 11: Annual show of Atlantic Association of Amateur Artists. June 13-24: Atlantic Woodworker's Association exhibition of furniture and cabinet work. Spring Garden Road, 429-8300. Mon.-Fri., 9-5.

MUSEUMS

Dartmouth Heritage Museum — June 13-July 4: Exhibition of 30 watercolors by Nora Gross involving Cole Harbour heritage. To June 13: Paintings by Louise Clancey. Approximately 30 works in oils. 100 Wyse Road, 421-2300. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9-9; Sat., 9-5; Sun., 2-5.

Nova Scotia Museum — Through June: *Specimens of China Brought to the Colonies by the Early Settlers, particularly the Loyalists.* Includes 363 pieces of pottery and porcelain of English and Chinese origin. Consisting mostly of tableware, this collection is believed to be the oldest collection of ceramics in Canada. 1747 Summer St., 429-4610. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9:30-5:30; Sun., 1-5:30.

MOVIES

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. For more information about the Dalhousie Sunday Film Series call 424-2298.

June 5: *Smiles of a Summer Night.* 1955, Ingmar Bergman. English sub-titles.

June 12: *Lawrence of Arabia* starring Peter O'Toole in this Academy Award-winning epic. June 26: *Slave of Love*, a 1981 comedy-tragedy by Russian director Nikita Mikhailov. English sub-titles. 8 p.m.

National Film Board. June 11-12: *The Marriage of Maria Braun.* An award-winning drama by Fassbinder. Times: 7 & 9:30 p.m.

June 18-19: *My Brilliant Career.* A 1980 Australian film starring Judy Davis. This comedy-drama will be shown at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

June 2-5: *Burden of Dreams.* This Les Blank documentary revolves around the making of *Fitzcarraldo* by Werner Herzog. Featuring Mick Jagger. Times: 7 and 9:30 p.m. NFB screenings held at 1657 Barrington St. For more information, call 426-6010.

Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema. June 1-2: *Gregory's Girl.* This 1981 comedy will be shown at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

June 3-5: *Our Hitler*, a 10-hour docudrama running in conjunction with Dalhousie Arts Centre. June 6: A Film Night sponsored by the Atlantic Filmmaker's Co-op. Open. Screenings will begin around 7:30 p.m.; June 7-9: *The World According to Garp.* Directed by George Roy Hill and starring Robin Williams. 7 & 9:30 p.m.; June 10-16: *Let's Spend the Night Together.* Hal Ashby's documentary on the recent Rolling Stones U.S. tour. 7 & 9:30 p.m.; June 17-19: *Muddy River.* A 1981 Japanese drama with English sub-titles. 7 & 9:30 p.m.; June 21-23: *2001, a Space Odyssey;* 7 & 9:30 p.m.; June 24-30: *Best of the Best of the Cannes Advertising Awards.* (Advertising Films). 7 & 9:30 p.m. For more information, phone 422-3700. 1588 Barrington St.

SPORTS

Track & Field — June 3-4: Nova Scotia School Athletic Federation (NSSAF). Provincial championships, Beazley Field, Dartmouth. For more info., call 425-5450.

June 12: Warm Up Meet #3. Open competition at St. Mary's Stadium, Halifax, 2 p.m. 425-5450. June 12: Halifax-Herald 10 mile open roadrace. Begins at noon. For more info., call Aerobics First 423-1470. June 22: Twilight Meet #1, St. Mary's Stadium, Halifax. 6:30 p.m. 425-5450. June 26: 5th Annual Federal Savings Run. A-long and Bed Race. This 5-mile run is sponsored by the Credit Union, Halifax. Begins 9 a.m. with proceeds to the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children. Call 453-4280.

Canoeing — June 10-11: Junior and Senior Division Trial Races on Lake Banook in Dartmouth. 5:30 p.m. on Friday, and 9 a.m. on Saturday. June 12: Arthur Weston Trophy Race. A 10-mile portage race on Lake Banook, Dartmouth. 1 p.m. June 26: Status Regatta (40 sprint races) in midget, juvenile, junior and senior classifications. 10:30 a.m. For more info., call 425-5450.

start. The company of 20 shareholders formed to market the game is entitled to produce it in Canada, England and the United States, and the first run of 25,000 copies is in production. Timmons says it's a game for everybody that involves "80% strategy, 20% luck." With luck on his side, he hopes "to make a million before the end of '84."

Six years ago, **Carol Marks** and **Chip Lawton** of Saint John, N.B., put together a musical group called Bandaid. It did well — until one day lawyers for Johnson & Johnson, makers of those other Band-aids, got sticky about use of the name, which is a company trademark. Then, Marks says, "we had to change the name in a hurry." They did, applying humor and coming up with a new label, J. & J. Quickchange. It turned

content simply to sing somebody else's songs. For her latest project, a book plus cassette, she wrote the romantic ballads and poems, sang and recited them and recorded and published them with her firm, Placentia Recording and Publishing House Inc. Murray, who lived in Ottawa for eight years, moved back to St. John's in April. Since then, she's been promoting her book-cassette, *Portraits in Words and Song*, recording songs for CBC radio and planning a fall tour of the Maritimes. A classically trained singer, she started singing professionally in the late Sixties. "My dream" she says, "is to eventually make a film to accompany the songs."

When **Jim Pittman**, cook on the Lunenburg, N.S., stern-trawler

man has become political, protesting what he calls the heavy-handed way fisheries officers treated him and his shipmates during a check of licences. He's also become more widely known: After appearing at last year's Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition in Lunenburg, he was asked to perform this winter at the Folk Life Festival in Gloucester, Mass. But he hasn't lost his fascination with the sea and the men who work on it. His latest project is a musical commentary on, of all things, a government document — the report of the Kirby task force on the fisheries.

Newfoundland painter and sculptor **Frank Lapointe** has developed a unique way to tell the province's history. Using old postcard messages and photographs collected from across the province, he depicts in a series of handmade lithographs some of the events that have touched the lives of the island's residents — the wreck of the sealing vessel *Greenland*, the opening of the St. Lawrence fluorspar mine and the death at sea of Captain P. Powers, a whaling skipper who was forced during the Depression to take a job on a not-so-safe U.S. vessel.



JAMES WILSON

Left to right: Elaine Hattie, Carol Marks, Leo Abbass, Chips Lawton, Shirley Worth

out to be "the best thing that ever happened to us," Marks says. The five-piece dance band, which plays across the musical spectrum and is heavy on vocals, is in steady demand for clubs, hotel and convention dates. "We try to come across as a clean-cut, fun group," Mark says. "We relate to each other and we talk to the people." Comedy and "joking around" are part of the routine too, but not unkind cuts. No need for Band-aids of any kind.

It's not going to be easy, and I have no illusions of making it rich," says Newfoundland singer **Anne-Marie Murray**, 38, "but at least with my own company, I can call my work my own." Unlike most entertainers, Murray's not

Cape Beaver, goes below after a hard day's work in the galley, he takes up his pen and turns to writing verse, some of which he sets to music. Pittman, known as the Singing Cook of Lunenburg, went to sea at an early age, left for other jobs, including a 17-year stint as an Ottawa policeman, and then returned to his native Lunenburg and a job on the National Sea Products' stern-trawler. He began writing songs, he says, when he found his mind "filling with all kinds of inspiration from the men around me. Underneath their iron exterior lies a heart of marshmallow." His early attempts at verse, published in the local weekly newspaper, told of the sadness of a fisherman and his family about their many days spent apart. Recently, Pitt-



BUCHHEIT/PHOTON

Lapointe: A unique view of Nfld. history

The 660 prints took three years to make and have been exhibited in galleries across Canada and New York. Lapointe says he feels the prints are more honest than most textbooks about the island's history. "The messages are simple," he says, "just ordinary things that people write about to their friends. But they tell you how people felt at the time, and that's not always included in history books." Lapointe, who lives in St. Michaels, is also an accomplished watercolorist, sculptor and photographer and a budding architect. His slide show, *Pond*, a collection of 4,000 photographs, was bought recently by the National Film Board. It will be shown this summer at the Newfoundland Sound Symposium in St. John's.

The asbestos time bomb

The first cases of cancer and asbestosis are showing up among the 1,800 miners who were exposed to high asbestos dust levels at Baie Verte, Nfld. Some people believe there's much worse to come

By Bonnie Woodworth

It's hard to hear Tom Fitzgerald on the telephone. His voice is raspy, and he coughs all the time, like a man with

ner Brook, Nfld., is recovering from cancer of the larynx, a disease the Workers' Compensation Board said could be directly related to his job in an

believe them. He says he still has a lot of pain, and his own doctors tell him it will be another four or five years before they know for sure if he's cured.

Fitzgerald is one of 1,800 workers who were exposed to unsafe dust levels at the Baie Verte asbestos mine when it was under the management of Johns-Manville, the largest asbestos producer in the world and, until recently, a company with a reputation as a fine corporate citizen.

J-M's headquarters is Denver, Colo., but its asbestos mines and mills are scattered all over the globe, in Europe, Asia, South America, the U.S. and Canada. When the company arrived in Newfoundland in the early Sixties, Baie Verte was a tiny community of 600, whose residents made a subsistence living by logging.

J-M changed all that. Within 10 years of the mine's opening in 1963, the town's population grew to 2,500. Schools and a hospital were built. J-M donated land and money for a community centre and paid 45% of the town's expenses. Baie Verte prospered.

But that didn't last. A landslide at the mine in 1977 cut into the company's profits. Medical researchers started exposing health hazards from the dust. And in 1981, J-M claimed bankruptcy.

The company left the province overnight. And, although the Newfoundland government has since appointed a new mine operator, TransPacific Asbestos Co. Ltd. of Toronto, the work force is down to 140, compared to 650 under J-M.

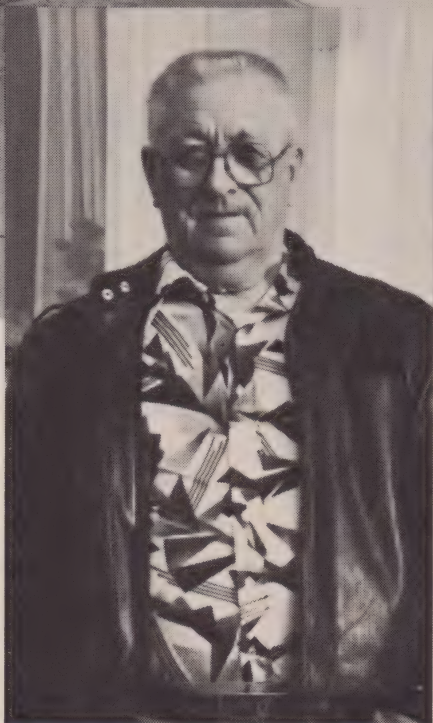
And the 15-year period during which J-M allowed workers to be exposed to high dust levels is starting to cost them their health. (Environment Canada found in a 1976 survey that asbestos fibre concentrations in the air in some places at Baie Verte were nine times greater than the Canadian safety standard of two fibres per cubic centimetre.) Martin Saunders, president of Local 7713 of the United Steelworkers of America in Baie Verte, predicts that many more cases like Fitzgerald's will emerge in the next decade. "They kept us in the dark for years," he says of his former employer. "They knew the dust was killing us, but they didn't tell anyone."

Asbestos, the white miracle fibre that's used to fireproof ships, wallboard, pipes and toasters, can be fatal when swallowed or inhaled over long periods. Asbestosis, a scarring of the lungs, and cancer are the diseases most commonly associated with asbestos dust exposure. The incidence of lung cancer in asbestos workers who smoke is especially high, 60 times greater than in the general population.

Saunders says several employees are already showing symptoms of asbestosis. When the disease's latent period ends,



PHOTOS BY DAVID BALL



Fitzgerald's cancer was diagnosed early

a bad chest cold. "I guess I got a dirty deal from Johns-Manville," he says, his voice trembling. "I thought my cancer was cured after that operation. But I still can't talk sometimes. My throat dries out and I feel like I'm suffocating."

Fitzgerald, now 65 and living in Cor-

Baie Verte asbestos mine opened in 1963

asbestos mine-mill operation at Baie Verte. Fitzgerald was a mine millwright for 15 years, working in dust so thick "you couldn't see two feet in front of you most of the time."

Canadian Johns-Manville Co. Ltd. (J-M), the mine's manager and part-owner, eventually installed equipment to control the dust. But that was only after employees went on a three-month strike in 1978 to protest the health hazards. The company cleaned up dust levels, but it was too late for Tom Fitzgerald. In March 1979, company doctors discovered he had cancer of the larynx, and J-M terminated his employment.

Unable to perform the simplest of tasks — even climbing stairs was labor for him — Fitzgerald received workers' compensation disability benefits until last year, when an operation arrested his cancer. At least that's the opinion of the board's doctors. Fitzgerald doesn't

sometime within the next 10 years, the numbers will increase."

Fitzgerald was the first worker to develop a disease that could be connected to the mill's dust levels. And his cancer was diagnosed early. Normally it takes 20 to 40 years after a person has started working with asbestos before doctors can discover a malignancy.

A medical survey of the Baie Verte workers in 1977 showed that 10% of the 485 men examined had chest x-ray abnormalities of the kind generally associated with asbestos diseases. When the abnormal x-rays were grouped according to how long the employees had worked at the plant, the percentages increased to 15% for workers with 10 years exposure and 31% for those who had been there 15 years or more.

The study's author, Dr. Irving Selikoff, warned that more abnormalities would become evident in time; these were just the tip of the iceberg.

Selikoff, director of the Environment Sciences Laboratory at Mt. Sinai School of Medicine in New York, was asked to carry out the Baie Verte survey by the Steelworkers' national office. Considered the world's leading authority on asbestos diseases, he exposed the hazards of asbestos in the U.S. in 1964 when he discovered a high incidence of cancer and asbestosis among insulation workers at Paterson, N.J.

Since the 1977 study, 20 more employees at Baie Verte have developed x-ray changes, according to Dr. David Butler-Jones, the physician in charge of yearly medicals at the mine. Butler-Jones says the x-rays show deteriorating pulmonary functions, which he feels could be early symptoms of lung cancer. "We're monitoring the men closely and have referred them to the Workers' Compensation Board for assessment," he says. "But at this stage, there's nothing the board can do since the men aren't disabled." All 20 are now back on the job.

Ed Maynard, the board's chairman, is trying to organize a follow-up study of the 1,800 workers who were employed with J-M so the board will have some idea of its future financial obligations. So far, he hasn't made much progress. Even the guidelines for the study are taking months to complete. "It's not just tracking down the men that's a problem," Maynard says, "even though many of them are no longer living in Newfoundland. Where do we start once we find them?" Asbestos poisoning is not always related to length of exposure. Some people develop asbestos diseases after only a few months of exposure. Others can work in asbestos jobs all their lives and never get sick.

Six months ago, the board discovered its first case of mesothelioma, a rare tumor that attacks the lining of the lungs and stomach, causing its victims to either suffocate or starve to death. The victim, who has since died, worked only a couple

of days with asbestos, tearing down a warehouse full of insulation in Corner Brook. That was his only exposure to the fibre. (Mesothelioma, the most lethal of all asbestos diseases, occurs only when the body absorbs asbestos dust.)

Two years ago, the union attempted a follow-up medical survey on the 485 workers Selikoff examined in 1977. It never got off the ground. The union insisted Selikoff do the study to ensure that the same research techniques were used as in the earlier survey. But the Newfoundland government refused to fund it unless another physician, Dr. Harry Edstrom of St. John's, conducted the medical examinations with Selikoff. The government said it wanted a second opinion. The union felt the province was trying to undermine Selikoff's findings. And in the uproar, the study was shelved.

Maynard says Edstrom eventually put together some rough estimates of the future compensation claims expected from Baie Verte. But he says the projections were conservative, because Edstrom didn't have enough information. The union wouldn't allow the St. John's doctor to examine the workers, and he had to rely on J-M for the employees' medical histories.

***"Environment Canada
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This mistrust between the province and the union started in the 1978 strike and has been kept alive by what employees see as a government cover-up of health problems at Baie Verte. Bill Parsons, president of the Newfoundland and Labrador Federation of Labor, says the province tried to discredit Selikoff's findings during the strike, even though the medical proof was obvious. At J-M's older asbestos mines and plants, such as those at Asbestos, Que., and Manville, N.J., death rates from asbestos-related diseases had been well documented by the late Seventies. For instance, in 544 Quebec asbestos miners exposed to heavy dust levels and monitored between 1961 and 1973, deaths from cancer were almost twice as high as in the general population. Deaths from respiratory di-

seases, such as pneumonia and asbestosis, were four times as high.

Parsons says the province's decision to intervene in the follow-up study — as well as the fact that some of J-M's former management employees are working for the government as safety officers at the mine — suggests that it wants to hide the health problems. "The government sold its soul to J-M for the sake of jobs," he says. "They could have regulated dust levels at the mine long ago, but they chose not to."

Ken Bradbury, a mine inspector in the Labor Department, maintains that the union blew Selikoff's report out of proportion. J-M's operation at Baie Verte, he says, was always clean and well run. Bradbury is a former industrial relations officer for J-M.

Saunders believes that the government's apparent sanction of the dust conditions at Baie Verte stems from ignorance.

"I honestly don't think the bureaucrats or politicians understood the problem," he says. "And J-M wasn't going to tell them about the dangers, that's for sure."

Saunders, who himself has symptoms of asbestosis, says J-M is the real culprit. Evidence is now emerging in the United States, where J-M is being sued for millions of dollars in damages by former asbestos workers, that the company knew about the hazards of asbestos as early as the 1930s but suppressed the information. Even J-M's own insurers have refused to pay the claims, alleging negligence and fraud by the company.

Saunders says Baie Verte miners had to work in unsafe dust levels long after pollution equipment had been installed at the company's U.S. plants. Lunchrooms and wash houses for the Baie Verte miners weren't built until 1979, a decade after their U.S. counterparts had them. And a sprinkler system for the mountain of tailings that hovers menacingly over Baie Verte didn't arrive until just a few years ago.

"J-M's double standards were unethical," says Butler-Jones, "but it usually takes somebody to push multinationals before they will act, and in Newfoundland there was no one until 1978."

The union is also angry about the way J-M left Newfoundland in 1981 and has taken the company to court. Saunders says J-M didn't give employees proper layoff notice and owes them \$1.3 million in back wages. J-M is arguing that the notice laws don't apply to the company because it went bankrupt unexpectedly.

For Fitzgerald, the union's battles with the province and J-M are irrelevant. They can't bring back his health.

"I was one of J-M's best workers," he says. "The day I won the compensation hearing, the mine's manager came over and shook my hand. He said 'You have a good work record Mr. Fitzgerald. Thank you.'"

The rise and fall of an Acadian star

Only two years ago, P.E.I. singer Angèle Arsenault was knocking 'em dead in Quebec. Not anymore. What happens now?

By Janet Bagnell

In downtown Montreal, in an area where high-tech furniture stores and unsuccessful art galleries crowd into the same 100-year-old buildings, there's a record store called Phantasmagoria. In it, an expanse of white wall is devoted to Quebec's recording stars, who appear, democratically, in alphabetical order.

Angèle Arsenault, the Prince Edward Island singer who made it so big in Quebec that Quebecers appropriated her, is not to be found under the A's. Or the B's. Or the C's. Or in any other unlikely place in the alphabet. Her records, just three of them, are in a solitary, jammed bin in a corner across the room. *En vente. Special.*

Two short years ago, Arsenault was knocking 'em dead in Quebec. She played Montreal's biggest concert hall, Place des Arts, to sellout crowds. She toured across the province, gathering enthusiastic fans and record reviewers in her wake, and her second album, *Libre*, sold more than 300,000 copies.

She was acclaimed as a fresh, witty, warm breeze from Quebec's sister culture, Acadia. Quebec loved her and her funny, simple songs about shopping and dieting and women who'd rather stay in the kitchen than listen to men talk in the living room about sports and sex. After nearly a decade of feeling "the outsider" from the Maritimes, she felt she'd conquered Quebec and been accepted.

Today, after several heartbreaking months watching her latest album, *Paniquez pas pour rien*, sell "a few thousand" copies, Arsenault in fact is panicking, wondering if she's finished.

It's a thought she pushes away.

She thinks she made a mistake in abandoning her English-speaking Maritime following to compose and record only in French. She has a new, jaundiced outlook on Quebec, saying, "Quebec is a very, very small market," and, referring to the province's precarious financial state, "If they're going to drown, I'm not going to drown with them."

She has decided her next album will be in English.

Oh God up in heaven

Do you have a woman?

Does she do your cooking?

She laughs outright after she's sung those three lines. They'll be part of a song on her new album, her English venture. "I was watching my mother tend

to my father when he was dying, and it came to me: Is there a special heaven for women? and I thought, Oh, wow, why not?" She laughs again, throwing you off completely. The anger at women's lot is palpable, and even if you think she's right to feel it, you wish it hadn't surfaced at her father's deathbed. The laughter's like a broom, sweeping away the unspeakable.

Ask directly about her feelings toward her family, and she'll say, not laughing, that they're "wonderful."

Arsenault is a small woman (in "Cinquante ans mariés," a song celebrating her parents' 50th wedding anniversary, she jokes about their family of 14, all under five feet tall) who'll be 40 this year. She's been gone from the Island for 20 years, the last holdout in her family. This year, for the first time since they were all children growing up in Abrams Village, P.E.I., 13 of the 14 Arsenault children will be living in the Maritimes. Their mother, now 73, still lives in Abrams Village. Their father died last November.

"I cannot go back to the Island," Arsenault says. "Montreal is where I work and live. It's my home now." Home specifically is a five-room apartment in

Complexe La Cité, a modern high-rise apartment building in a tight little area of two or three streets where Montreal still divides to some extent between anglophones on the west and francophones on the east. She has conquered the banality of the rooms with her furnishings—a red, lacquered table, magnificent fresh flowers, a handsome pine armoire, under whose antique doors lurks a staggering display of stereo equipment.

Arsenault likes to describe herself as a "simple country girl," who picked up her singing and piano playing as a child in a house where everyone sang, danced and played musical instruments, often simultaneously. Her father, a fisherman and later a house-builder, was one of 16 children, who all could play the fiddle and step-dance. Angèle, the eighth child in her family, usually was one of the eight or 10 Arsenaults who sang at picnics and in church basements as La Famille Arsenault—or as The Arsenault Family when, switching to English, they made their television debut on the *Shur-Gain Amateur Cavalcade* in Charlottetown in 1958.

All 14 Arsenaults went to university on scholarships. "There were so few Acadians on the Island, there were always enough scholarships to go around," Angèle says, laughing again, as always. She went to College Notre-Dame d'Acadie in Moncton, not to study, but "because my teacher at high school had said the college had good music, piano, painting, theatre and dancing. So I went. It sounded like fun."

Her literature teacher at Notre-Dame d'Acadie was Antonine Maillet, the now



"If I don't make money on one record, I can't do the next one"

PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

celebrated author of *La Sagouine* and *Pélagie-la-Charette*. And one of her classmates was Edith Butler, an Acadian from Paquetville in northern New Brunswick, who also has scored a big success in Montreal as a singer. (Once close friends, Arsenault and Butler now don't speak. They once shared the same manager, Lise Aubut. Arsenault left angrily when Aubut wouldn't let her go her own way, and Butler stayed with Aubut.)

After graduating, Arsenault followed one of her teachers to Université Laval in Quebec City, where she took a master of arts in French literature and folkloric traditions. "My research was on the music and traditions, on our oral heritage," she says. "I did a bit of taping of songs older people still sang." The research was "OK for a while, but it wasn't contemporary enough. There's just so much I want to know about what my grandmother sang."

After receiving a bachelor of education in English literature from a Quebec City teachers' college, she taught English for a while. She hated it. "I had to work so hard to prepare my courses. I decided I didn't care whether I had an apartment or money. I wanted to sing."

Her boyfriend became her husband and her manager, and they ate crackers, sardines and Cheez Whiz for five years as they criss-crossed the country while she sang songs by Buffy Ste. Marie and Gilles Vigneault in small cafés and university clubs.

It all fell apart when they moved to Montreal. Her husband couldn't live there. He also wanted a child. He moved back to the Magdalen Islands, and "I took a whole year off just being depressed," Arsenault says. "Then I started to write, and like wow, the whole world opened up. My second record was a big, big hit. It was great, but scary. The success was scary and the writing was scary. I was reliving my whole life again in the writing. I was really going far inside myself."

She was a tiny woman, with a mop of blond hair and round, wire-rimmed glasses, alone on the stage with her piano and her lively, repetitive tunes. The audience would whistle and cheer at the opening bars of each song and sing along with her. Standing ovations were routine. Reviewers and columnists fell over themselves to praise her. William Johnson of *The Globe and Mail* wrote, "Angèle Arsenault is a bit of a miracle. She is zany, musical, madcap, irreverent, ingenué, rollicking, lyrical, clever and satirical — with, now and then, more than a touch of poetry."

She is still all of that. But now her records sell a few thousand, not a few hundred thousand.

Three years ago, she stopped dyeing her hair and cut it short. She stopped wearing her round glasses. For a lot of people, she also stopped being Angèle Arsenault.

She chooses not to believe that her physical change is responsible for her



Arsenault has abandoned her mop of blond hair and round glasses

decline in Quebec. But Jacques Samson, entertainment writer for *Le Soleil* in Quebec City, disagrees: "She very abruptly left behind the public personage she created. Overnight she took on the appearance of an ordinary, middle-aged woman with a weight problem. People no longer recognize her on the street. She's not 'theirs' anymore."

But there's more to the decline than that, Samson says. An admirer of Arsenault's, he picks his words very carefully. "It's a phenomenon in Quebec, because it's such a small market, that artists will for a short time have a success that's beyond their capacity. After it's over, they have to learn to find their proper level. They should go for medium-sized theatres, not the huge music halls. Just because they're not playing the Place des Arts doesn't mean they don't have talent."

"I hope Angèle keeps a place in Quebec. She should because she has talent, and she has done very important work. She manages to communicate complex and important social ideas in a very sim-

ple way. She has reached an audience who might not have ever been receptive to these ideas."

But will the complex idea in the simple tune play the airwaves?

Arsenault is tortured by the question. She doesn't like to think of "hits." It's too crass. It's also impossible to manufacture one. But she'd like to. The problem for her is simple. "If I don't make money on one record, I can't do the next one. And this is what I do. I write songs and I record them."

Songs like this one, which may be on her next album:

*Lady Diana,
Princess of today
Like a storybook
Always on display*

Arsenault moves without a break from talk to song. You can watch her tension evaporate as she rocks gently against the beige sofa.

The emotions she pushes away through laughter are nearly drowned in the upbeat tune, but still they're expressed. She is temporarily at peace. ☑

Roddy MacDonald: A killer punch in search of an opponent

The New Waterford, N.S.-born light heavyweight is a slugger. That's his strength — and his handicap

By John Doig

Hard rock is coming out of the portable radio on the floor of the concrete change room that is a make-shift gym, but the movements of the boxer are slow, lazy. Shoulders jiggling, red gloves tapping the thighs under the navy blue track pants. His features are smooth and chubby, almost cherubic, and immediately, the handsome-boxer clichés come to mind... Pretty Boy, Baby Face. Then he squares up to the heavy bag suspended from the ceiling and lets go with a combination of left hook and straight, overhand right, aimed at a spot where an opponent's head would be. The punches begin with a grunt and end, as the gloves smash into the bag, with a sound like a thick stick crushing a melon. The brown eyes are alight now, and the features, no longer soft, alive with an intensity like the look of a lover welcoming passion. An act of fierce love is in progress. Love bound up in a demonstration of a cliché that is true — a killer punch. The punch is, at once, Roddy MacDonald's power, the thing that has brought him fame and respect, and now, perversely, also his handicap.

When Roderick MacDonald won the light heavyweight boxing championship of Canada on December 1, 1981, scoring a technical knockout over the classy Gary Summerhays, he was, to all appearances, a kid with a colorless, conventional, middle-class background. He'd grown up in a particularly bland sector of Scarborough, a suburban sprawl known to Toronto sophisticates as Scarberia. His progress as a boxer, amateur and professional, had been spectacular, but there was none of the stuff of ring legend — no battle to escape the ghetto, no triumph over a personal weakness. No feral quality. Not on the surface. But there is something there — something inside that emerges when he talks about his feelings and his roots.

It is something much older than the emotion-dulling shopping centres of Scarberia. It has the smell of Cape Breton, of New Waterford, where he was born on July 20, 1960, the second son of Hughie and Jacqueline MacDonald. Coal mining was Hughie's livelihood,

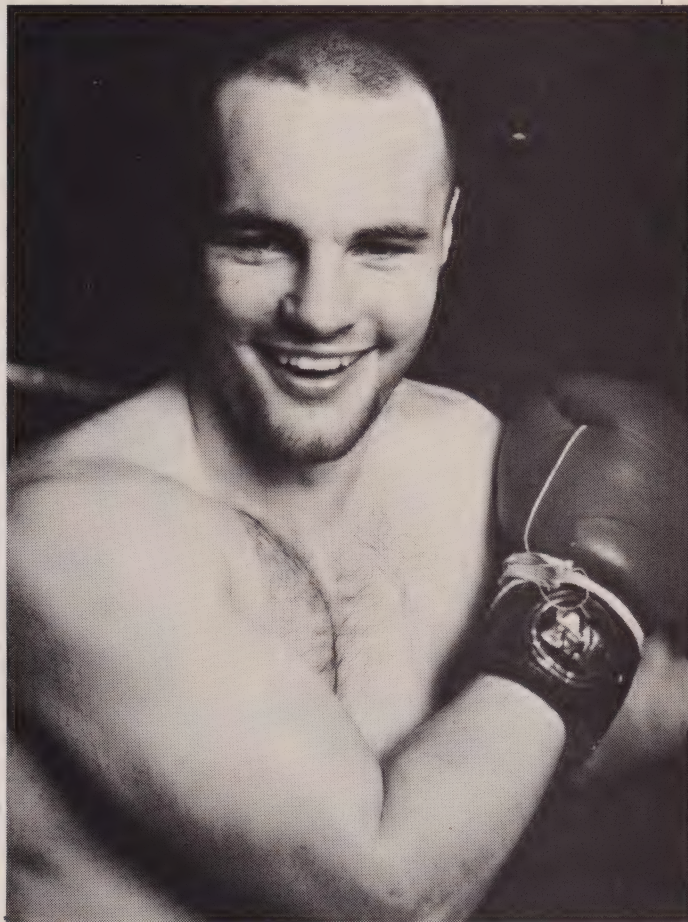
but boxing was his passion. In the Cape Breton of the Forties and Fifties the mines and the boxing rings were busy. The men worked hard and dangerously — they led an existence that, somehow, demanded violence in their relaxation, too. A compulsion that Hughie MacDonald feels more than he is able to put into words. It had something to do, he says, with the awareness of mortality that went with the mining. "When you went down, you never knew whether you'd come up again."

"Everybody fought there," Hughie remembers. And those who didn't fight watched. The spectators liked the kind of fighters that thrilled the blood — scrapers, not boxers. "I was always a scraper," Hughie says. It was a quality he would hand down to Roddy, although that was something he did not wish to do — in fact, he would actively discourage it. When he was 22 in 1960, the year Roddy was born, Hughie won the light heavyweight championship of the Atlantic provinces.

Two years later, when Roddy was two, the family went to Toronto. They moved into a bungalow in Scarborough and Hughie worked as a stacker in a glass-manufacturing company. The coal mines and fighting pits of Cape Breton were worlds away; and not long after the move, Hughie hung up his gloves. When Roddy, at the age of 12, suddenly decided to start boxing, his father tried to dissuade him. "I think he figured it was too rough for me," the son says. "He

didn't want me to get hurt." The father, perhaps embarrassed at the thought of shielding a coal miner's son, remembers it differently. "I didn't think he realized how hard he would have to work," he says. "I didn't want him to be disappointed."

But the boy was determined, and when Hughie saw how hard he would work he proceeded to teach him all he knew. When you ask Roddy MacDonald what it was that drove him as a youngster to excel in boxing he mentions the perceptual handicap he suffered; he was marked as inferior because he had to at-



MacDonald's features are smooth, chubby, almost cherubic...

tend a special school for five years. "The kids would call you 'Dummy,'" he remembers. He wanted to prove something to them. But then he ponders the question again, and finds an explanation that's deeper inside him. "I wanted to be like the old man," he says. "I wanted to be as good as he was. I love my father. My dad's a great man. He's the best guy I know." Those who know him well say that Hughie MacDonald worships three things — the Catholic Church, his family, and boxing.

Under his tutelage, Roddy had a remarkable career as an amateur. He had 50 fights and won 44, all but 10 of them by knockouts. That career culminated in an unhappy incident at the 1978 Com-

monwealth Games in Edmonton. He'd knocked out the favorite in his division in his first bout and seemed sure to win the gold medal. But in the semi-finals he was disqualified for continuing to punch after knocking down his opponent. His recollection of the incident is hazy, although he's convinced he was unfairly penalized. "The referee made no attempt to send me back to my corner," he says.

But Paul Rimstead, a veteran Toronto journalist who was there that night, has vivid memories of it. Rimstead, a chronicler of the exploits of such towers of Canadian boxing as Yvon Durelle and George Chuvalo, was deeply impressed. "He was just pounding the other guy," he recalls, "and he couldn't stop himself. I knew then that he could be a professional champion because he had the most important thing — he had the killer instinct." One of Rimstead's cherished ambitions is to sponsor a professional boxer, and he decided that night to ask some wealthy friends to join him in backing MacDonald if the youngster wanted a professional career. But the fighter had already made his decision, and chosen his father as manager, trainer and the man in his corner.

He exploded onto the pro boxing scene, a dervish in green and gold Cape Breton tartan trunks. He would tell reporters his heroes were Rocky Marciano and Roberto Duran, but he reminded the older ones among them of Freddie Mills, an Englishman who held the world light heavyweight championship in the late Forties, and a scrapper who would come out of his corner with his black curls flying and his arms flailing, and who seemed to hate to stop punching and go back to his corner when his opponent dropped to the canvas.

Roddy was too young to fight on the pro circuit in Ontario, where the legal minimum age at the time was 19, so he travelled, mostly in Nova Scotia and states on the American eastern seaboard. His first bout, as a middleweight, was in Sydney, in September, 1978, against Larry Allen of New Jersey, and he won a six-round decision. His debut as a light heavyweight — his natural, full-grown fighting weight — was in Glace Bay on May 26, 1979, against another New Jersey native, Junior Edmonds. This time Roddy won by a knockout, in the seventh round. That was the beginning of a slugging reputation that lived up to the promise he had shown as an amateur.

Newspapers in the Maritimes adopted him as their own. He was hailed as the "Cape Breton Thumper," "The Pride of Nova Scotia," "The Raging Scotsman," "The Tartan Terror." In the United States, where boxing is still dominated by blacks trying to fight their way out of the ghetto, he was promoted as a new "White Hope." He'd beaten 13 opponents, and done justice to all the sportswriters' superlatives, by the time he faced Gary Summerhays in a contest for the Canadian championship in Halifax on July 22, 1980. The title was in his

hands, until the seventh round, when Summerhays opened a cut over Roddy's right eye and won on a technical knockout.

But MacDonald choked down the hurt and concentrated on another ambition he'd been nourishing for some time — to fight and beat Trevor Berbick, the West Indian who once fought out of Halifax, who is a contender for the world heavyweight championship. Roddy made his first appearance as a heavyweight in Toronto on December 16, 1980. He entered the Masonic Temple to the sound of the bagpipes, a ceremony that friends from Cape Breton had averred would bring him luck and put the fear of God into his opponent, and one that he has practised ever since. Roddy weighed in just over the light heavyweight limit of 175 pounds, some 70 pounds lighter than Lou "The Giant" Alexander of Buffalo — but he slammed Alexander through the ropes and into unconsciousness halfway through the first round. Nevertheless, he was uncomfortable as a heavyweight and after a few more fights in that division he returned to the one where he belonged.

A year later he took the title from Summerhays, with a technical knockout in the fifth round. He secured ninth place in the world ratings, set by an international panel of sportswriters and published in *The Ring*, the New York magazine that for 60 years has proclaimed itself "The Bible of Boxing." A match for the world title, it seemed, would soon be in the making. Then, on July 12 last year, in Atlantic City, a boxer called Cornell Chavis floored him in the seventh round. "I had him down three times, twice in the first and once in the fifth," Roddy recalls. "But if you fight

like me, aggressive, you have to take the punches too. And I took one." Hughie threw in the towel. "Thank God he did," Roddy says. "I didn't know where I was. But my dad looks after me. That's why I like to have him in my corner?"

The loss knocked him out of the ratings, but it did not diminish his determination or change his scrapping style. He came back the following month to his home town, New Waterford, to defend his title, and knocked out Paul Talbot of Halifax in the 10th round. It still disgusts him that it took so long: "He ran like a rabbit for the whole fight."

The spring of this year was not a fair season in the life of Roddy MacDonald. He had not fought since January 21, when he beat Mario Rosa in Denver to claim an obscure honor called the Americas Title. His record in 26 professional fights was eminently respectable; 24 wins, 20 by knockouts. But he was not in *The Ring's* ratings. George Chuvalo was struggling, in vain, to promote him against a rated opponent. Cornell Chavis was refusing a rematch, even though, rumor had it, he had been offered as much as \$20,000.

There are those who would say Roddy MacDonald should have been content by then with what he had accomplished and what he possessed. He thinks about that, driving his white Dodge Magnum from his high-rise apartment — with the brown check furniture, and china figurines and the crucifix on a living-room wall — to his parents' handsome house by a ravine. He doesn't have to fight for a living, for a chance to escape the ghetto, like all those men he has thrashed in the United States. He's already done more than his father, his hero, did in the ring. Now he is happily



...but his thrill comes from battering an opponent to his knees

SPORTS

married and has a secure future in the business Hughie started in the late Sixties, MacDonald and Sons, manufacturers of paper and chemicals. But all that is not enough. None of it gives him the thrill he feels when he batters an opponent to his knees.

He compares that feeling to the act of love. For him, the earth will move when the man at his feet in the ring is the former champion of the world.

Driving, he points out landmarks in his life. St. Joseph's Church, where he goes to mass every Sunday. The car dealer's, owned by a friend and fan from the Maritimes, where he bought the

Sampson in White Plains two years before and had been impressed, talked about his lack of "exposure." Roddy had been out of the sports news too long, he said. More "exposure" would probably get him a rating and maybe a chance at the title. George Chuvalo, who compares him to Yvon Durelle, the Acadian who came within a breath of taking the world championship from the great Archie Moore in 1958, spoke about the problem of getting opponents for Roddy. "He's become known as a puncher," he said. "Not too many fighters are willing to take the risk with him." Chuvalo thought he might be close to getting agreement



Dodge. The department store where his wife, Yvonne, works; he met her when he filled in at first base for the store's team in a pickup ball game — she was the pitcher. He knows the 8-km route intimately; it's his training road and he runs it every morning. "In every run there's a piece called 'The Wall,'" he says. "It's where you've had enough and you have to battle to go on. Mine's about halfway." It's a strip of dreadful suburbia, all pizza houses, chicken joints, hair parlors and gas stations.

Now there's "The Wall" in Roddy MacDonald's career. No rating, no opponents. Several people in the boxing business had talked about this the previous evening. Bert Sugar, the publisher of *The Ring*, who'd seen him beat Kid

Roddy chose his dad as manager/trainer on a rematch with Cornell Chavis, in May. He thought Roddy would have no trouble with Chavis this time, and then there would be a good chance of a match with the world champion, Michael Spinks. And then... "If he hits him on the chin, its bye-bye Michael." Hughie MacDonald had the words for his son's dilemma. "It's terrible hard to get Roddy fights," he said. "He punches too hard."

Now, at a red light in "The Wall" in Scarberia, Roddy MacDonald is waiting, tapping the steering-wheel of the white Magnum with his hands. They're not big hands and they don't look hard. But they can literally kill. They're Roddy MacDonald's power.

And his predicament.

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Acadian Home Furnishings
Meteghan River

E. Charlton Flooring Ltd.
3466 Dutch Village Rd., Halifax

Creative Floors & Interiors
900 Windmill Rd., Dartmouth

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CANADA'S FIRST DISTILL



A new channel woos TV viewers back home

With its Atlantic Satellite Network, ATV plans to steal Maritime viewers from the American channels, from the CBC — and from its own programs

On any given day, about a quarter of the television audience in the Maritimes is glued to American TV channels. Another quarter is tuned into the CBC network, and about half to ATV. But this spring, as ATV launches its new Atlantic Satellite Network (ASN), those television viewing patterns may change. ATV's plan is to woo back fans of the American channels — even if it has to be done at the expense of ATV itself. "We've set out to repatriate the eastern Canadian audience," ATV president Fred Sherratt says.

ASN, Canada's first commercially supported satellite network, is running head-on against ATV in the Maritimes (ASN also reaches Newfoundland and the eastern Arctic). Sherratt expects the new system, launched May 29, will steal about 7% of ATV's viewers during prime time (from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m.), while CBC will lose slightly more, about 9%. But the big losers, Sherratt predicts, will be the American stations, nearly a quarter of whose audience will switch to ASN.

The key to the repatriation scheme, of course, is programming. ASN's summer schedule includes the usual hodgepodge of situation comedies (all American), dramas and talk shows. But it's running movies six nights a week, one hour earlier than American networks generally do. Then, weekdays following the movie (except Wednesday), ASN airs its hour-long, regionally focused news show, strategically sandwiched between the CBC's *National* and *The Journal* at 10 p.m. and CTV's *National News* at midnight. There's also *Atlantic Canada Choice*, a pop music show complete with disc jockey, simulcast Saturday nights at 10 p.m. over ATV's radio-affiliate, C-100. Most of ASN's Canadian programs, such as Global's magazine-type *That's Life* or the talk show *You're Beautiful*, have not been available here. And there are no soaps. Yet. ATV programming vice-president Joe Irvine will only hint that two Proctor and Gamble favorites may run this fall when ASN's broadcasting day begins six hours earlier at 9 a.m.

The network also offers one hour of afternoon broadcast time Monday through Friday to the four Atlantic provinces' education departments for pro-

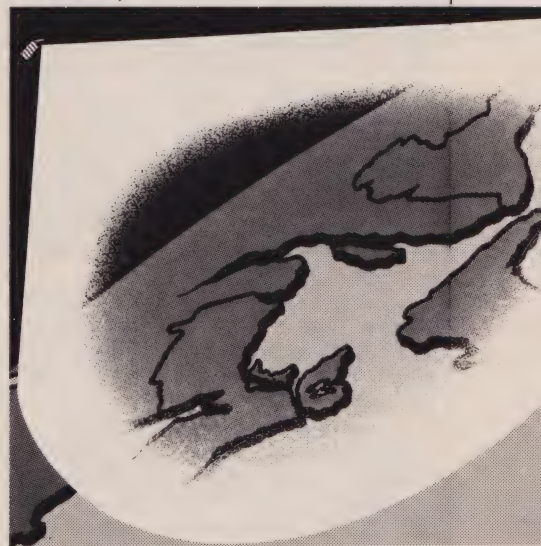
grams to help students from primary school to university. This service will be extended to four hours a day this fall.

Like pay TV, ASN is beamed from a satellite to cable operators, which distribute the service to subscribers. But the similarity ends there. ASN is conventional, commercially supported television. Its signals are not scrambled. That means the service is non-subscription; it is carried at no extra charge on cable's basic service (between channels 2 and 13) and viewers do not need converters to tune in. ASN can also be plucked directly from the air into the home. Non-cable subscribers with their own receiving dishes can pick it up from Telesat Canada's super-powered Anik C satellite set in orbit last fall by the U.S. space shuttle Columbia. The federal Department of Communications decided earlier this year that viewers do not need licences from the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) to use receive-only earth stations (TVROs), the price of which is expected to drop from about \$4,000 to \$400 or \$500 apiece within three years. However, remote and underserved areas must still obtain licences to pick up and rebroadcast the service within the community.

Many eastern Canadians now have a choice of English and French-language CBC, three American networks, three pay TV stations, ATV (NTV in Newfoundland), various specialized cable programs and ASN. The potential Atlantic Canada viewer pie of two million is being carved up into ever smaller slices. Says CRTC regional director Bob Oxner: "This is a fight against the fragmentation of audience. Right now, there are more signals coming in all the time on cable systems, from the United States, from every imaginable source. The only way to compete with it is to join it, which is what ATV has done. It provided its own additional service."

ATV has been trying to break into the market with a new system since 1978, when it applied to set up a UHF (ultra high frequency, beyond channels 2 and 13) station in Halifax and was denied on the basis the region couldn't support a third service. In 1981, the CRTC approved a satellite-transmitted network for all areas except Halifax, finally en-

dorsing the present system last fall on the condition it be carried on cable, and, to protect existing broadcasters, not run local advertising. But hefty rate increases for national and regional advertisers could make up for any lost revenues that might mean. The price of a 30-second prime time spot on ATV has jumped \$300 to \$1,320 (includes a normal 6% hike), but advertisers get time on both ATV and ASN in the deal. (A CRTC decision is still pending on how the system will work in Newfoundland. To protect NTV, it might decide that ASN will not be carried by cable there, or that all commercials will be deleted or replaced by NTV ads.)



Repatriating the eastern Canadian audience

In the past three years, the CRTC has rejected five applications (including one from ATV) to set up a separate off-air station in the Halifax metro area, but Oxner says ASN's success does not mean other stations are forever blocked out. "Just authorizing ASN for delivery off the satellite and through cable doesn't preclude the possibility of another service coming in later once the population of the metro increases."

For now, ATV is ahead of the game. But Sherratt says the new system does not signal the end of the network's traditional television service. "The introduction of this service does not mean the end of ATV," he says. "While there is no question that satellite technology is the wave of the future, we do not have any plans to phase out the existing service or any of the local stations servicing the Maritimes." ASN costs about \$6 million to get off the ground, and, with an anticipated \$1 million a year fee for the use of Anik C, Sherratt says the network won't likely turn a profit for six or seven years. But ATV can claim its costly new project, along with its fully electronic newsroom and 90-minute newscast, as yet another network first.

— Rachele Henderson

Melanson's the magician of Moncton

His animated displays — polar bears, bunny factories, talking trees — show up in store windows from Charlottetown to New York

The Easter Bunny's Workshop is two storeys high. Inside the lighted storefront on the first floor, animated rabbits, floppy-eared and overalled, are making chocolate Easter bunnies. In the back, a stairway leads upstairs to bedrooms visible through open windows. Watching this fairy-tale scene — created in a Halifax shopping mall — is a wide-eyed little girl, who asks her father what makes the bunnies work. "Just motors and wires," he says, tugging at her hand to drag her away.

Spoilsport! Oh, there are wires and rods and motors inside the rabbits, all right. But what's really happening, what breathes life into the Easter Bunny's Workshop is magic — the magic of imagination, and the creative genius of a man from Moncton.

Emery Melanson is a short man, putting on weight in his 42nd year. His square face is beginning to look round, as the light brown hair recedes. But there's humor in his blue-grey eyes, and his eyebrows often lift in laughter.

For 12 years, armed with no more training than a mail-order art course, Melanson designed window displays for the Creaghan's chain of department stores in New Brunswick. Six years ago, he left the security of a steady pay cheque to set himself up as an independent designer of store displays and maker of artificial flowers and other display props.

Today, his company, Melanson Display Ltd., is the fourth largest of its kind in Canada, and growing. Shoppers along New York City's Fifth Avenue did double-takes recently when they spotted big, woolly, white, polar bears turning their heavy heads inside Saks window; the bears were designed and built in Moncton. Window designers from across Canada buy Melanson's eye-catching props — waist-high, plaster ice-cream cones, imperious llamas, flamboyant bouquets of giant, silk dahlias — for their own displays. Mall managers pay thousands of dollars for full-size set-piece displays (a dream-like Arctic castle, 20 feet square and 12 feet high, with a family of animated polar bears, goes for \$12,000).

At certain times of the year, you can find creations by the Moncton magician throughout the region.

In Charlottetown, a youngster watches, transfixed, as reindeer toss their heads, and Santa smiles and nods in an animated castle, frosted with glittering snow.

In Dartmouth's Micmac Mall, children line up to ask questions of a 35-foot-tall talking tree, surrounded by animated woodland creatures. This time the magic is made with the help of a hidden room at the base of the papier-mâché tree, where an attendant can hear children's questions and respond through a speaker hidden high in the tree's branches.

In a year, Melanson may design nearly a dozen new display "themes" for his catalogue of more than 100 such themes. Another half-dozen clients will ask for unique designs (and demand promises he not copy them for as long as five years).

"Most times they don't know exactly what they want," Melanson says. "I just don't find it hard to come up with ideas. When I go to New York [at least once or twice a year], I have a sense of what is going to come in the next few years."

Melanson travels one week out of four, visiting customers in Vancouver, Calgary, or St. John's, checking his showroom in Toronto (another opened in Montreal in May), exhibiting at industry shows in Canada and the United States. A confessed workaholic, he admits that even in this slow season, "I was here 'til 10 last night." He relaxes only when he takes his wife and two teenage children to their cottage near Shediac, N.B.

His creative sparks become sketches, then working drawings for his staff of eight to 30 people, depending on the season. They can make virtually everything needed for the displays in the modest green warehouse in Moncton's east end that serves as Melanson Display's factory.

The factory looks like a fantasy toy shop come true. In a long narrow room built into a loft, Jeanette Daigle carefully glues the buckram wings of butterflies together for

hangings ordered by a chain of malls in Newfoundland. At the next table, Zelia Belliveau dyes an array of polyester silk leaves, each one realistically embossed with veining (downstairs, more than 900 dies for cutting and embossing silk flowers can turn out single petals half an inch across, or entire leaves eight inches wide).

Near the back of the rambling factory, Denis Richard is putting the finishing touches to a clay model of a koala bear. Later, a plaster cast of the model will be used to make a final latex copy of the bear. Shelves around Denis hold similarly made props — figurines,



Melanson uses wires, motors and the magic of imagination

reindeer heads, "paper" shopping bags made of plaster, giant latex apples ready to be lacquered in brilliant scarlet.

Out on the main workshop floor, you step over more butterflies, this time welded wire-frame bodies soon to be joined to wings nearly five feet across. On a table are Easter bunnies in neat gingham shirts and coveralls. The back of one has been opened, and you can just make out the small electric motor that works the arms and head, inside.

It can take five weeks to fashion a single display, and buyers order months in advance for seasonal decorations. "We finished spring today," factory manager Norman Martin said in mid-April, "and Christmas starts this week."

—Chris Wood

Leonard Jones: Life after politics

Moncton's famous political firebrand hasn't lost his anti-French image—even though he's a big fan of René Lévesque

The newspaper clipping is five years old and fading now, but the words still jump out at you: "Let me tell you my story. It's the story of a bigot."

The words are those of Leonard Jones, in a speech given to a Toronto audience one sticky July night in 1978. His image — that of a northern version of Alabama's segregationist governor, George Wallace—was conceived in the 1960s, when Jones was the "anti-French" mayor of Moncton, denouncing bilingualism to the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism. It captured the nation's attention in the 1970s, during Jones's bitter, four-year feud with the Progressive Conservative party. And the style that night in Toronto was pure Jones—plain-spoken and feisty, unapologetic about meeting the liberal left head-on.

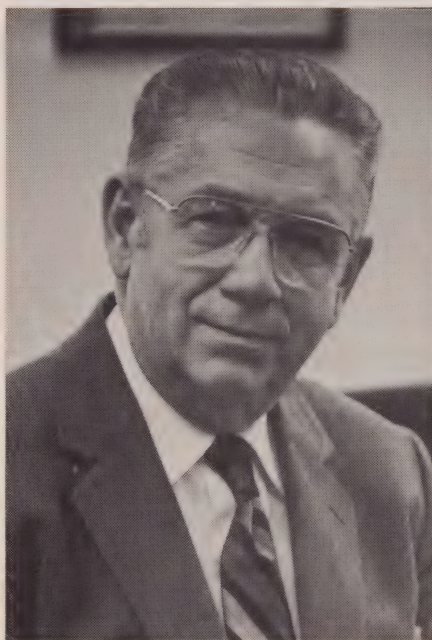
George Wallace has long since abandoned his "segregation today, segregation forever" fervor. Jones hasn't changed his views one bit.

But then, this rumpled and relaxed small-town lawyer, with his easy laughter and direct manner, isn't exactly the fire-breathing night-rider of his own legend. Among other things, he professes a strong admiration for René Lévesque.

Jones's law office, on a quiet, mostly residential street just off Moncton's Main Street, is unexceptional. Three secretaries sit behind a counter. *Chatelaine* and *Lawyer* share space on a coffee table in an alcove furnished with vinyl-covered bench seats where clients (most of them seeking divorces) wait for their appointments.

Jones, an animated speaker given to thumping his desk for emphasis, still does not shy away from points of view others find discomfiting. "If what I did was bigotry," he says, "there must be 24 1/2 million people in Canada who are really bigots."

In fact, he doesn't much like the label. He prefers "ultra-conservative." He says he fought bilingualism, challenging the Official Languages Act all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada, not because of antipathy toward French-speaking Canadians, but because "it was impro-



Jones hasn't changed his views one bit

perly implemented. It wasn't bilingualism; it was separatism." And time, Jones thinks, has proven him correct.

Federal and provincial governments are quietly squeezing English-Canadians out of their jobs, he believes, in efforts to make civil services bilingual. "It's not whether your *language* is French or English. It's whether *you* are French or English. Whether the Human Rights Commission will admit it or not, that's subtly what's taking place."

He calls French immersion classes for

***"If what I did was bigotry,
there must be
24 1/2 million
people in Canada
who are really bigots"***

children, increasingly popular among both parents and students, "French propaganda" that fails to give students a proper background in English. His own preference has always been for a slower introduction of bilingualism, starting by "sending all our children to school together, and teaching them French and English together."

The approach Jones likes best, ironically, is the one some Quebec schools follow: Children study in French in the morning and in English in the afternoon. It's not the only thing he admires about Quebec's stridently nationalistic government. "I respect Mr. Lévesque. He's done a darn good job for the people of his province. It's too bad the premiers of other provinces haven't stood up for their provinces as well as he has."

Whatever their merits, Jones's ideas on bilingualism have never made him friends among francophones. In early 1968, during his term as mayor of Moncton, a pair of angry students placed a severed pig's head at his front door after a student delegation demanding bilingual services received a less-than-sympathetic hearing at city council.

Staunch opposition to federal language policies both made and marred Jones's national political career. He made headlines across the country when Robert Stanfield rejected him as a Progressive Conservative candidate in the 1974 election for his views on language, then made them again when, running as an Independent under the banner of "The People's Choice," he trounced the "official" Tory candidate.

Two years later, the federal Tories rejected Jones once again, this time quashing his campaign for the party leadership. "I was rejected by the top bananas," he says now, "not by the people."

Today, Jones claims he no longer wants to be part of any party. If he had a favorite in the latest Tory leadership runoff, he says with a chuckle, it was John Diefenbaker. He considers Joe Clark "a quitter."

Not that Jones has lost any of his taste for politics, or his passionate identification with what he sees as the interests of the ordinary voter. "I'd like to see the people have more say in our country. With the party system we have here, it's not the people who are talking, it's the party leaders."

But his political moment has cooled since he chose, for health reasons, not to run again for Parliament in 1979. Trial balloons launched just before this spring's municipal elections in New Brunswick didn't encourage a return to civic politics (many of Moncton's new and younger civic leaders, in fact, say the city is only now recovering from the tensions of Jones's tenure at city hall). And his political chances are hardly helped by a slow-moving trial on charges he failed to pay more than \$100,00 in federal taxes during the 1970s.

At 59, Jones concentrates instead on his law practice, spending evenings quietly at home with his wife of 32 years. He reads a great deal, for the most part political biographies. His social life revolves around the two lodges he belongs to, the Masons and the Oddfellows.

But the populist firebrand of the Sixties and Seventies is not completely out of the game. Or, perhaps more accurately, he's not entirely free of the political bug. "It gets into your blood," he says. "I don't know how the hell you get it out."

—Chris Wood

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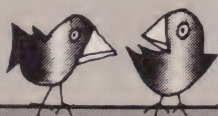
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PROFILE

The almost-premier of Newfoundland

How William Rowe leaked a police report and became a highly praised novelist

By Stephen Kimber

William Rowe is obsessed by choice and chance and circumstance. And how events over which a man has no control can irrevocably alter his life.

"Good and evil do not exist as abstract entities," he offers matter-of-factly over a drink in the bar at the new Hotel Newfoundland. "They only exist by virtue of the choices people make. Sometimes good results from a fluke. Or evil can come from a good action."

That is a dominant theme in *Clapp's Rock*, Rowe's just-published first novel. It is also a dominant theme in William Rowe's own life.

In the book, set in the hurly-burly of contemporary Newfoundland politics, an Oxford-educated, idealistic young man named Neil Godwin is seduced into politics by a cantankerous, cunning, old, political schemer named Percy Clapp, then comes within fondling distance of the premier's chair before events conspire to rob him of his prize. Ultimately, he has to choose between achieving his political ambitions and taking his dying father's advice and abandoning politics forever.

In real life, also set in Newfoundland, an Oxford-educated, idealistic young man named William Neil Rowe was seduced into politics by a cantankerous, cunning, old, political schemer named Joey Smallwood, and eventually came within a police report and a resignation of the premier's office himself before the voters persuaded him to abandon politics for the literary life.

In spite of such similarities, Rowe, now a St. John's lawyer, says *Clapp's Rock* is not a *roman à clef*. "I know people will try to read autobiography into it," he concedes, "but I'm not Neil Godwin and Percy Clapp is more cunning, callous and cynical than Joey ever was. I have taken germs of reality and extrapolated from that to create a world of fiction."

He has, according to critics, created his make-believe world exceedingly well. Robert Fulford, editor of *Saturday Night*, calls *Clapp's Rock* "evocative, highly readable and sometimes bawdy." And he says Percy Clapp is "among the most outrageous and endearing scoundrels in Canadian fiction." Ottawa political columnist Richard Gwyn, the author of highly praised biographies of

Joey Smallwood and Pierre Trudeau, says: "Rowe writes more knowingly and candidly about what politics does to people than anyone I know." The book itself, he says, is "wickedly funny, rueful and poignant."

Beverley Slopen isn't surprised by that effusive praise. A Toronto-based literary agent and writer, Slopen helped shepherd *Clapp's Rock* from the 1,100-page, sometimes "off-the-wall, way out" experimental manuscript that landed on her desk three years ago into the tightly drawn, 364-page novel of politics and character McClelland and Stewart published this May.

"Bill is a real writer," she says enthusiastically. Although she admits to thinking "Oh my God, no!" when the huge manuscript came through her mailbox (she intended to read only a few pages before politely returning it), she became intrigued by the richness of the writing and by the book's solid Newfoundland roots. "You could see he obviously had a real talent," she says. "His subject may be politics and he may have been a politician himself, but this is not one of those plastic political novels like a Judy LaMarsh or even an Allen Drury would write. The characters are terrific, they're real people, and Bill examines the mechanics of power as well as any novelist I've ever read." She stops, laughs. "I don't think his former colleagues in politics are going to like it, though. It cuts too close to the bone."

Rowe is quick to insist he has "undying admiration" for those who devote their lives to politics, but he talks about his own fascinating, topsy-turvy political career in a detached, distant sort of way. Like a writer. Politics, he says without apparent regret, served mainly as "a great experience from the point of view of writing."

Rowe comes to both politics and writing naturally. His father, Frederick Rowe, a respected Newfoundland school supervisor-turned-politician, served in Joey Smallwood's government from 1952 to 1971 and wrote several non-fiction books, including *Extinction*, the story of the province's Beothuk Indians, and the widely praised *A History Of Newfoundland and Labrador*.

"I was always scribbling, always fantasizing about writing from the time I was a little kid," Rowe remembers. When he graduated from Memorial Uni-

versity with an honors BA in English in 1962, however, he decided "I'd be smarter to get into a profession that dealt with words but would also keep me employed." He studied law at the University of New Brunswick, then landed a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford in 1964.

But when he arrived back in St. John's in 1966 to launch his legal practice, Joey Smallwood talked the bright and handsome young son of his minister of Finance into putting his law career on hold to run in that fall's provincial election.

Rowe, just 24, was dispatched to run in White Bay South, a fishing community on the Baie Verte Peninsula where his family had spent summers. "I was just one of Joey's candidates," Rowe says now. "You got nominated and you ran and you won because you were one of Joey's boys."

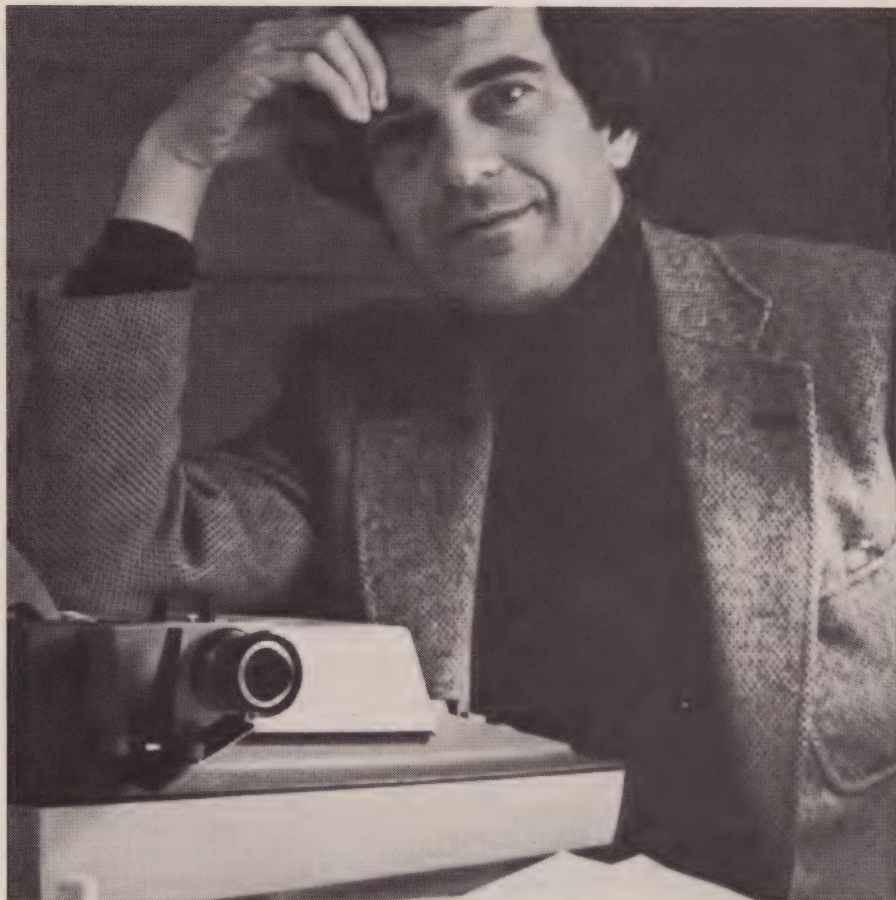
He joined the cabinet in 1968 after what he now calls "John Crosbie's first palace coup." He remained outwardly loyal to Smallwood through all the crazy, political wheeling and dealing from the bitter 1969 leadership convention between Smallwood and Crosbie to the incredible dead-heat provincial election between Smallwood and Frank Moores in 1971. But Rowe was probably more independent than he sometimes appeared. Along with Ed Roberts, another bright young cabinet minister, he once even successfully challenged Smallwood's authority and forced financier John C. Doyle to return \$30 million he'd raised on the strength of a Smallwood loan guarantee. When Frank Moores's Tories swept Smallwood out of office in the 1972 election, Rowe was one of only nine Liberals to survive.

He stayed in the provincial assembly for two more years before succumbing in 1974 to what he calls "the monkey on my back." He resigned his seat, cashed in his savings and — along with wife Penny (the daughter of Louis Ayre, one of the province's most prominent businessmen, and the former Olga Crosbie, daughter of the famous Sir John Crosbie) and their two small children — moved to the south of France to get away from the pressures of politics, learn French and see if he really could write a novel.

When the money ran out a year later, the family reluctantly returned to Newfoundland, where Rowe intended to practise law and continue polishing the massive first draft of the novel he'd written.

Soon, however, he plunged back into politics. Hobbled by Smallwood's refusal to leave gracefully and tarnished by connections with an unpopular federal Liberal government, the Liberals had lost again in the 1975 election under Ed Roberts, Smallwood's initial successor. Another leadership convention was scheduled for 1976.

Despite his longstanding friendship with Ed Roberts (they'd been elected and



Rowe's book is set in the hurly-burly of Newfoundland politics

joined the cabinet at the same time, and Rowe had managed Roberts' first leadership campaign), Rowe decided to run against Roberts. After a 10-month, 45,000-mile meet-the-people campaign, Rowe won on the fourth ballot.

During the next 18 months, he seemed a mere election campaign away from becoming premier. "We had polls done, the CBC had polls done, the Tories had polls done," he says, "and they all showed we'd clobber Frank Moores's government if an election were called then."

By the time the election was called in the spring of 1979, however, Brian Peckford had replaced Moores, and the Liberal party was in disarray. That was the result of what Rowe now admits was "my blunder." He leaked a confidential police report to the press, then denied doing it. Although he still insists he offered his initial "non-admission" only to protect his source and later made a full, voluntary confession to a government inquiry into the leak, the episode cost him credibility and his hope of becoming premier.

When Peckford called a snap election that spring to take advantage of the Liberal misfortune, Rowe quietly stepped aside to let Don Jamieson, the popular former federal cabinet minister, take over as leader. The Liberals lost anyway; Rowe barely held on to his own seat.

Freed once again from political cen-

tre stage, he plunged back into the novel, cutting, chopping, polishing and honing. Three years later, in the same week that he finally lost his seat in the April, 1982, provincial election, Rowe sold the novel — "the monkey on my back" — to McClelland and Stewart.

Writing animates him now. "I hope to turn out to be a great writer," he allows with boyish enthusiasm. "I'm only 40 now; I figure I have 30 years left. If I can write a novel every couple of years..." He's already at work on the second.

His ideal, he says, is to divide his time among his law practice ("Just doing the things that interest me instead of all the scut work people usually have to do to get by"), his novel writing and a new career he's launched in political journalism, writing a weekly column for the St. John's *Daily News*. "The law keeps you mentally alert," he explains, "and the journalism provides grist for the writing mill."

If Moores had not resigned, and if Rowe had not leaked the police report, of course, he might be the premier of Newfoundland today. "One naturally cogitates how things could have been different," he says simply, "but, you know, I don't miss it." After all, if Rowe had become premier, the book might never have been written.

With a little help from chance and circumstance, Bill Rowe has made his choice, thanks all the same. ☒

Welfare: Surviving the squeeze

In these job-hungry times, more Atlantic Canadians are being forced to apply for social assistance. But it's getting harder for them to qualify

By Roma Senn

Marie Phinney lives in a clean but dowdy apartment in Halifax's North End on \$340 a month, which she gets from city social assistance. The cheque doesn't go far. After she's paid for rent, heat and electricity, she's left with \$100 for food, clothing and anything else. Sometimes, she says, she eats only once every two days. A gaunt, 40-year-old divorcee with two grown children, she's been trying to get help from the provincial Social Services Department, which would mean an extra \$100 to \$150 a month. The province has turned her down on the grounds that she doesn't meet the requirements for benefits — being unemployable on the regular labor market because of a major disability that lasts for at least a year. Phinney's medical report says she's unable to work for at least a year because of high blood pressure and a nervous condition. But the province has not responded to her appeal of its decision. "Social Services has got tougher," she says.

It's a sign of the times. Governments are trying to cut costs and social service departments are big spenders: In Atlantic Canada, they usually rank third, behind health and education, with annual budgets of about \$220 million in New Brunswick, \$33 million in Prince Edward Island, \$239 million in Nova Scotia and \$180 million in Newfoundland. And these days, more people need government help to survive. As unemployment insurance benefits run out, more and more out-of-work people are turning to social assistance. More than 81,000 social assistance cheques go out to families and individuals in the region every month. (That figure doesn't include people like Phinney who get municipal aid; in Nova Scotia, municipalities handle short-term assistance.) To try to lighten the welfare load, the provinces are trying everything from job-creation programs to tougher legislation.

One of the most controversial proposals is the Nova Scotia government's bill, introduced in the legislature this spring, aimed at shifting some of the responsibility for social services away from governments. Too many people believe the government is responsible for everything, Social Services Minister

Edmund Morris says. "There has to be a redefinition." Among changes he wants is an amendment to the Family Benefits Act that would exclude about 70 teenage mothers a year from provincial aid. The amendment applies to girls under 19 who support illegitimate babies and who apply for benefits on or after September 1. (Morris says the province may help the girl's parents financially if she lives at home.)

Nova Scotia's 270 single, teenage mothers now receive an average of \$412 monthly from the province. "There's no way that can provide for the self-fulfilment of the mother and child," Morris says. Most Nova Scotia social workers probably agree — but they also say it's better than nothing. Freda Bradley of the Nova Scotia Association of Social Workers sees "a very punitive attitude against women and children" in Morris's proposal. She also worries about government coercion: In future, all single parents receiving welfare payments may have to agree to individual assessments and counselling. (New Brunswick began tying government aid to counselling this winter.)

Jim MacCormack, director of municipal social services in Sydney, N.S., supports the theory of counselling but not the plan to cut young mothers off social assistance. "You can't eat counselling," he observes. He fears that the proposed law would send more unmarried teenagers to already-overburdened municipalities for help.

Teenagers who have babies and receive social assistance are "a minority of a minority," who don't have another choice, says Paul O'Hara, a counsellor at the North End Community Clinic in Halifax, who counsels young single mothers. Cutting off their welfare benefits, he says, could mean backstreet abortions and "more babies found in garbage cans."

O'Hara and Bill Powroz, clinic co-ordinator, say the public has been misled about how people on welfare live. "The cliché is that they're living on the public dole and having a whale of a time," Powroz says. In fact, life is a daily struggle for them. "Any problem, such as a repair bill, and their life could cave in."

Diane, a 17-year-old expectant mother in Halifax, has been cut off city

social assistance because the city discovered she'd been living with her out-of-work husband. To receive assistance, she says, she had to go to court to say that he'd deserted her. For now, she's living with her mother, who's also on welfare. "There's no place for the girl to go," her mother says. "They don't help married people out."

Some people believe that the welfare system encourages unmarried teenagers to keep their children instead of giving them up for adoption — or perhaps even encourages teenage pregnancies. Newfoundland Social Services Minister Thomas Hickey, however, considers such suggestions "stupid" and "outlandish." In his province, he says, more young women are getting pregnant and more are choosing to keep their children because it's become more acceptable to do so. Newfoundland has no plans to review its policy on assistance to unmarried mothers. But Prince Edward Island is studying possible changes that could affect the 103 unmarried mothers under 25 there.

The Nova Scotia government also wants fathers to bear more responsibility for their children's support. An amendment to the Family Maintenance Act "would significantly tighten up the process," Morris says. The goal of the amendment, he says, is to make fathers take "a reasonable accountability" for their children. Currently, average payments by divorced, separated or single fathers for child support is \$55 a month; half these fathers pay only a token \$1 a month. The province wants to increase average payments to about \$75 and raise them with the cost of living. Maintenance orders for the mother and child, Morris says, should take priority over all other debts the father may incur.

The Social Policy Review Committee, a group representing various Nova Scotia agencies, fears that tougher maintenance laws would make abusive fathers even more dangerous to their families. And many of them, the committee notes, simply can't afford to pay support.

These job-scarce times have produced a growing body of young people who have never been in the work force and are therefore ineligible for unemployment insurance. "It's the most serious problem with municipal social assistance," says Jim MacCormack in Sydney. "We're not paying assistance to young, able-bodied people." Social services departments, says New Brunswick deputy minister Georgio Gaudet, just don't have the resources. "We have so many dollars," he says. "Where do you target them?"

Three social services departments — in New Brunswick, P.E.I. and Newfoundland — have job-creation pro-

grams aimed at getting able-bodied people working. Hickey says Newfoundland's \$6 1/2-million program is "an investment that enables us to take more people off [welfare]." The 11-year-old program — "We're always in a recession in this province," Hickey says — helps 2,500 to 3,000 people find jobs annually. Some critics say it gets people off welfare and into jobs only long enough for them to qualify for another form of government aid, unemployment insurance benefits. "So what if they have to collect unemployment for a while," Hickey responds. In P.E.I., the Social Services Department recently placed 280 welfare applicants in clerical jobs with

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school boards and non-profit agencies. In both provinces, government officials say the programs have held down welfare costs.

With more people on welfare, there are more chances of abuse of the system. "You're going to meet all kinds," says Ivor Hambling, director of family benefits for Nova Scotia's Social Services Department. "There are those who make wonderful use of the benefits. Others have difficulty managing money." Some times people fail to declare other sources of income, and sometimes they get away with it. Marie Phinney says the system encourages abuse. If she gets as much as a loaf of bread as a gift, she says, she's supposed to declare it. But despite its faults, she says, the welfare system is better than nothing. "They don't let you starve," she says. In these hard times, not everybody's sure of being able to count on that. ☒

CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

June 1-19 — Watercolors by Saint John's Ken Johns, City Hall Exhibit Gallery, Saint John
June 1-30 — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," N.B. Museum, Saint John
June 4 — 4th Mactaquac Big Bass Tournament, Harvey Lake
June 10, 11 — New Brunswick Open Old-time Fiddlers Contest, Sackville
June 10-12 — Knights of Columbus Festival, Baker Brook
June 10-18 — Field Days, Quispamsis
June 11 — Horse Show, Havelock
June 11, 12 — Spring Special Hobie Cat Regatta, Saint John
June 11, 12 — Kennel Club Dog Show and Obedience Trials, Oromocto
June 12-18 — Senior Citizens Week, St. Andrews
June 17-19 — Keswick Valley Recreation Council Field Days, Burt's Corner
June 18 — Subway Paint-in, Moncton
June 19 — Cycling Championship, Moncton
June 19 — Bicentennial Canoe Race, St. Andrews
June 19 — Canadian Armed Forces Day, CFB Gagetown
June 21-30 — Chamber Music and All That Jazz, Fredericton
June 22-July 3 — Railroad Days, Moncton
June 23-26 — Fourth Acadia Games, Cap-Pelé
June 24, 25 — New Brunswick Highland Games, Fredericton
June 24-July 1 — Pioneer Days, Oromocto
June 27-July 3 — Salmon Festival, Campbellton
June 29-July 3 — Scallop Festival, Richibucto
June 30-July 3 — Coal Mining Festival, Minto

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

June 1-19 — Alice Reed: Watercolors, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown
June 1-26 — Contemporary Dutch Jewelry and Graphics from Mondrian's Country, Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside
June-July — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," Basin Head Fisheries Museum, Souris
June 7-July 11 — New Members Show, Great George Street Gallery, Charlottetown
June 11 — Colonal Gray-McDonald Road Race (10 miles), Charlottetown
June 18 — Cap-Egmont Yacht Race, Summerside, P.E.I., to Shediac, N.B.
June 18, 19 — Natal Day Sailboard-ing Regatta, Charlottetown

June 18, 19 — Abegweit Kennel Clubs 33 and 34 Dog Shows, Sherwood Sportsplex, Sherwood

June 19 — Maritime Championship Drag Races, Oyster Bed Bridge

June 22-July 31 — "A Contemporary Portrait": A selection of portraits from the permanent collection, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

June 24-Sept. 3 — Charlottetown Festival, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

June 25, 26 — CBCT Mixed Golf Tournament, Bevedere Golf and Winter Club, Charlottetown

June 27-July 30 — P.E.I. Annual Handcraft Exhibition, Holland College, School of Visual Arts Gallery, Charlottetown

June 30-July 3 — Irish Moss Festival: Horse racing, midway parade, entertainment, Tignish

June 30-July 31 — David Fels: Sculpture, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

June 30-Sept. 3 — Professional summer stock theatre, Victoria Playhouse, Victoria

NOVA SCOTIA

June 1-4 — Gilbert and Sullivan Society of Nova Scotia presents "Ruddigore," Neptune Theatre, Halifax

June 4 — Annual Kermese Bazaar: Sale of crafts, books and plants, in aid of the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children, Halifax

June 4 — Women's Barbershop Competition, Yarmouth

June 4, 5 — All-breed Championship Dog Shows and Licensed Obedience Trials, Lunenburg

June 11-18 — Gold Rush Days: Parade, historical display, beerfest, Waverley

June 12 — Lobster Dinner, Creignish

June 12 — "Sun Songs": Glass art exhibit by Gary Grant and Janis Cobb, Old Orchard Inn, Wolfville

June 13 — Horseshoe Tournament, Shelburne

June 14 — Loyalist Supper, Sable River

June 17 — 15th Annual Chicken Barbecue, Truro

June 18 — Official Museum Opening and Sauerkraut and Sausage Supper, Maplewood

June 18 — 2nd Annual Scottish Concert and Dance, Pictou

June 19 — 7th Annual Show and Shine: Outdoor display of pre-1960 cars and trucks, Chester

June 22-July 1 — Bedford Days, Community barbecues, parade, dances, Bedford

June 23-26 — Summerfest: Sporting events, arts and crafts, entertainment, Bridgewater

CALENDAR

June 24-26 — Glooscap Summer Festival: Parade, beauty pageant, entertainment, Canning

June 25 — Liverpool Flying Club Annual Fly-in and Open House: Displays, flea market, aerobatics formation flying, Liverpool

June 25 — Salt Cod Supper, Blandford

June 25, 26 — Uniacke Firemen's Fair: Parade, game booths, dance, ox-pulling, mini-marathon, Mount Uniacke

June 25, 26 — RCMP Musical Ride, Trenton

June 25-July 3 — Lockeport July 1st Celebrations: Parade, water sports, children's games, Lockeport



dren's games, Lockeport

June 25-July 3 — Gathering of the Clans and Fishermen's Regatta: Lobster dinners, pipebands, highland dancing, Pugwash

June 27-30 — Nova Scotia Tattoo: Military and civilian performers who sing, dance and march, Halifax

June 29-July 3 — Mabou Ceilidh: Crafts, concerts, races, parade, Mabou

NEWFOUNDLAND

June — RCMP Musical Ride: June 14, St. Anthony; June 16, Lewisporte; June 22, Stephenville

June 1-5 — Rising Tide Theatre presents "Turning Thirty," LSPU Hall, St. John's

June 1-10 — Newfoundland/Labrador Open Tennis Championship, Torbay Recreation Centre

June 2, 3 — Gordon Lightfoot: One of Canada's best-known singer/songwriters, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

June 4 — Folk Festival, Trepassey
June 7-26 — Ceramic Sculptures by Ray Mackie, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

June 17-July 24 — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," Seamen's Museum, Grand Banks

June 22-July 22 — "Kurelek's Vision of Canada": A retrospective of William Kurelek's paintings of the land, 1961-1977, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

June 24-27 — St. John's Day Celebrations, St. John's

June 24-Sept. 25 — Newfoundland Treasures: A collection of artifacts from various museums, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

June 27-July 11 — Installation Work centred on the Codtrap theme by Heidi Oberheide, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

June 29 — Lobster Festival, Cow Head

MARKETPLACE

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The monarch of Bishop's Court

As spiritual head of the region's 350,000 Anglicans, Harold Nutter is a liberal on most issues — except the ordination of women

His Grace the Most Rev. Harold Lee Nutter, Archbishop of Fredericton and Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada, spiritual head of the 350,000 Anglicans in the Atlantic provinces and Quebec, has his office in his garage. This might come as less of a shock if his street address — Bishop's Court — weren't almost as imposing as his title.

However, it's a very large garage as garages go, and you become unconscious of the irony once you're seated in a comfortable chair facing a window through which you obtain a fine view of his neo-Gothic cathedral and a glimpse of the Saint John River in the background. When its cornerstone was laid in 1845, this was the first new cathedral to be established on British soil in 800 years.

"I'd be happy to have you call me Harold," replies the stocky man with the purple dicky and self-contained smile, a chain pipe-smoker, when asked how he would prefer to be addressed. "Or you can call me Bishop, if you'd rather." Having got up from behind his desk, he sits on the same side of the room as his visitor. One wall is lined to the ceiling with bookshelves; the others are decorated with landscapes, religious pictures and a cartoon of Garfield the cat, captioned: "I'm not overweight, I'm under-tall." A portrait of Pope John Paul II stands, a little askant, on a shelf as if the archbishop hadn't quite made up his mind what to do with it.

"It's somewhat like being a constitutional monarch," he says of the dual role in which he has his own diocese of Fredericton and at the same time oversees six other dioceses, each with its own bishop. Elected archbishop two years ago, he has been a clergyman for 35 years.

Whatever may have happened in other denominations and in other places, there has been no significant falling away from the Anglican Church in eastern Canada during those 35 years, the archbishop says. "I'm not at all sure that church attendance was ever as large as we sometimes think it was. We tend to romanticize the past." One thing has changed, and for the better, he believes. "We have more reason to hope that we can come to a place where the obvious divisions within the Christian church aren't as great as in the past."

Born in 1923, the son of a farmer who later ran a general store at Welsford, N.B., the archbishop acquired all of his early education in a one-room country school. "We had excellent teachers in

one-room schools in those days. Most of them were graduates of UNB who couldn't get jobs elsewhere because of the Depression."

Perhaps because he is a child of the Depression, he is deeply concerned about social issues. He is sympathetic, for instance, with the declaration of the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops which urged governments to "give the needs of the poor priority over the wants of the rich."

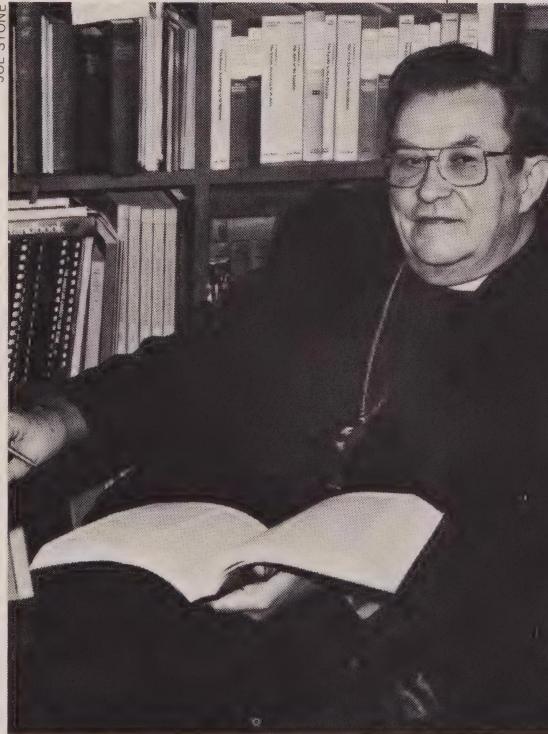
"You can't look at economics only," he says. "You have to be aware of their implications in people's lives."

He defends the World Council of Churches for its much-criticized policy of providing money to supply food and medical aid to the families of insurgents in Zimbabwe, Angola and Namibia. "We've been accused of subsidizing terrorism. The usual argument is that by providing food and medical supplies for these people we enable the terrorists — I'm very dubious about that word, by the way — to buy weapons with money they would otherwise have to spend on their families. But I think the essential question we had to deal with was, 'Will we let these people starve or not?' We had to measure the risk that we might indirectly contribute to the spread of terrorism — and, remember, there has been terrorism on both sides — against the need of a people for the means to sustain life. It's one hard moral question, like the abortion issue."

He has his own theory as to why there is so much extremism on the abortion issue. "It's so easy to say there ought to be abortion on demand, and so easy to say there ought not to be abortion under any circumstances. It's much, much harder to adopt an attitude between those two extremes, because as soon as you do, you impose terrible demands on people — for example on the doctors who must meet as a committee to decide if a particular abortion is justified or not. What if they make the wrong decision? And how can they ever be sure they've made the right one? I feel that we can offer support and guidance if support and guidance are desired, but in the final analysis I believe this is God's matter, not ours."

He was among the bishops who fought hardest to have the Anglican Church of Canada officially reject the death penalty. "My chief objection is that it brutalizes society. The crux of the matter is that we haven't as yet come to grips with the problem of how to distin-

JOE STONE



"We tend to romanticize the past"

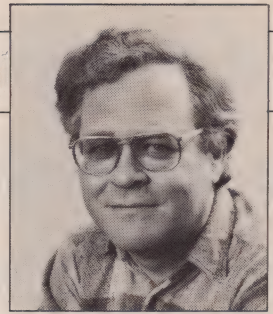
guish criminals who can be rehabilitated from those who will have to be shut away for ever. I don't think this problem will be solved until the whole justice system is overhauled."

The archbishop has been married for 37 years to the New Brunswick-born daughter of a United Church minister. They have two grown children, a son and a daughter.

He avoids watching religious programs on TV. "I find them esthetically offensive, intellectually insulting and, above all, irresponsible. They try to bring the viewer to some sort of religious awakening — and then they just leave him there."

Although he is a liberal on most issues, he is among the Canadian bishops who have voted against the ordination of women. "That was back in 1973," he points out. "And irrespective of whether I'm opposed to it or not, in our church women are being ordained today." But not in the diocese of Fredericton. At its last synod, the Fredericton diocese — perhaps by way of extending a gentle hint — voted that if its bishop should decide to ordain women, it would not oppose him. So far, to nobody's surprise, he hasn't decided to ordain any. "We usually have trouble finding places for the number of male clergy we already have," the archbishop says. He smiles his appealing little self-contained smile and puffs at his ever-present pipe. And as the visitor leaves, the archbishop invites him to drop in any time he happens to be passing by.

—Alden Nowlan



Some women choose to be hookers

Must "the male domination of society" take the rap for everything?

The drifting into street prostitution of miserable teenagers is no doubt as sickening a comment on society as women's groups make it out to be. Many girls in the trade are ill-educated run-aways from group, foster or broken homes, vulnerable kids who know the agony of never having been wanted. Others were once victims of sexual abuse by their own fathers or stepfathers. With no place to go in the cities to which they flee, some become enslaved by drugs, and by pimps who force them to fill nightly quotas of "tricks," rip off their earnings, and beat them to keep them in line.

A few are as young as 14. They arrive in the cities as waifs, remain as hardened whores. A 16-year-old girl in Toronto said, "You never know if you're going to get out of a guy's car alive." Robin Badgley, the professor who's head of a million-dollar federal investigation of child abuse and pornography, says, "It's unthinkable for most Canadians that juvenile prostitution is happening. Collectively, we've chosen not to face up to it."

Nothing good can be said of a man who pays a child to perform a sexual act; and pimps, regardless of the age of the prostitutes they control, are equally loathsome. It was in this context that *Atlantic Insight* writer Roma Senn (*Everybody's a Loser in the Trade of Prostitution*, April) quoted Dr. Christina Simmons of Women Against Violence Against Women to the effect that prostitution results from "the male domination of society." That's the truth. But it is not the whole truth. Simmons also said she didn't think prostitution was "something a woman who has options chooses." That, too, is usually true, but it is not invariably true. Some women have choices, and choose prostitution.

Let me backtrack, just so no one misunderstands. Frightened, abused, unloved and often unemployable girls wind up in cities where men make them sell their bodies to other men. That's vile, and both categories of men are vile. In a perfect world, cities would provide safe, happy homes for those who are young and lost. But blaming all prostitu-

tion on "the male domination of society" surely lets some prostitutes off the hook of responsibility for their own actions. In discussing why youngsters turn to prostitution, Maureen MacDonald of Dal Legal Aid, Halifax, asked reasonably enough, "Who wants to clean the Bank of Montreal tower at two in the morning?" I don't. Maybe nobody does. But many people do unpleasant work, and isn't it possible that some women, given the horrible choice between cleaning a bank tower and becoming a prostitute, would go for the bank tower?

Tina might call them stupid. That's not her real name but, according to *The Globe and Mail*, she is a 17-year-old Toronto prostitute who said, "You get beat up occasionally but I like the working conditions, the money, and no one to hassle you." Her pimp must be relatively gentle. If Tina is typical of teenage, big-city prostitutes, she earns from \$100 to \$200 a night, minus his cut, and pays no income tax. Senn reported that Angel (a phony name), a 31-year-old Halifax prostitute, was "a plain-looking blond who's sold her services across Canada and earns \$150 to \$250 a night."

"Some women have choices and choose prostitution"

Angel is smart enough to have thrived without pimps. Who knows how many nights she chooses to work? But suppose it's only 200 a year, at \$200 a night. That's \$40,000. There was a time when Angel, if she *chose* to do so, might have taken work that paid less. If she's a victim of "the male domination of society," she's also at least partly a victim of decisions that she herself made about how she wanted to earn her living.

We blame just about everything on "society." The permissive society, the Godless society, the capitalist society, the welfare society, the open society, the male-dominated society, they are all forever failing to function as a decent society should. Our frustration is understandable, and it's laudable for citizens to try to solve social problems, and to denounce a system that allows ugly conditions to thrive. But it would be refreshing for a change to hear someone publicly acknowledge that some individuals are partly responsible for their own fates.

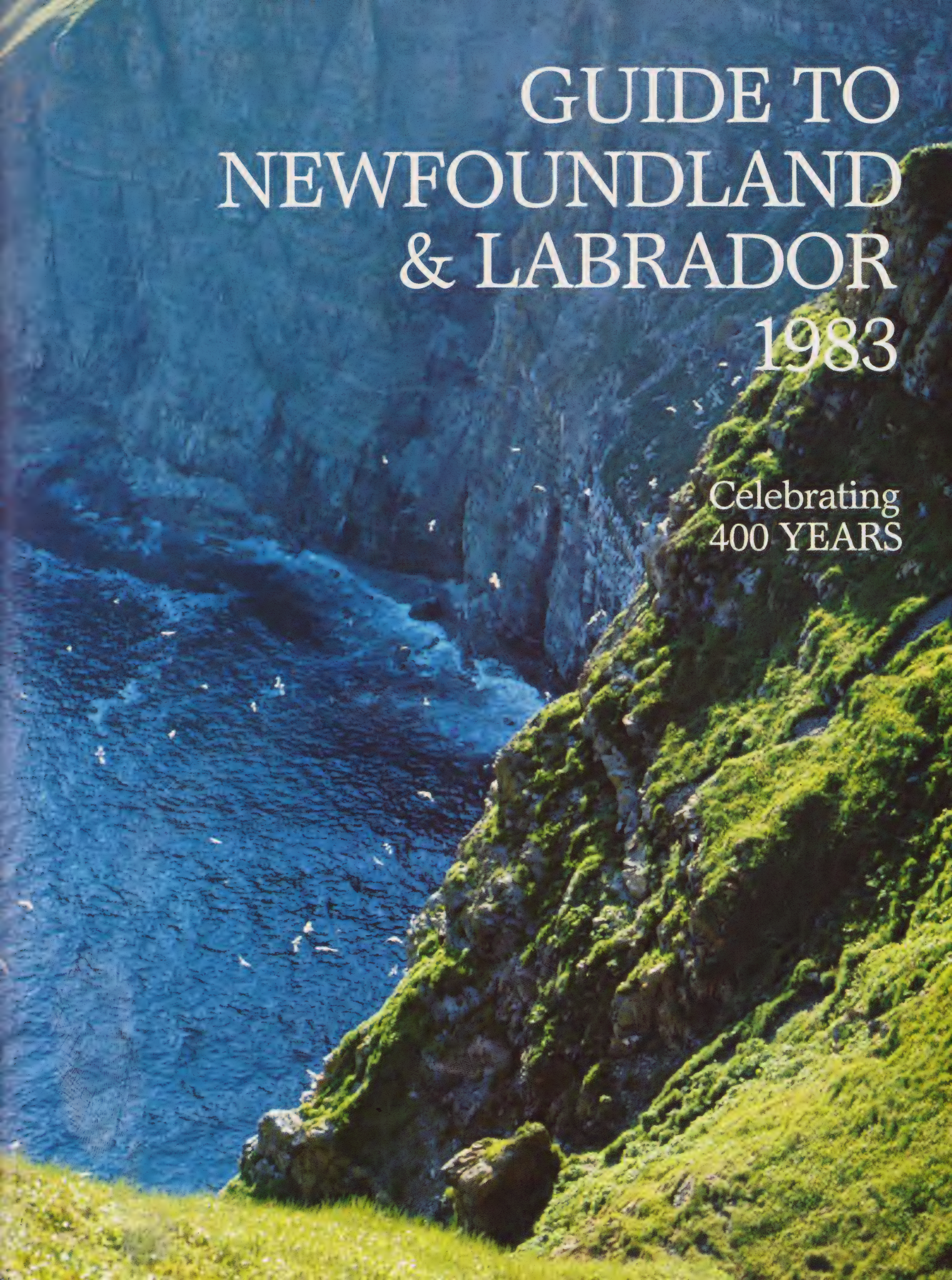
Angel is a mature woman who sells her body because that's the easiest way she knows to earn an executive's income, and not just because society forces her to do so. Indeed, society has laws to discourage her business, a fact that annoys

her. She'd like to see prostitution legalized. Meanwhile, she's a law-breaker. She has something in common with burglars, armed robbers, extortionists and hit men: They all find that illegal ways to earn money are more attractive than legal ways. While recognizing that society creates criminals, shouldn't we also occasionally recognize that criminals have a hand in creating themselves?

Ada McCallum, 74, is sufficiently affluent to have recently faced charges of failing to declare almost \$140,000 in personal income. She has provided prostitutes for men in Halifax-Dartmouth for as long as some of her clients can recall. Senn reported that an RCMP officer said McCallum had a local clientele so regular that "for some, it's like getting your hair done every week." Those guys sound like addicts to me. Now you might argue that McCallum is a victim of a male-dominated society, but you might also argue that she's a shrewd, independent businesswoman who chooses to exploit male weakness for illicit gain. Moreover, Senn reported, "An unknown number of Halifax-Dartmouth women with full-time jobs, turn a couple of tricks every month 'to help pay the rent.'" I imagine them coming home from the office on a Friday evening, grabbing a bite, applying perfume, mascara and lip gloss, and then driving their late-model cars to downtown bars to snare a "John." Poor dears. Society is a cruel taskmaster.

Some women sleep with their male bosses to keep their jobs or gain promotions, but most don't. Some women pose naked for pornographic magazines, but most don't. Some women strip for money at stag parties, but most don't. It is unquestionably male power and male money that encourage such degrading practices, but to blame them exclusively on the male domination of society does a disservice to all the women who refuse to perform them. It suggests women are more sheep-like than they are. Once in a while, couldn't someone who speaks for a women's group concede that women, too, are individuals with some control over the course of their lives?

Seventeen-year-old Tina has an inkling of what I'm talking about. In a *Globe and Mail* story, she said, "Deep down, I know this is not for me, and that I shouldn't be doing it." She did not say, "I wish the male-dominated society would quit making me do this." She said, "I shouldn't be doing it." That's why there's hope for her yet. ☒



GUIDE TO NEWFOUNDLAND & LABRADOR 1983

Celebrating
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Newfoundland is the Original. As the old story goes, created from all the left-over knobby mountains, lakes, and spruce trees just dumped into the sea. But as though to compensate for the ruggedness of the country, the Almighty filled the lakes and sea with fish, put moose and caribou to roam the forests, and loaded the rocks with minerals. And to top it all off, blessed the people with a special sense of humor, a love of music, a caring spirit, and the patience to cope with anything and everything that comes along.

Over the years, Newfoundlanders have developed an incredible ability to amuse and entertain themselves and their families and friends. Storytelling is still a well practised art. Folksongs and dances have been preserved through generations. Fiddlers still play the old jigs and reels.

Now, can you imagine what happens when people like this decide to celebrate a birthday, a 400th birthday? You have to be here. And if you can't make it for the party on the big day, be here for the fun and games before and after.

While everybody you meet will try to make your holiday a special time for you, there's another side to life and living here. A way of life that goes back even beyond the 400 years that we celebrate this year.

Newfoundland is the cradle of civilization in North America. It was visited by the Vikings and their long ships nearly 1,000 years ago. Fishermen from England, France, Portugal and Spain plied the rich fishing grounds and sheltered in the bays and coves. On the wind-swept hills outside St. John's, the final battle of the Seven Years War was fought.

In 1866, the first transatlantic telegraph cable came ashore at Heart's Content. Marconi received the first



wireless signals from across the Atlantic at the Cabot Tower on December 12, 1901. From Lester's Field in St. John's, Alcock and Brown took off on June 14, 1919, for the first non-stop flight from the American continent to Europe. Closer to our own times, Roosevelt and Churchill drafted the terms of the Atlantic Charter aboard a battleship in Argentia Bay. All events of world importance.

Meanwhile, the ordinary folk of Newfoundland and Labrador went about their own business, working in the forests and mills, or out at sea where the very elements often worked against them.

Of course Newfoundland and the Newfoundlanders are changing. The old wooden schooners have gone, replaced by steel-hulled trawlers. Diesels have taken over from horse power in the woods.

Memorial University has undergraduates, and graduate schools in law and medicine. And young people have broader options. There are new buildings in old St. John's, but just as important, some of the old buildings are being restored and revitalized.

The more things change, the more they stay the same. And what remains unchanged is the nature and spirit of the people. It may be history or scenery or good fresh air that

brings you first to Newfoundland.

But it is the warmth of the people and their welcome that brings you back. Again and again.

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NEWFOUNDLAND & LABRADOR



A summerful of reasons for being here

- **June 22-25**
St. John's
The 1983 visit of their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales
- **June 29**
Cow Head
Lobster Festival. Activities and lobster dinners
- **July 1-10**
St. John's
Canadian Heritage Festival. Includes performers from each province and the territories. Opens here, then tours the province, with final performances at the Hangashore Festival
- **July 3**
Harbour Grace
5th Annual Conception Bay Folk Festival. Traditional music, song, dance and storytelling
- **July 9-10**
Corner Brook
The Hangashore Folk Festival. Performances by some of Newfoundland's finest traditional entertainers. Final performance in Newfoundland of the Canadian Heritage Festival

- **mid-July - mid-August**
St. John's
Signal Hill Tattoo. Re-enactment of battles between the French and English
- **July 18-31**
Stephenville
Festival of the Arts
- **July 23-24**
Happy Valley/Goose Bay
4th Annual Labrador Heritage Festival. Music, song, dance, storytelling, craft displays, traditional food
- **July 24-30**
Ferryland
Southern Shore Seafood Festival. All kinds of activities
- **July 28-30**
Twillingate/New World Island
Fish, Fun & Folk Festival. Local crafts, entertainment, delicious fish dinners, and lots more
- **July 30-31**
Happy Valley/Goose Bay
Labrador Heritage Days Folk Festival. Music, storytelling, craft demonstrations, traditional dancing, games, and food
- **August 1-10**
Province wide
International Traditional Music Festival. Performers from the United Kingdom, Sweden, Italy, Germany, Ireland, Norway, and other countries
- **August 3**
St. John's
St. John's Regatta. Civic holiday. The oldest continuing sporting event in North America. (Traditionally held on the first Wednesday in August, or the first fine day thereafter.) Regatta Day Folk Festival. Traditional music, song,

dance and storytelling. Includes performers from the International Music Festival

- **August 5**
St. John's
Ceremonies commemorating the 400th Anniversary of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's possession of Newfoundland as a British Colony
- **August 5-7**
St. John's
7th Annual Newfoundland & Labrador Folk Festival. Our finest traditional musicians, singers, dancers and storytellers entertain
- **August 6-7**
Cape St. George
Une Longue Veille. Festival of culture, folk music, and dance
- **August 6-7**
Codroy Valley
Codroy Valley Folk Festival. Local talent, folk dancing, traditional foods, and plenty more
- **August 19-21**
L'Anse Amour
4th Annual Bakeapple Festival. Bakeapple picking and baking contests. Traditional music, dance, song, storytelling and crafts
- **August 25-28**
Springdale
Blueberry Festival. Berry picking, entertainment, local foods, and much, much more

These are only the major events. Check locally for other activities. Make a point to drop into the regional Tourist Information Centres; there are 14 of them strategically located across the province.

Come and share a sporting tradition

The Annual St. John's Regatta is the oldest continuing sporting event in North America. It takes place on the first Wednesday in August (1983 — August 3), weather permitting, or on the first fine day thereafter. The decision to proceed or not is made by the St.

Medals were finally awarded when a mercantile crew representing the St. John's Boys' and Girls' Club rowed the course in the time of 9:12.04. As noted, that record only lasted one year when the record returned to Outer Cove.

The Annual St. John's Regatta



JOHN DE WISERMASTERFILE

John's Regatta Committee at an early morning meeting and announced to the public at 7:00 a.m. The civic holiday associated with the event is declared by virtue of the Committee's decision. The site of the Regatta is historic Quidi Vidi Lake, King George V Memorial Park, in the east end of St. John's.

The day-long event consists of rowing races using the traditional coxed 6-oared fixed-seat shells. Approximately 250 rowers — men, women and boys of all ages — compete in the 15-race program with four shells in each race. The full course is 1 3/5 miles with the ladies' crews rowing half that distance.

The record time for the full course is 9 minutes 3.48 seconds and was set in 1982 by a crew from the community of Outer Cove near St. John's. A crew from that same community won immortality in local sporting circles when they set the course record in 1901. The time was 9:13.8 and stood for 80 years. Their feat earned them a place in the Canadian Sports Hall of Fame.

In 1910, Lord Brassey, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, offered a sum of money from which the Committee purchased a set of seven gold medals. The Lord Warden's Medals were to be an incentive to beat the record time of 1901. In 1981, these

evolved out of contests among the crews of ships visiting St. John's harbor. These usually took place on the harbor itself and involved the working boats of the day, e.g., gigs, punts, jolly boats, fishing boats and whaling boats.

A noted St. John's historian, Paul O'Neill, states, "We know for a fact that there were rowing and sailing competitions taking place on the Harbour (of St. John's) as far back as the 1700's and probably among ships' crews long before that."

In the records of the St. John's Regatta Committee, the earliest documented match took place on Monday, August 12, 1816, between the crews of two ships in the harbor.

The inspiration for holding such events on an organized basis would seem to be two occasions which were celebrated annually in the then British Colony of Newfoundland: The Anniversary of the coronation of King George III, who came to the throne on September 22, 1761; The Anniversary of the Prince Regent, George, Prince of Wales (later King George IV), who was appointed August 12, 1811.

On Tuesday, September 22, 1818, a rowing match was organized to celebrate the Anniversary of George III. This would appear to be the first such event held on an organized basis

and, again, it took place on the harbor of St. John's. We also know that rowing matches were a popular form of recreation and entertainment in 1819 and 1820 as well.

Once organized, the Regatta was held at a combination of venues — the harbor and Quidi Vidi Lake. They ranged from one-day to three-day events. A variety of aquatic sports have been featured throughout the years including rowing, sculling, sailing and swimming.

The first evidence we have of a body being formed for the purpose of organizing a rowing match on Quidi Vidi Lake appears in 1826. The Amateurs of Boat Racing was formed that year "for the purpose of organizing a Rowing Match on Quidi Vidi Pond (sic) on Monday, August 14, 1826 and a regatta on the Harbour on Tuesday, August 15, 1826." The latter was for pleasure boats and yachts.

Almost from the beginning, the Regatta was held under the distinguished patronage of the Governor of the Colony and is now under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor of this, the 10th province of Canada.

The first indication we have of a holiday being declared for the event is for the Regatta of August 21, 1827.

The first Ladies' Race was rowed in 1856 when a team of women from Quidi Vidi Village in the gig *Darling* defeated another ladies' crew. This was the last Ladies' Race until 1949. Since then, they have been run annually.

It was not until 1886 that the prototype of the present shells in use was introduced. This was based on designs then in use in England.

Today's Regattas have a carnival atmosphere with hundreds of gaily decorated tents, booths and stalls offering food and beverage and a wide variety of games of chance and wheels of fortune vying with the races themselves for the attention of the nearly 50,000 people who attend annually. Visitors come from far and near — tourists, ex-Newfoundlanders home for a visit. For the past two years, the Regatta has been selected as one of the top 100 tourist attractions in North America.

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Come and see how it all began

By the 1500s, fishing vessels from the major European countries regularly gathered in Newfoundland harbors to dry their catch for the long trip home. In an effort to maintain some kind of order during their stay, the ships' masters had agreed that the first one to arrive at a given port would become "admiral" for the season.

That was the situation in St.

John's that first week in August, 1583, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed through the narrows.

Sir Humphrey was heading for mainland America and was only calling into St. John's for provisions. However, he was carrying a royal patent from Queen Elizabeth I, authorizing him to claim new lands for the Crown.

There were close to 40 vessels al-

ready in St. John's, mostly Spanish and Portuguese, but with some French and English, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert arrived. It appears that no one raised any objections when Gilbert claimed St. John's and "200 leagues" (about 1,000 km) in every direction, for the Queen.

So Newfoundland became England's first overseas colony and was the foundation of the British Empire.

The idea for the re-enactment of the landing was the dream of a descendant of Sir Humphrey, the late



W.R. Gilbert of Compton in Devon. Gilbert had been invited to Newfoundland some years earlier and had discussions with John Perlin as to how the event might be commemorated. Research by Perlin discovered that the event had not been officially marked on the 300th nor the 350th anniversaries, and so the best opportunity would be the 400th in 1983.

John Perlin was able to persuade the government of the value of the re-enactment of this key event in Newfoundland history, and the go-ahead

was given.

At this point in time, the final details have not been completed but the project is now scheduled for its première performance on August 5, 1983, with repeats every day for the next three weeks. According to David Ross of the Rising Tide Theatre, who will produce the pageant, Sir Humphrey will arrive in the harbor, hopefully by sailing ship, and will be rowed ashore. He will then proceed to a place near the War Memorial, believed to be the very spot where

Sir Humphrey Gilbert declared for the Queen that Newfoundland was now British. The re-enactment is being scripted by Tom Cahill; with direction by Donna Butt, also of the Rising Tide Theatre.

An honored guest at the première performance will be Mrs. W.R. Gilbert, the widow of the man whose idea it was.

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One day, a thousand years ago

The Viking longship slid by the island and dropped anchor. Its single square sail was furled and the 36-man crew went ashore. There was dew on the grass, and some raised it to their lips "It seemed to them that they had never tasted anything so sweet." After some time ashore they returned to the longship and sailed to the mainland where they left their vessel high and dry in the shallows. They watched as the tide went out, so that "the sea seemed far away." Later, they moved off the flats, anchored the longship and built shacks ashore. Here they spent the winter fishing, hunting, exploring. In the spring they sailed back to Greenland with a load of timber.

That's how the 13th-14th century *Groenlendiga Saga* described Leif Ericson's historic first contact with the continent that today we call North America.

The Saga also tells how one of the crew strayed from camp and discovered grapes growing in the forest. And so they called the country Vinland.

Voyages between Greenland and Vinland continued over the next few years. At some time, the explorers settled at the head of a bay on the tip of Newfoundland's Great Northern Peninsula where there was a peat bog and a stream. It was an ancient site of human occupation. Indians, Inuit and earlier native peoples had used it over the preceding 4,000 years.

The Norsemen built substantial houses and a smithy for forging iron weapons and tools. Eventually they

left, the buildings decayed, and Nature reclaimed the land.

Nine centuries later, in 1960, a Norwegian explorer who had been searching for Norse landing places along the North American coast from New England northward, arrived at L'Anse-aux-Meadows. He discovered all that was left of the old colony.

Over the next eight years, the work continued with an international team of archeologists and the Viking connection was firmly established.

L'Anse-aux-Meadows is the earliest known location in the new world of European encounters with the native Americans, of European structures and settlements. In 1968, the Canadian government declared the site to be of historic significance, and in 1977 it was designated a National Historic Park. In 1978 L'Anse-aux-Meadows was distinguished by becoming the first historic site to be placed on UNESCO'S World Heritage List of cultural and natural sites of outstanding universal value.

There is a fascinating and absorbing exhibit in the park's Reception Centre, and this is being expanded. The remains of eight Norse buildings have been restored, and the park itself extended to 19,906 acres, including the sea out into Epaves Bay.

You will find walking trails between the Reception Centre and the historical units within the park. This is a very special place and helps you put everything into perspective.

Come along, and spend a day, a thousand years ago. ●

Trinity is a doubly historic town. It was here in 1615 that Sir Richard Whitbourne established the first court of justice in North America. Almost 200 years later, medical history was made when the Jenner smallpox vaccine was administered for the first time anywhere in North America.

The Burin Peninsula is the land of seafarers. The brave, bold, but gentle skippers of the Grand Bankers and the deep-sea trade. It's a place for poets and artists, for the romance and pathos of the sea is all around.

If you're visiting during the berry season, be sure to enjoy a day on the "berry barrens." Try and join up with a group of local berry-pickers to share the special fun, and maybe share the delights of a culinary miracle known as the "boil-up."

Labrador: There's no place like it

Awesome, majestic, rugged, Labrador is unique. The land is relatively untouched, hiding its potential, guarding its incredible riches. Even the massive projects at Churchill Falls, Labrador City and Wabush have made only the slightest mark on this austere 122,000-square-mile wilderness.

Obviously, a trip to Labrador is not your typical Canadian summer vacation. It is not recommended for the casual sightseer or motor tourist. However, if you're a wilderness sportsman, an experienced camper and backpacker, a wildlife photographer, painter or writer, pack your bags and take the plunge.

Labrador is a land of beauty and grandeur, of mystery, of contrast. It is the home of the Inuit, the Montagnais, and the Nascopi. And these days, increasingly the home of the engineer, miner and technician. So you discover a variety of lifestyles. The simple and traditional lifestyle of the Inuit and Indian hunters and fishermen, side-by-side with the high tech of one of the world's greatest hydroelectric developments.

The countless lakes and streams, mostly inaccessible except by float plane, offer some of the greatest sports fishing you could ever imagine. Speckled trout, lake trout, splake, pike, and whitefish. The coastal rivers are thick with Atlantic salmon, sea-run trout and the delectable Arctic char.

There is another group who would find Labrador an unforgettable experience. Archeologists and historians would have a field day. In Labrador, there is evidence of human occupation since the retreat of the Laurentide glacier, about 10,000 years ago. The earliest records to date are those of an Indian boy buried at L'Anse-Amour about 6905 BC, and a site at Black Island Cove dated about 4045 BC.

Viking sagas indicate that the first European sighting of North America

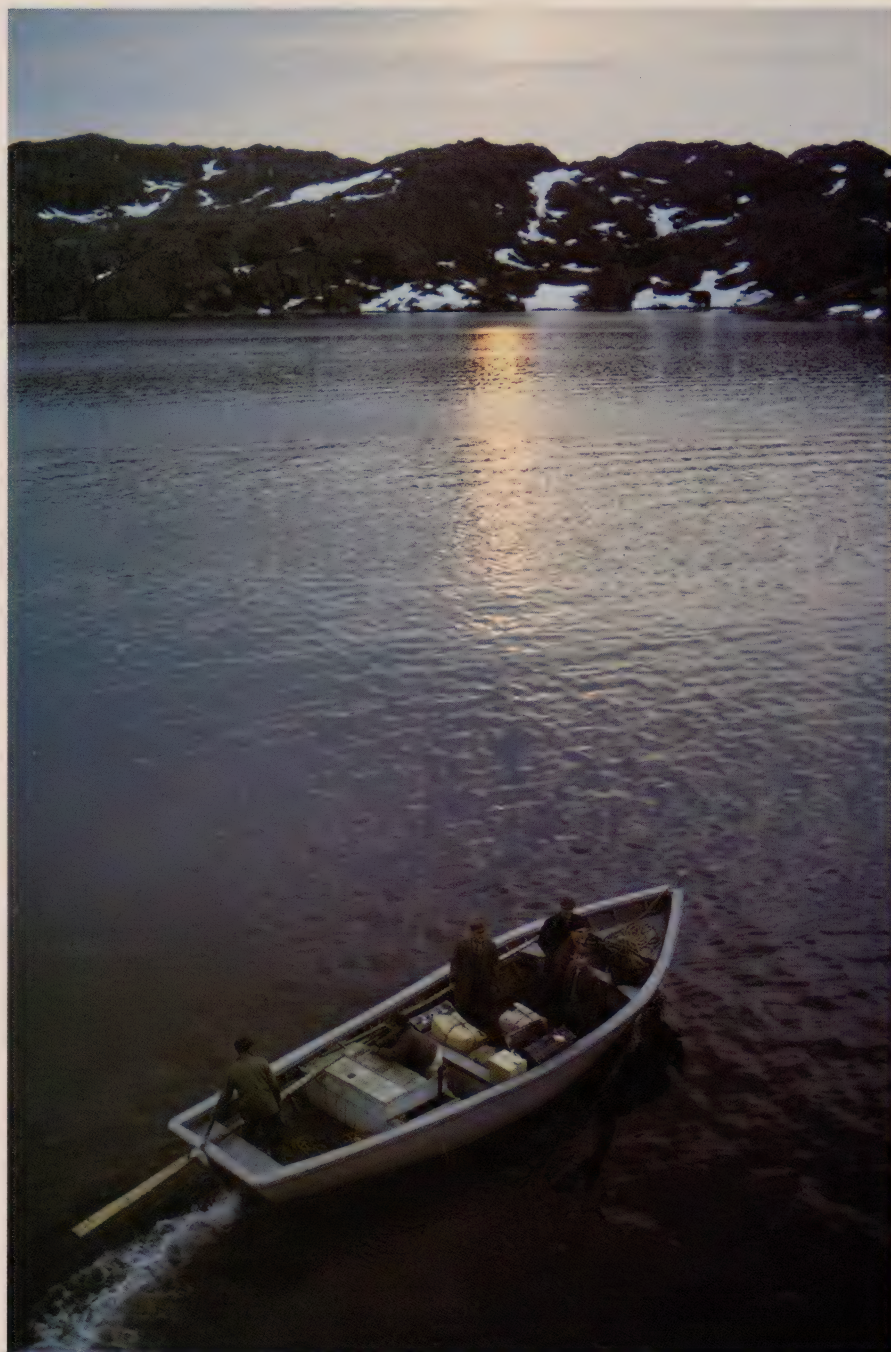
was of Labrador about AD 986. Some time later, Lief Ericsson travelled the coast and named the country Markland, meaning woodland. The name Labrador is from the Portuguese, who had ideas of taking the natives as slaves and laborers, and so named it Land of Laborers.

Labrador is also the site of two of the world's greatest humanitarian exploits. In 1771, the Moravian Brethren, a European religious sect, established a mission at Nain to bring Christianity to the native people and create a new world of justice, education and social service. Their work

changed the course of history in Labrador, and their missions are still active today.

In 1892, a young English doctor, Wilfred Grenfell, stepped ashore at Spotted Islands and started a lifetime of work in medical care and community development that was to gain worldwide recognition and support.

Explorer Jacques Cartier called Labrador "the land God gave to Cain." Today's visitors, outdoorsmen, nature lovers and industrialists see it somewhat differently, as "The Garden of Eden."



BOB BROOKS

Queen Victoria chose the pitcher plant to be engraved on a newly minted Newfoundland penny. In 1954, the Newfoundland Cabinet designated this unusual and interesting bogland plant as the official flower of the province.

Some liquor bottles are carrying a 400th Birthday greeting to the province. They are surely destined to be collector's items — twice over. Cheers, Adams!

If you collect gemstones, you'll find a new treasure trove in Newfoundland. Jasper, alabaster, marble, xonotlite, orthoclase, chert, pyrophyllite, virginite, and many others. Plus, you could find the rare labradorite.

Don't miss any opportunity to go cod-jigging. Many fishermen will take you out for a "day on the bay," where you can jig for cod that could run to 15 or 20 pounds.

Gull Island, Witless Bay, is just 20 miles from St. John's and boat trips can be arranged with local fishermen to view what may be the world's largest nesting colony of Leach's petrels, not to mention puffins, kittiwakes, murre, razorbills, gulls, and guillemots.

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There's a wonderful parks system in Newfoundland.

You'll find provincial parks all with individual beauty and character, gently carved from the surrounding wilderness. You enjoy the necessary comforts and amenities, and the natural environment is relatively undisturbed.

Many of our parks offer excellent campsites for tents or trailers, along with fireplaces and a wood supply, drinking water, fresh or salt water for swimming or boating, outdoor toilets, hiking trails and nature trails.

Some parks are for day-use only, and there you'll find picnic places, and facilities for boating, swimming, fishing, or hiking. Other parks emphasize natural scenic attractions, with places to park your car, and signs to explain the nature of the environment.

There are also two national parks in Newfoundland. Terra Nova is centrally located, covers about 153 square miles, and accommodates about half a million visitors every year. Gros Morne national park is much bigger and is located on the Northern Peninsula.

There is also an increasing number of privately operated camp and trailer parks, many equipped with the utility connections not available in the government parks.

Newfoundland's parks are designed to bring people and nature together. In the abiding hope that they will never drift apart.



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Restoring the links with our past

With such a long and fascinating history, there was an obvious need to maintain and if possible restore some of the key buildings. The provincial government, working with the Newfoundland Museum, is pleased to offer visitors the chance to see things as they were in a variety of locations.



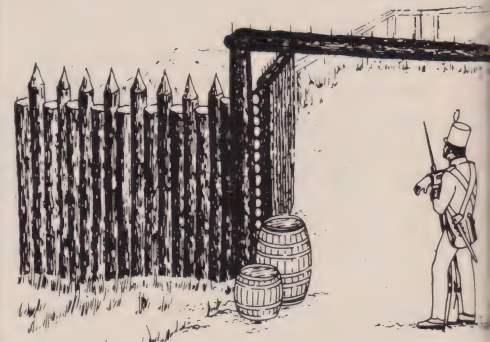
Cape Bonavista Lighthouse

This light first went into operation on September 11, 1843. It was a square, two-storey wooden structure built around a masonry tower which supported the lantern. The lighting system was a red and white reflecting light which had previously seen service at the Bell Rock Lighthouse in Scotland. This light was replaced in 1895 and this is the apparatus you see today. The living quarters have been decorated and furnished as they would have appeared in the 1870 period.



Commissariat House

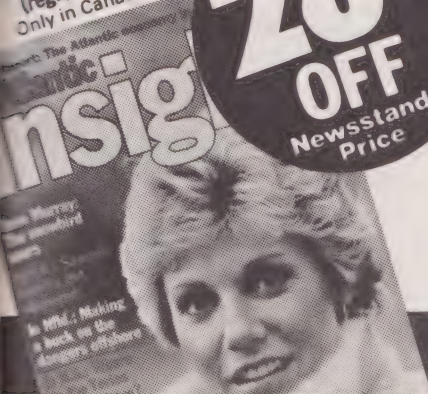
The Commissariat Department supplied British military forces with all manner of non-military goods and services — food, clothing, shelter. In the early 1800s, the Department had various stores and warehouses in Newfoundland and the need for consolidation was recognized. Construction of the late Georgian-style building started in 1818 and was completed in late 1820. The existing site consists of the main building, offices and living quarters restored to the 1830 period.



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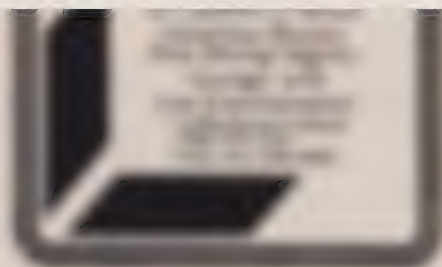
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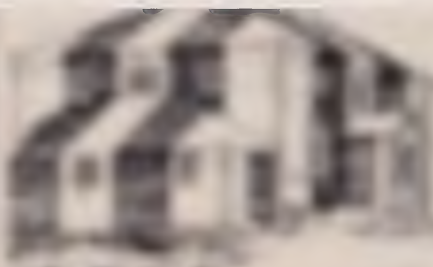
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Cape Breton Light House

The light has been in operation since 1846. It was a small, wooden structure with a single room which was used for the keeper. The light was not very bright and the oil was very expensive. The light was replaced in 1886 and the new structure was built of stone. The light was replaced in 1900 and the new structure was built of concrete. The light was replaced in 1920 and the new structure was built of steel. The light was replaced in 1940 and the new structure was built of steel. The light was replaced in 1960 and the new structure was built of steel. The light was replaced in 1980 and the new structure was built of steel.

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Quidi Vidi Battery

The first fortified battery at Quidi Vidi was built by the French during their brief occupation of St. John's in 1762. This battery was reconstructed in 1779-80, but had fallen into total decay by 1785. By 1805 it had again fallen into decay, only to be reactivated and improved in 1911. Today, you see it reconstructed to the 1812 period.



Heart's Content Cable Station

Attempts to lay a transatlantic submarine cable started in 1857, but it wasn't until the mammoth cable-ship *Great Eastern* made a successful second attempt in 1866 that the link was made. The Heart's Content station became Western Union's centre for international telegraph communication, and was not declared obsolete until 1965.

... discernible

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Piano Bar

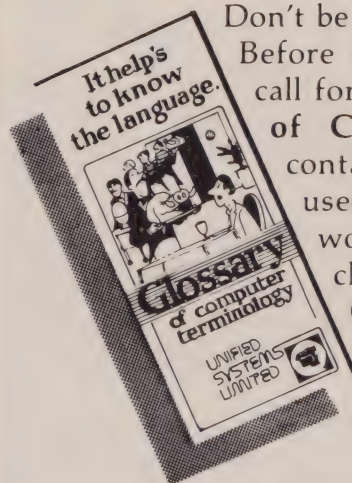
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JOHN DE VISSER/MASTERFILE

Catch the spirit of St. John's

St. John's is the capital city of Newfoundland & Labrador, and it's more than likely that a Newfoundland vacation will either start or end here. In any event, St. John's deserves some of your time, because it has something to appeal to just about every taste.

Tradition has it that the city got its name from the St. John's Day in 1497 when John Cabot first discovered Newfoundland. However, the city itself didn't really start to blossom until after Sir Humphrey Gilbert claimed the territory for the English Crown in 1583.

Obviously, the city can claim to be one of the oldest cities in North America, but you have to remember that until the 19th century, permanent residence was forbidden in Newfoundland.

You will quickly notice as you walk, or drive, around the city that it has grown in a somewhat higgledy-piggledy manner. And with very good and historical reason.

When Gilbert took over he made grants of land to merchants and captains already there. It is thought that these became the traditional Ships Rooms, locations ashore for the drying and curing of fish. These spaces were established at regular intervals along the harbor-front, there for the exclusive use of the fishing vessels and settlers were forbidden to intrude.

In addition, the cityscape itself — hills dropping suddenly down to the harbor — can make street navigation a little tricky but always interesting.

St. John's is the link between the old world and the new, being the closest point in North America to Europe. It still retains strong cultural links with its international heritage. Today, it is a modern, hustling, growing city with all the services and the sophistication of any major metropolis. The past and future are here, leisurely ways and thriving industry, fish mixes with oil, enterprise lives in harmony with philosophy.

Walk along Water Street and feel the modern pulse of North America's oldest business district. At the War Memorial, you're at the site of the beach where Sir Humphrey Gilbert founded the British Empire.

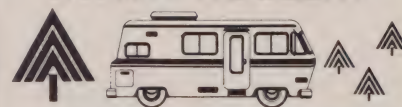
Drive up Signal Hill, and remember that it was here that the fighting ended between England and France in North America. On the summit of Signal Hill stands the Cabot Tower, probably Newfoundland's best-known landmark. Stop in and enjoy the exhibit depicting the historic moment when Marconi picked up the first transatlantic wireless signal.

You can enjoy a game of golf, go jigging for cod. You should drop into one of St. John's' famous and friendly pubs. Have a meal in one of the fine city restaurants, and ask about the traditional Newfoundland dishes.

But most of all, meet the people of St. John's. They're warm in their welcomes, strong in their friendships, and really know how to enjoy life.

Start or finish your Newfoundland & Labrador vacation in old new St. John's; just for the fun of it. ●

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Watch for local advertising and posters of these and other upcoming summer events, or phone for further information:

— "Meet the Artists", garden party — happenings related to "The Newfoundland Sound Symposium" — outdoor art exhibitions — art auctions — individual & group exhibitions — poetry readings by some of Newfoundland's best poets.

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Songs and stories

Folklore has been defined as particular experience crystallized into story, song, or saying. And if that is the case, welcome to the folklore centre of Canada.

When you consider the nature of the land and the people, and the inaccessibility of many communities except by the sea, it's easy to understand why storytelling and singing are such a part of the Newfoundland lifestyle.

Many of our folksongs were brought to Newfoundland from England, Ireland and Scotland during more than three centuries of colonial growth. You'll also find songs that came from other parts of North America, but there is a wealth of material that is pure Newfoundland.

It is natural that the Newfoundland songs have as their main theme the experience of wrestling a livelihood from an often cruel sea. Of course, there are other phases of life in the isolated communities that are remembered in song; love affairs and the eternal triangle, humorous situations, even lullabies, disasters, failures, and economic depressions.

During your visit to Newfoundland, you will have many opportunities to hear these old songs, much the way they have been sung and played generation after generation.

You can also discover what you may have felt was the lost art of storytelling. You will be charmed not only by the stories, but by the delivery, the quaint speech and the originality and picturesque form of words and phrases.

You'll hear stories told in accents with a pronounced Irish quality, and the accents of Dorset and Devon with words and idioms long lost in England.

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Getting here is easy. And fun

There are two ways of travelling to Newfoundland.

If you're in a hurry, and we can understand why you would be, you can fly. Both Air Canada and Eastern Provincial Airways maintain regular schedules, including direct flights between Halifax and St. John's.

However, if you can spare the time, it could be fun to take the ferry. After all, Newfoundland is an island and the earliest visitors came by sea! CN Marine operates a year-round vehicle and passenger ferry service between North Sydney, Nova Scotia, and Port-aux-Basques.

During the summer months, an additional service is operated between North Sydney and Argentia.

For CN rates and reservations, please write:

Reservations Bureau
CN Marine
PO Box 250
North Sydney, Nova Scotia
B2A 3M3

You are well advised to make advance reservations for the ferry and there is a direct, toll-free telephone service. From Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island (area codes 902 and 506) DIAL 1-800-565-9470.

Motorists can cross Newfoundland on the fully paved Trans-Canada Highway, from Port-aux-Basques to St. John's, a distance of 910 km (565 miles). Regional road networks along the way offer fascinating side trips off the beaten track. Gravel roads are kept in good condition, but you should allow extra time for your journey.

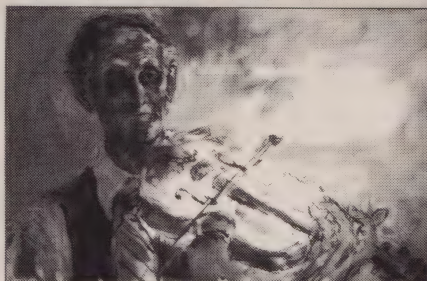
For further information and assistance in planning a great vacation, please contact:

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Gros Morne National Park is 700 square miles of glorious, glorious country. Spectacular mountains, crystal lakes, mysterious fiords, cliffs, beaches and barren lands.

Your best view is from the plateau, looking down the great fiords to the sea, but of course you have to get there and that means walking. Thousands of visitors go through Gros Morne each summer, but only a few hundred climb to the plateau, and even fewer go beyond the edge of the escarpment.

Backpacking here is only for the serious outdoors-people, and you need to get a permit and file a route plan.

You will probably be content to take one of the many guided hikes, or take the self-guiding trail to the top of Gros Morne. The terrain is always varied, always interesting, ranging through forest, beach, mountain, bog, tidal flat and tableland. The colors — red-purple arctic rhododendrons, blue flag iris, scarlet pitcher plants, yellow lady's slipper — will amaze and delight you.

You don't need any special equipment for these hikes (maybe rubber boots for some of the more boggy routes) but you should pack along a

lunch. Happily, you don't have to lug canteens of water as the many mountain streams offer the freshest sweetest water you'll ever get to taste.

Fishing villages at Trout River, Rocky Harbour, St. Paul's, Cow Head, and the settlements of Norris Point and Woody Point are all involved in the park. You can watch the fishermen as they go about their age-old business, and perhaps for a small fee, enjoy the chance to go jigging for cod.

You can also take boat trips in some of the lakes and fiords, and you should ask about these at the park office. While you're at the office, collect your hiking schedules and pick up a copy of the newsletter *Tuckamore*, named for the park's weather-stunted spruce.

This magnificent park is rimmed by a 72 km coastline offering an endless variety of seaside vistas, tidal pools and flats home to shore birds and all manner of briny creatures.

You could very easily spend your whole vacation at Gros Morne, and if you like camping, why not? Gros Morne could well be the most breathtaking national park in all Canada. ●

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Newfoundland knows all about the glory of disaster

And why not? Disaster's something we've always had plenty of

There's been more ill wind in the Happy Province this spring than at a parish bean supper and dance where the very flies have been known to loose their grip on the ceiling and drop spinning and dazed to the floor.

Yet it has blown some people some good. I call it the urea formaldehyde syndrome. I know of more than one person who once found steady employment pumping the stuff into buildings, who's now hooked on the jobs digging it out again — and who looks with hope to the U.S. where prohibitions against UFFI have been dropped and to the day when he can start pumping the muck right back in again. If we could wring the same sort of trifold employment from sardines and pitprops we'd be well away.

"Thank God for Mister Hitler!" is supposed to have been the reaction of more than one honest burgher of St. John's when the U.S. entered the Second World War and the local economy boomed. It's not for me to say that Fortress Halifax also had twinges of thankfulness even as the carnage in Europe increased. Presbyterian mores is a subject of which I know little.

But I hear that the ambience was far from doleful at last year's staff Christmas party here involving the \$13-million commission investigating the Ocean Ranger disaster and whole rookeries of lawyers come and go, looking as unperturbed as fees of up to \$1,200 a day are liable to make anyone.

There are two basic opinions here on offshore gas. One is that we're in for a disaster if the stuff is not developed — bankruptcy, showers of toads, gingivitis and so forth. The other is that we're in for disaster if it is developed — chaos, crime, confusion and ravenous hordes of boutiques.

Whichever way it goes, disaster is predicted and so hope is very high indeed. Having had no experience whatsoever with good fortune, we aspire to nothing more than the brighter side of calamity. If your house burns down you're mercifully spared having to take off the storm windows.

In April, most of the schools closed down because of a dispute between government and teachers. There was dancing in the corridors of Confederation Building. As long as the schools stayed closed, the government was saving \$1-million a day.

A favorite recreation around St.

John's during most of the spring was to drive up Signal Hill to admire the most disastrous ice blockade in more than 40 years. So popular was this entertainment that the half-mile drive up often took three-quarters of an hour. It was generally agreed that the dismal spectacle was enough to exhilarate all but the most hardened optimist.

When the Exploits River flooded in March placing several towns in peril and causing much damage, a homeless resident of the area complained bitterly. Her daughter had phoned her up from Alberta, she said, much distressed because the TV pictures of the flood didn't seem nearly disastrous enough to her liking. Pride in catastrophe has always been a strong trait.

"Having had no experience whatsoever with good fortune, we aspire to nothing more than the brighter side of calamity"

With "real" unemployment said to be at 40% or more, with massive cutbacks at Corner Brook and Labrador West, with fish plants trembling on the verge of collapse all over, with schools closed and some hospitals shutting down... there was enough ill wind howling around the corners to put a spring in the step and a light in the eye of any self-respecting Newfoundlander.

Among the few who have been victims of any sort of good fortune have been our legislators. They came together for a day only to adjourn again, thus gleaning themselves an extra year's salary for a day's work. It was a disastrous mistake because ever since, they've done little but sit around, grumpy as cut cats, and declare each other fit for the lunatic asylum, an institution which I doubt would lower its standards enough to admit many of them.

Opposition leader Steve Neary maintained the standards of the assembly when he recently shouted at the premier: "Brian, run out and take another pill." For his part, Young Alfie has fallen into a state of mind not unknown in these parts... that any unauthorized comment on his administration is high treason and a heinous crime against the state. Smallwood's tumbrils are probably having their axles greased and the headsman doing isometric exercises.



In the rest of Canada we hear that adversity has caused a swing to the political right. But if the press is anything to judge by, Newfoundland still prefers the middle way despite ill winds. Broadcast items and printed articles are just as liberal as they've always been, e.g. "The Windsors — Red Peril in Buckingham Palace" and "Should Shoplifters Be Sterilized?"

Perhaps no one is more ecstatic in the midst of, if not because of, this hip-deep gloom than Mayor John Murphy of St. John's. He's cocked and primed for the visit of Their Left-leaning Highnesses of Wales in June when, due to our disastrously mild winter, 10-foot snowdrifts should come as no surprise.

Mayor Murphy faces his second agony in the garden with the Sir Humphrey Gilbert fête planned for this summer. Gilbert is said to have founded the colony in 1583 after which he sailed away and had the grace to drown. The Papist half of the population claims Sir Humphrey roasted Irish babies over slow fires while the Protestant half detests the slut's guts for having founded this pestilential hell-hole in the first place.

Well, then, may His Worship cultivate a grin like a pothole with such glorious disasters yet to come — Her Highness of Wales lost like Lucy Gray in a blizzard on the Witless Bay Line and gelignite being flung and kneecaps drilled in the civil war over old H. Gilbert.

So things are looking up. Morbid jollity is likely to reach a fever pitch. June may be the cruelest month of all. ☒

FEEDBACK

Guy's column doesn't belong here

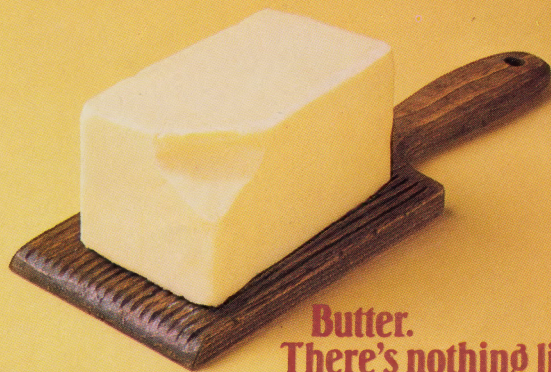
I must add my voice to those who object to Ray Guy's column. Such material is distasteful and a dismal substitute for good creative writing. As for his use of profanity, not only is it offensive to those who hold religious convictions, it also is an affront to the beauty and expressiveness of the English language. Ray Guy's column does not belong between the same covers as the well-written, thought-provoking material that has earned *Atlantic Insight* its reputation. It seems a shame to finish such a fine magazine with material that only leaves a bad taste in one's mouth.

Helen M. Cook
Halifax, N.S.



Butter. There's nothing new about it.

You can still make butter the same way it's been made for centuries. Even using the same ingredients. Butter has always been pure, simple and full of natural good taste. You can't say that about everything on the market these days.



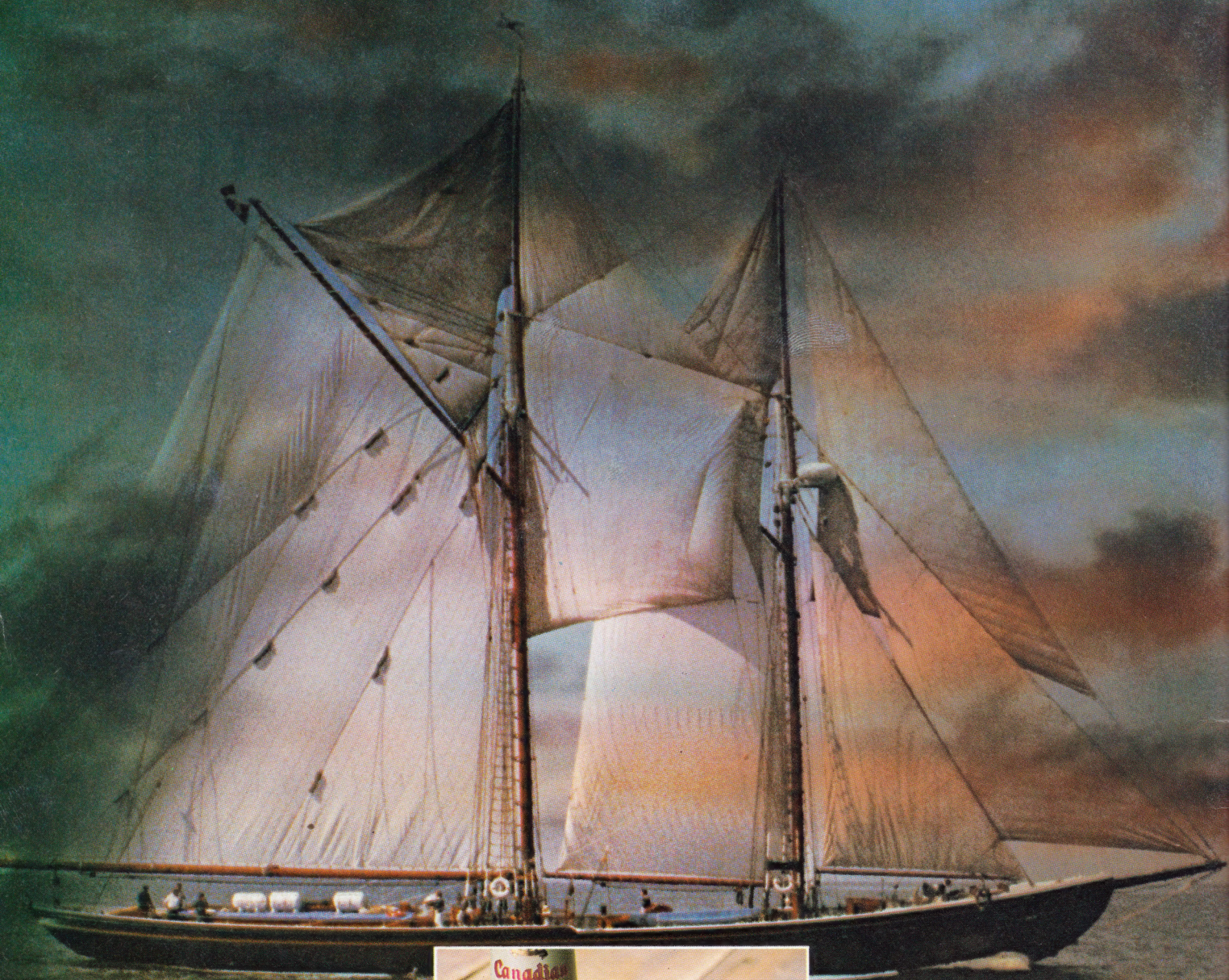
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